This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

EducT

THE

HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER

FOR THE USE OF

MIXED AND BOYS' HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

JULIUS EICHBERG

GENERAL SUPERVISOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BOSTON
PUBLISHED BY GINN & COMPANY
1888

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

GIFT OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL
OF EDUCATION

3 2044 102 871 266

THE

HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER

FOR THE USE OF

MIXED AND BOYS' HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

JULIUS EICHBERG

GENERAL SUPERVISOR OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY GINN, HEATH, & CO.
1885.

Educ. T 53.8.12.355

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
Nov 10, 1926

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875,

By JULIUS EICHBERG,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Typography of J. F. Loughlin, 20 Hawley Street, Boston.

Presswork by Berwick & Smith, 118 Purchase Street, Boston.

PREFACE.

THE present collection of Solfeggios and Four-Part Songs is designed more especially for the use of *Mixed* and *Boys' High Schools*. Some knowledge of singing and of reading at sight is indispensable, previous to taking up the High School Reader. All these Solfeggios have been used for years in the Boston High Schools, and will be found to contain a great variety of rythmical and melodic forms.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that these exercises should be practised *by note*, and with as little aid as possible from the piano; giving due attention to position of body, evenness of tone, and clearness of enunciation. The Solfeggios may be transposed whenever it becomes necessary, although most of them can be sung by pupils of a very small compass of voice.

As in many High Schools there is often a scarcity of tenors, their part may, in most cases, be sung by altos (boys).

The Choruses have been selected for their musical worth, and are well adapted to the development of a sound musical taste.

Asking for the book a kind reception from his fellow-teachers, the author submits it to their friendly judgment.

JULIUS EICHBERG.

INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPITALS are Songs with Accompaniments.

Advanced Solfeggios 7
A Chieftain to the Highlands Bound ... 134
A Hymn to Night 182
All ye Nations, Praise the Lord 320
Almighty God, I call to Thee 204
A Mother's Heart 52
And now we Part, with Mirth and Song 129
Arise, my Soul 301
A Sailor's Song 81
As Shadows Cast 322
As, when the Weary Traveller Gains ... 300
At Rest 128
Ave Verum Corpus 180
Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun 303

Beneath the Shadows 165
Beside the Rhine 188
Breathe Soft, ye Winds 49
Bright May is There 71

Cast thy Burden 70
Children of the Heavenly King 311
Christmas Eve 217
Christmas Hymn 226
Come to the Forest 109
Consolation 171

Evening 155
Evening Hymn 203
Evening Song 105

Faith 177
FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN 279
Farewell 174
Farewell, O Little Village 125
Father, Thy Mercy 184
Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss 314
Fellow Passengers 148
FIVE TIMES BY THE TAPER'S LIGHT 286
Forever with the Lord 317
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I Go 305
Freedom 223
From all that Dwell Beneath the Skies .. 324

Glorious Apollo 77
Greeting to Spring 170

Hail to the Lord's Anointed 199
HARK, THE CURFEW'S SOLEMN SOUND .. 234
Hark, the Lark 119
Here in Cool Grot and Mossy Cell 206
Holy Father, we are Here 198
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! 323
Hunting Chorus 87
Hunting Song 122
Hymn of Praise 183

Immortality 192
In April 127
In the Forest 162

Joy Fills the Dwelling of the Just 313
Joyous Spring 132
Joy to the World 307

Lift up your Heads 306
Lightly Tread, 'tis Hallowed Ground ... 54
Lord, Forever at Thy Side 309

MARK THE MERRY ELVES 252
May 60
Morning Hymn 45
Morning Hymn 319
Motette, "Father, Thy Mercy" 184
My opening Eyes with Rapture See 304

National Song 107
New-Year's Eve 94

Night, O Sacred Night! 47
Now Thank we all our God 315

O Guide of Israel 186
O, How so Fair the Peace of Nature!... 84
O Let Triumphant Faith Dispel..... 321
O Native Land..... 147
O Thou my Hope, my Country 73
O Thou, to whose All-searching Sight.. 318
Our Comfort in Death..... 197

Praise to God..... 312
Prayer during Battle..... 50

Rattlin', Roarin' Willie..... 139
Russian Hymn 51

Salvation in Christ..... 189
SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHER'D SPRAY. 228
See! the Conquering Hero Comes 98
Sicilian Song..... 104
Shepherd of Souls 302
Song of Friendship 90
Song of Praise..... 179
Songs of Praise the Angels Sang..... 310
Spirit of Mercy, Truth, and Love 316
Spirits of our Fathers 158
Springtime 89
Steadfast be, O Fatherland 225
Sweet is the Work, my God, my King .. 193

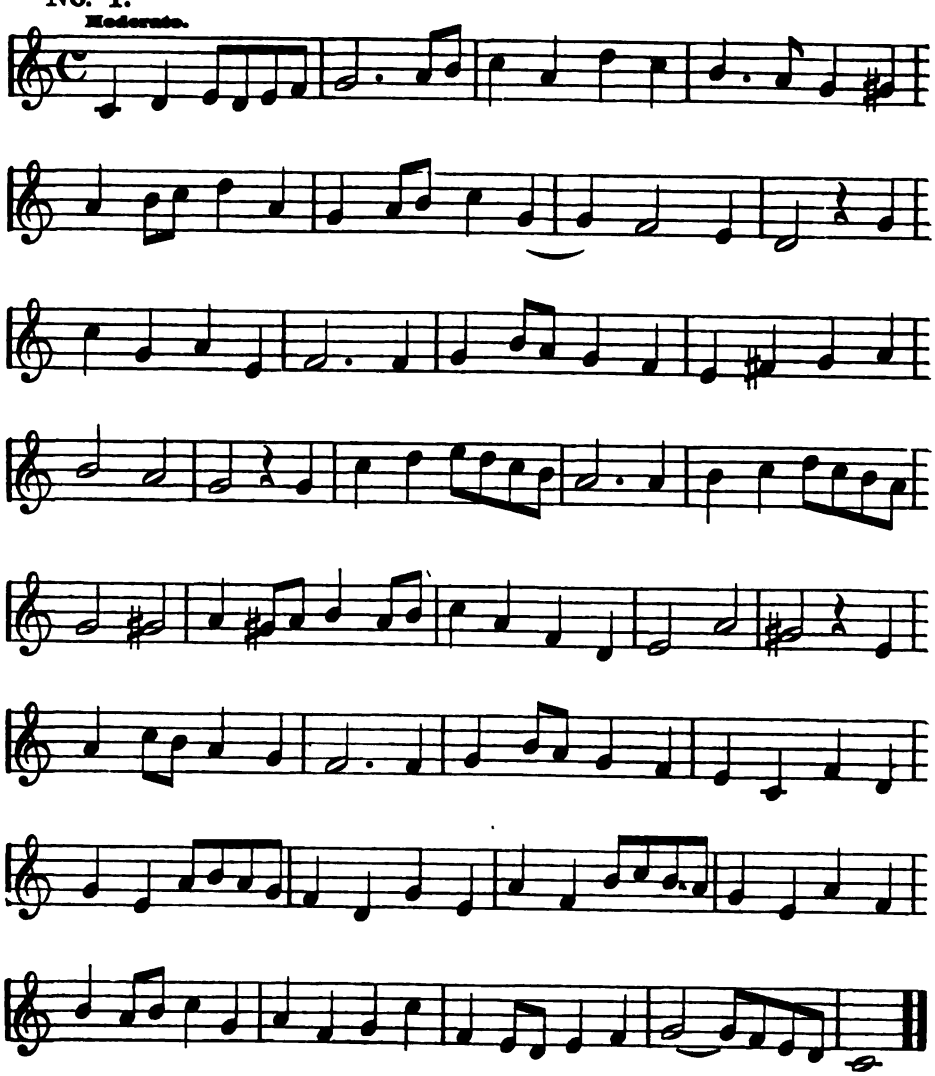
Thanks be to God..... 169
Thank the Creator 221
The Alpine Hunter..... 138
The Bell 161
The Bells of St. Michael's Tower 55
The Castle..... 63
The Chapel 99
The Deserter 222
THE ERL KING..... 261
The Evening Bells 117
The German Fatherland 112
The Glory of God 200
The Golden Sunshine..... 76
The Golden Sunshine Beckons us 156
The Hunter's Farewell 108
The Linden Tree..... 62
The Loreley 46
"The Lovely Adelaide"..... 144
The Minstrel 126
The Mother 219
The Mourner 191
The Nightingale 133
The Red Cross Knight 209
The Rhine..... 159
The Rose 92
The Saw-Mill 116
The Shades of Eve are Falling..... 66
The Shepherd's Hymn of Praise..... 194
The Skies Resound..... 96
The Soldier..... 218
The Wanderer... 163
The Wanderer's Song 53
Thy Way, not Mine, O Lord 315
To God on High 176
To Our Fatherland..... 68
To the Sun 130
To the Sunshine 74
Twilight 82

War Song 152
When all Thy Mercies..... 308
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.. 268
Wild Rose of the Moorland..... 124
Winter..... 173
Worship and Praise be to God on High..... 166

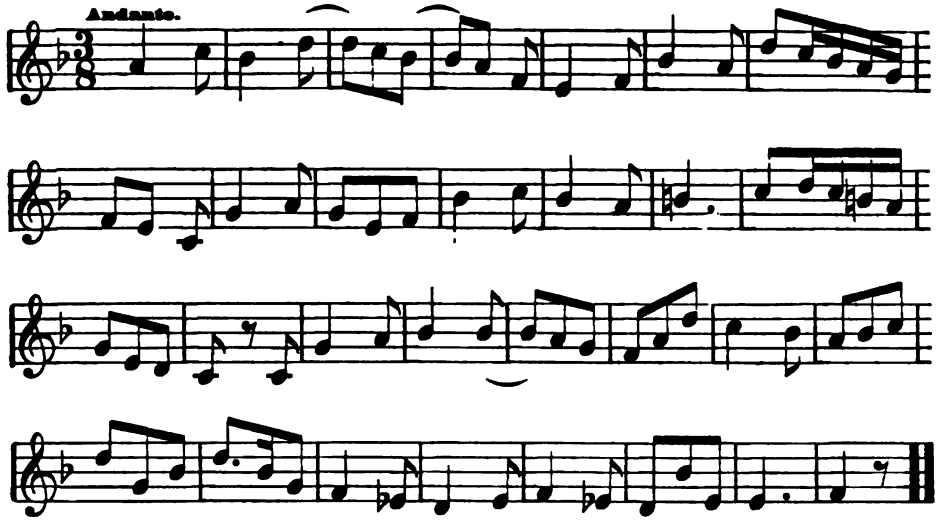
YE SHEPHERDS TELL ME 292
You Gentlemen of England 58

ADVANCED SOLFEGGIOS.

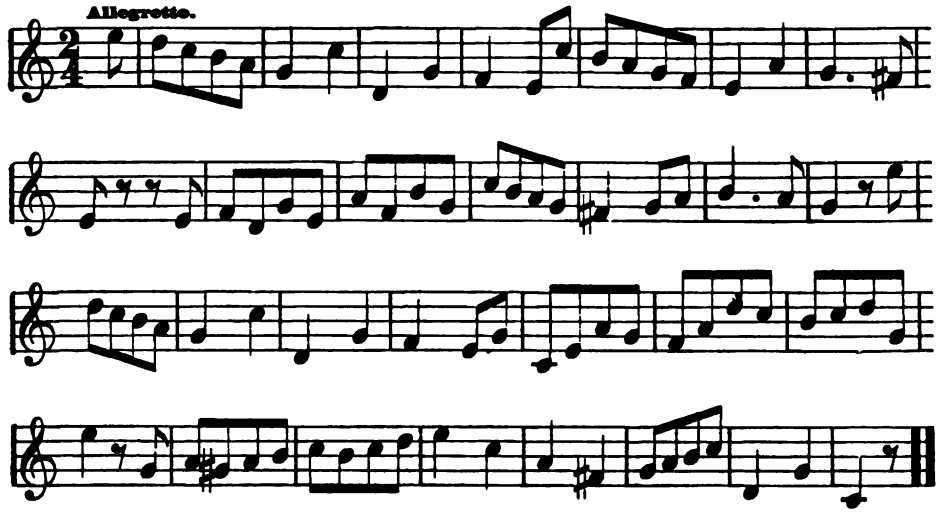
No. 1.



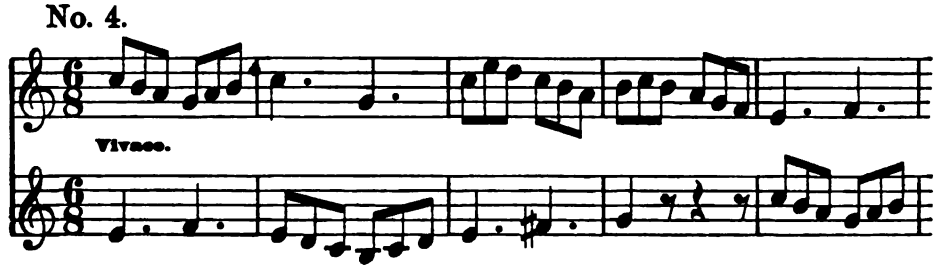
No. 2.

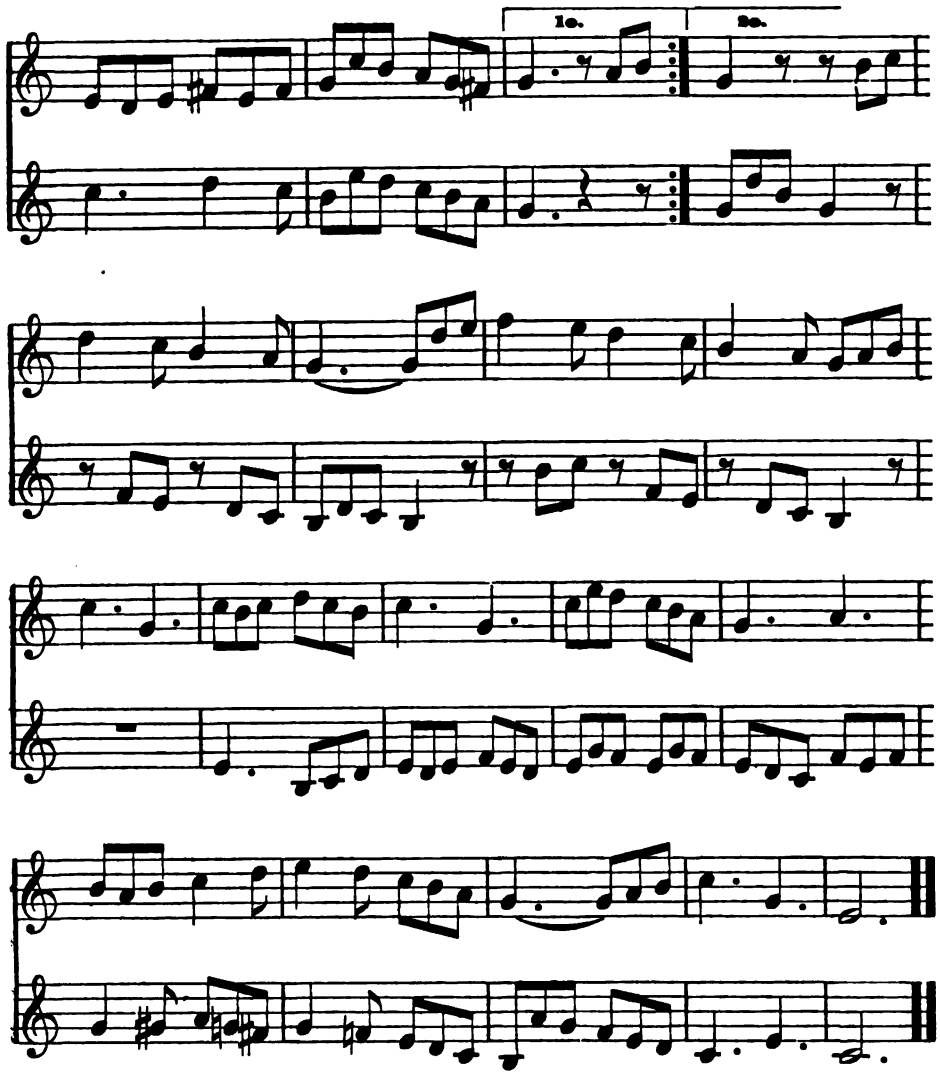


No. 3.

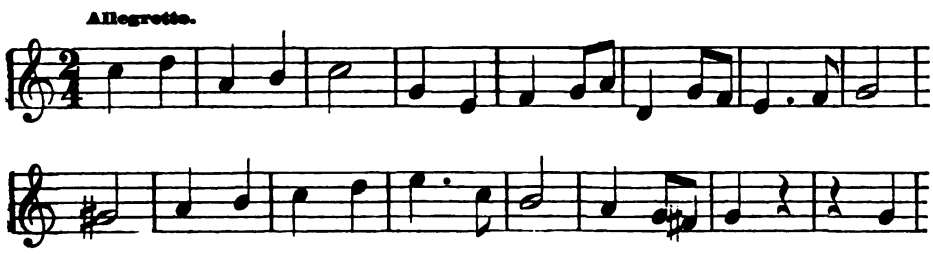


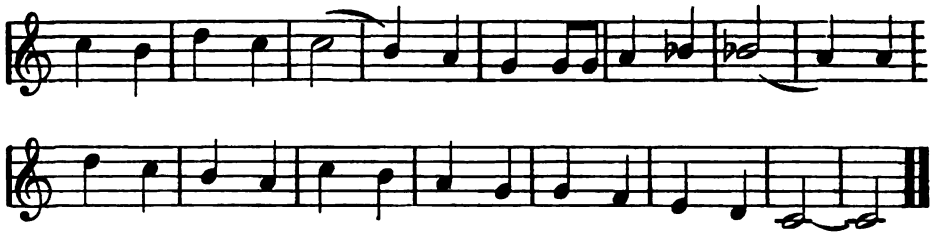
No. 4.





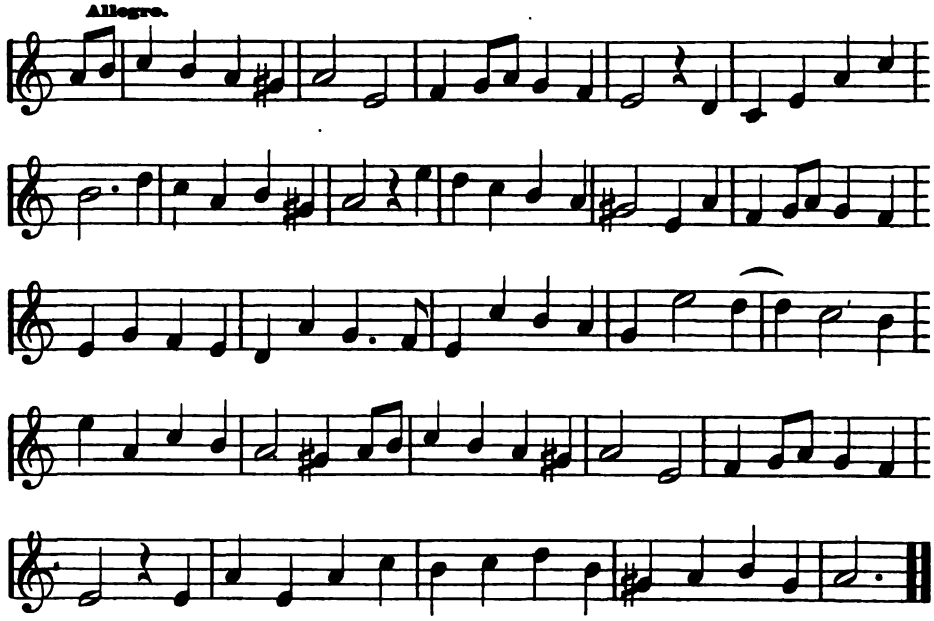
No. 5.





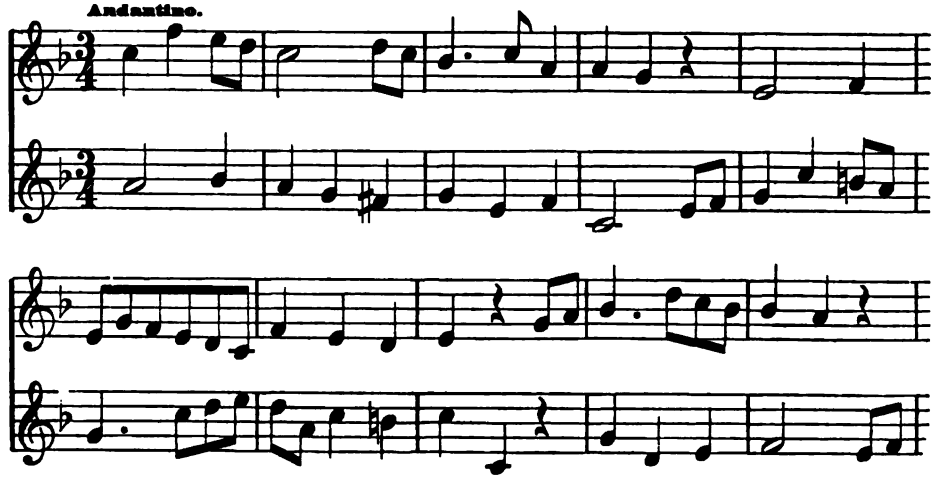
No. 6.

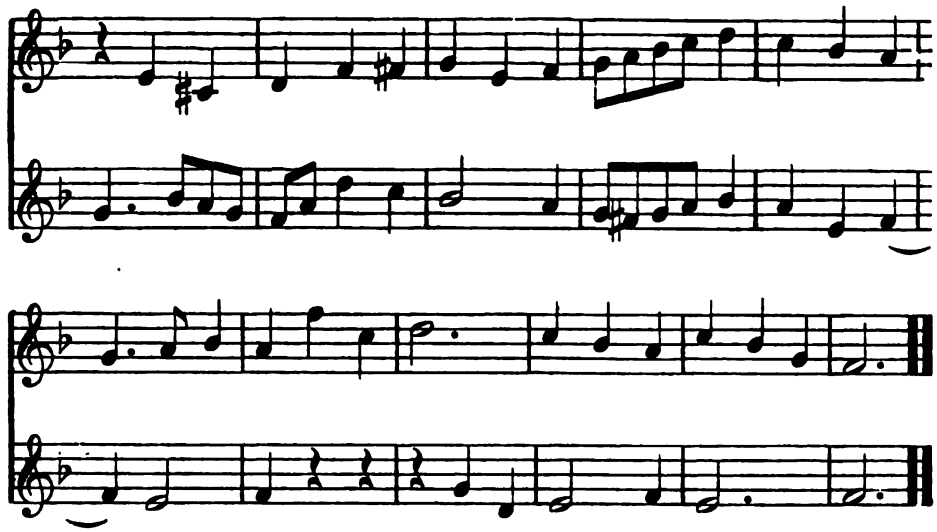
Allegro.



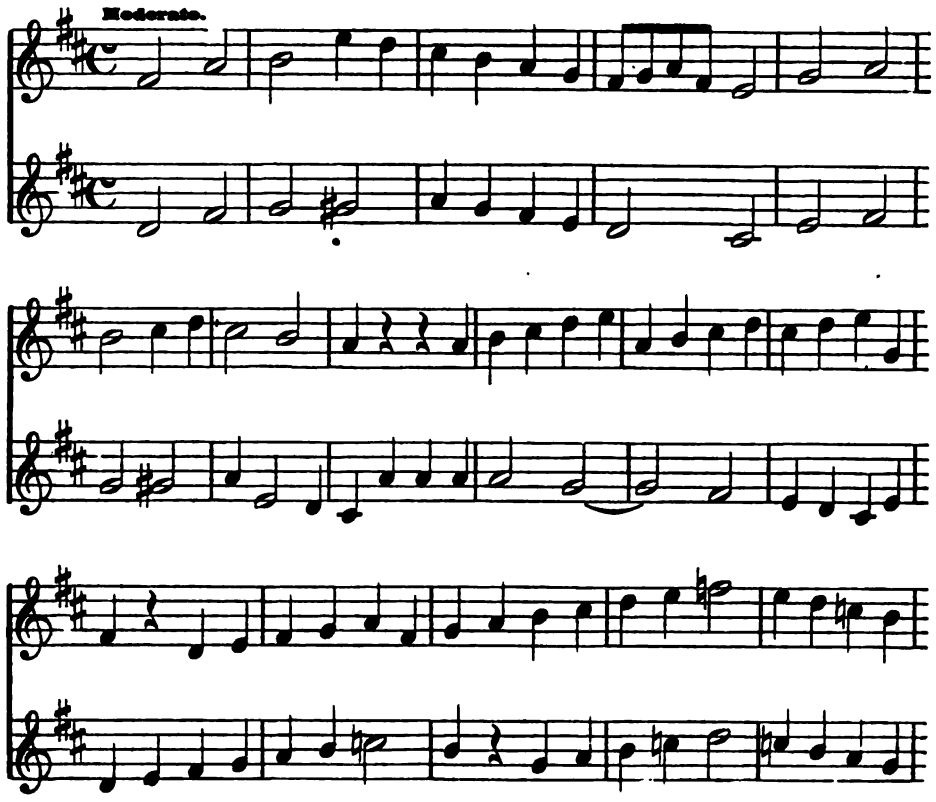
No. 7.

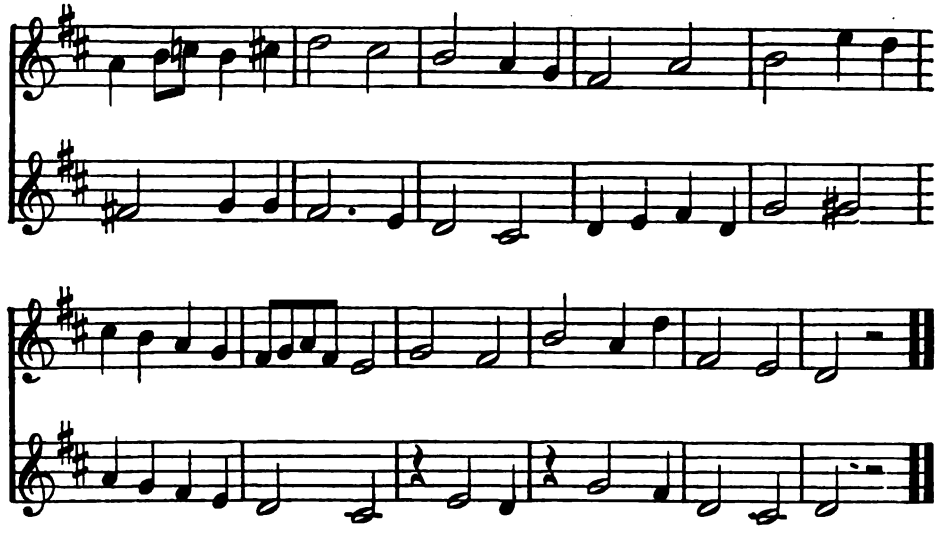
Andantino.



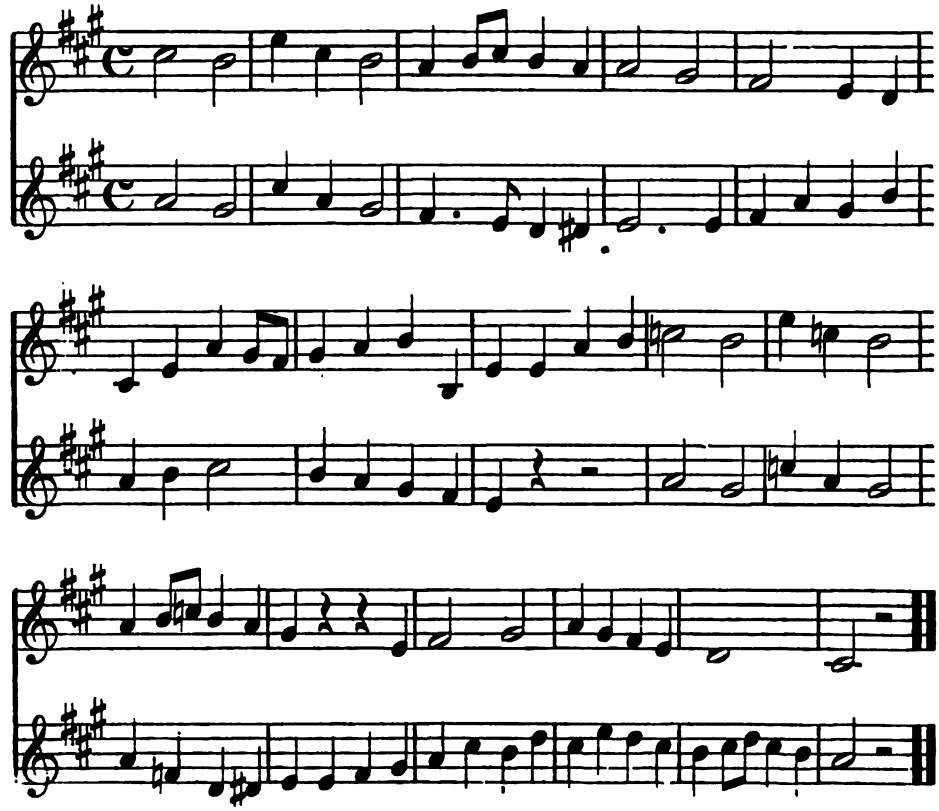


No. 8.

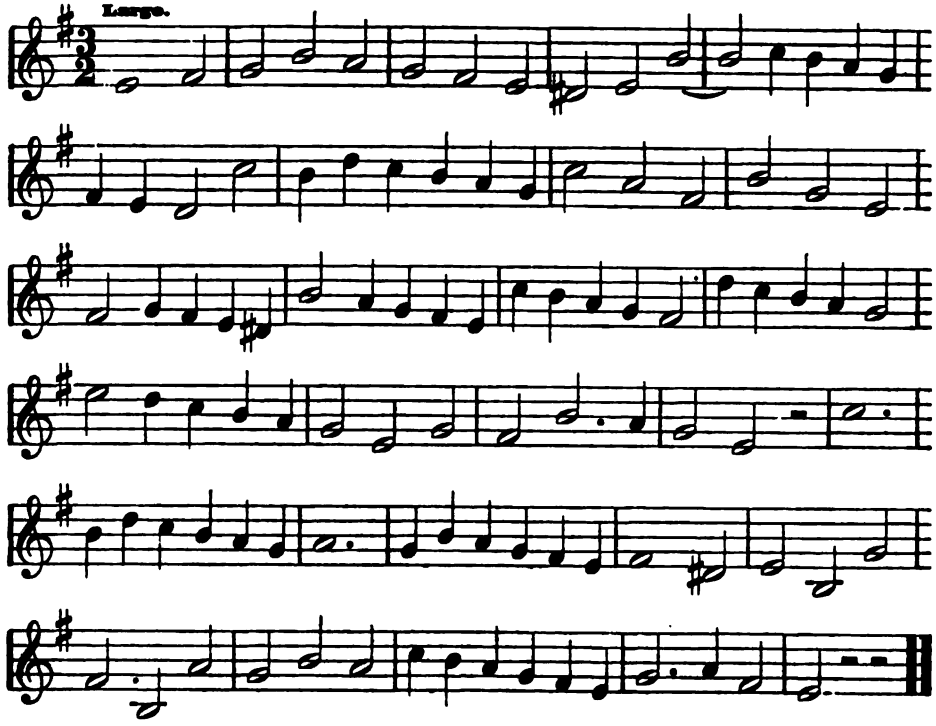




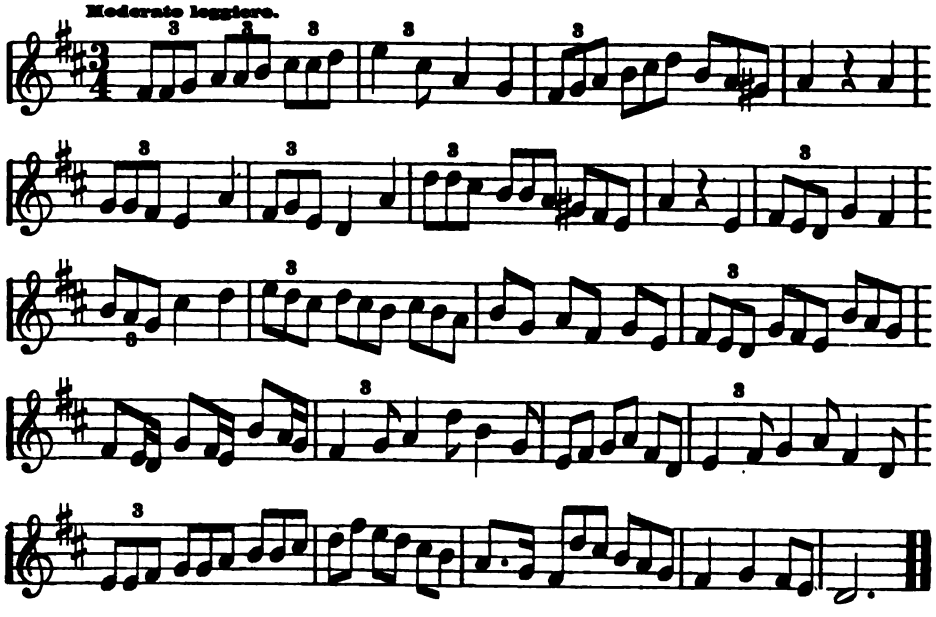
No. 9.



No. 10.



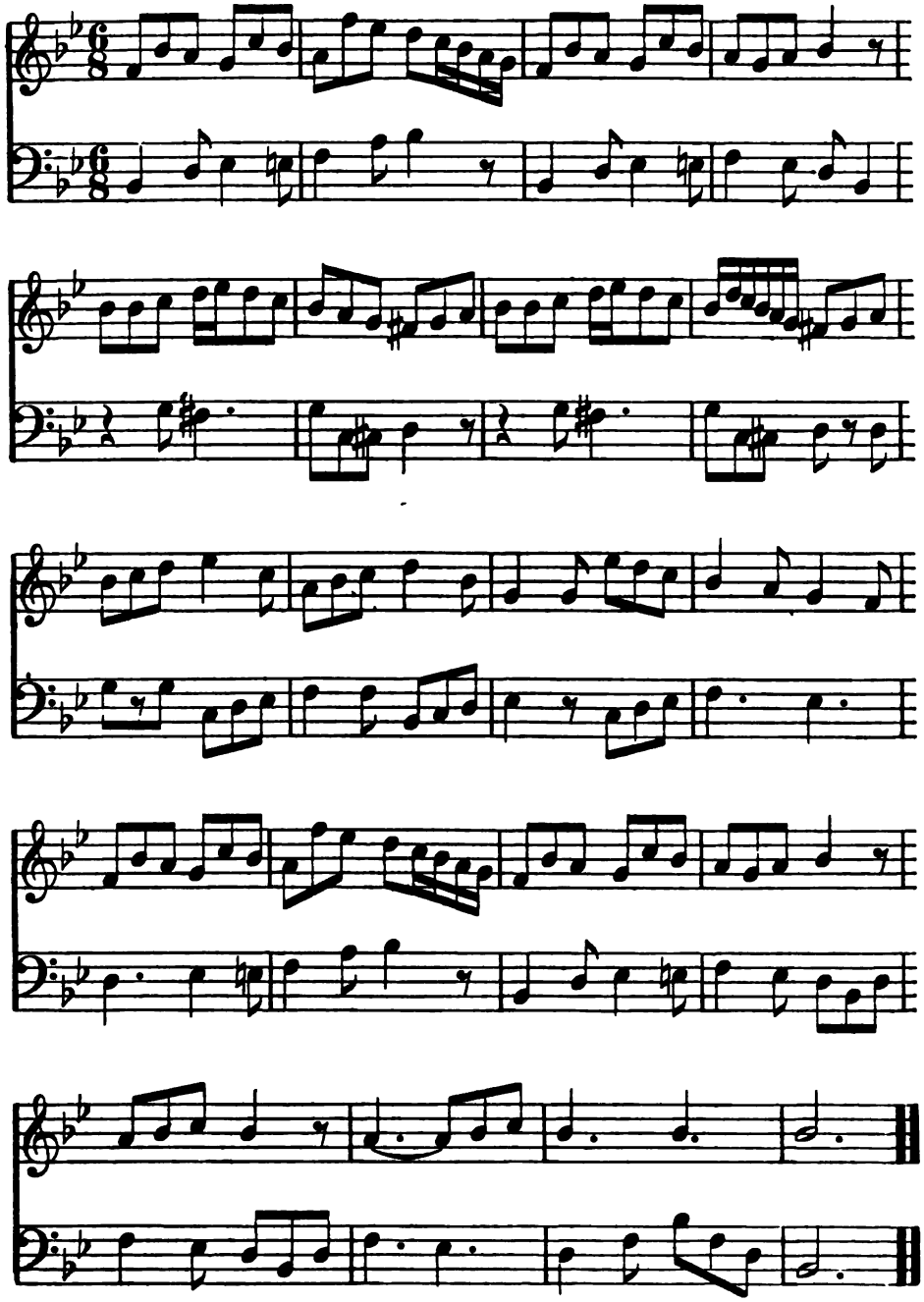
No. 11.



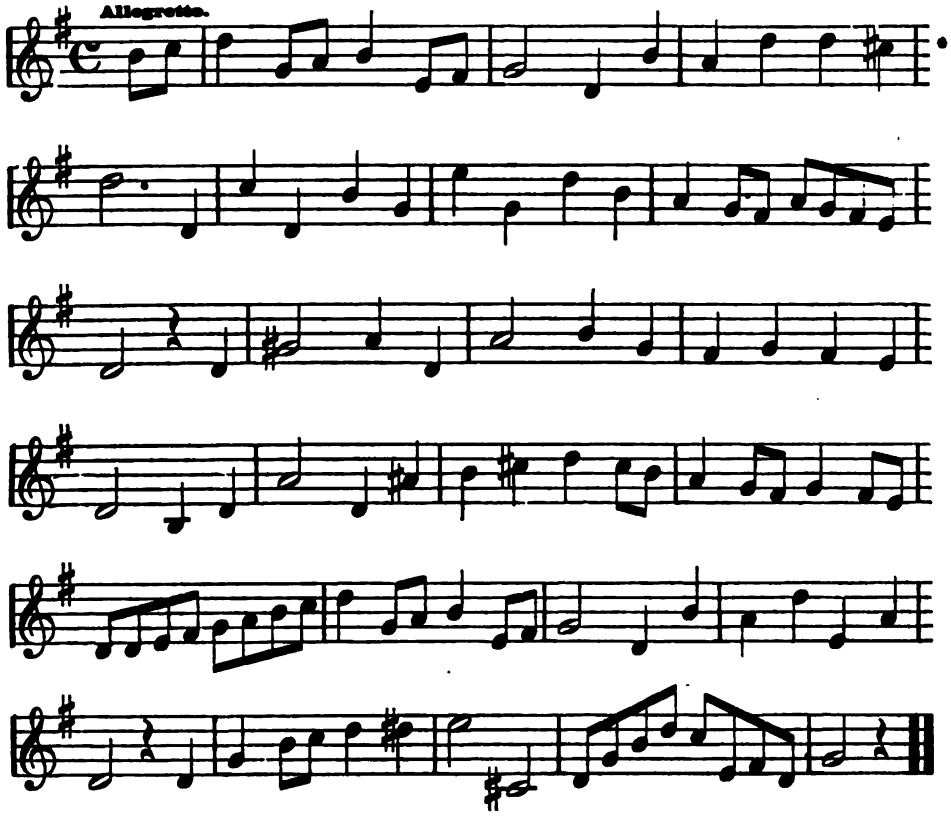
No. 12.

NOTE.—The bass part may be sung by sopranos or altos (one octave higher, of course). Such practice will be found highly useful.

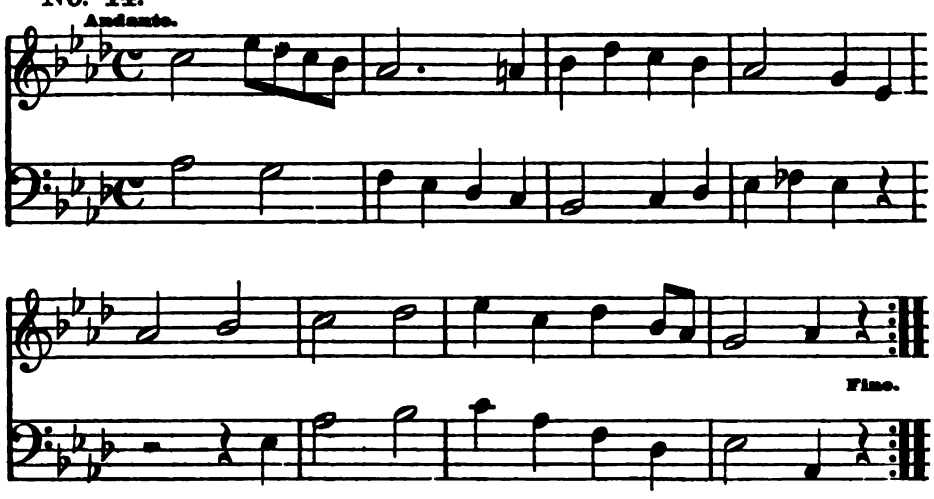
Allegretto ma moderato.

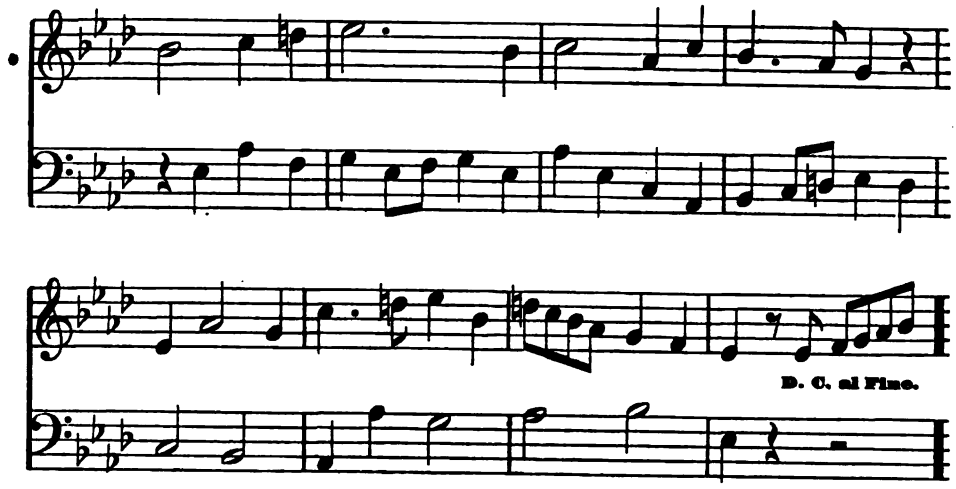


No. 13.

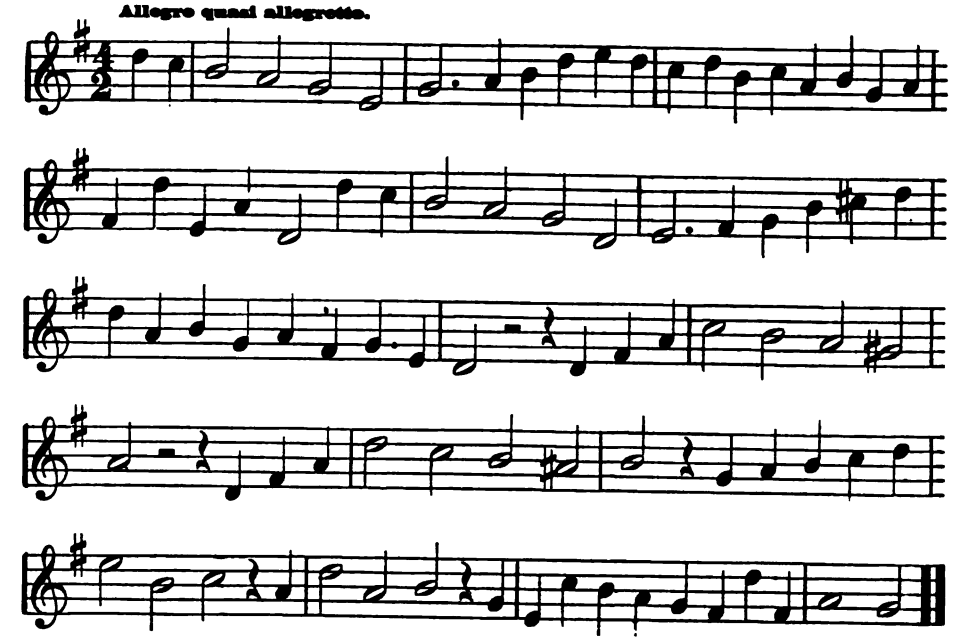


No. 14.

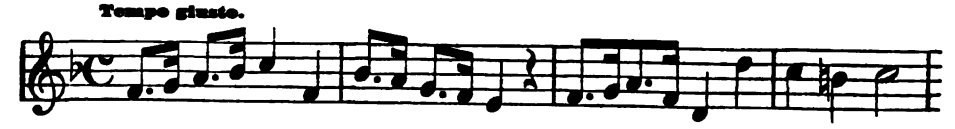


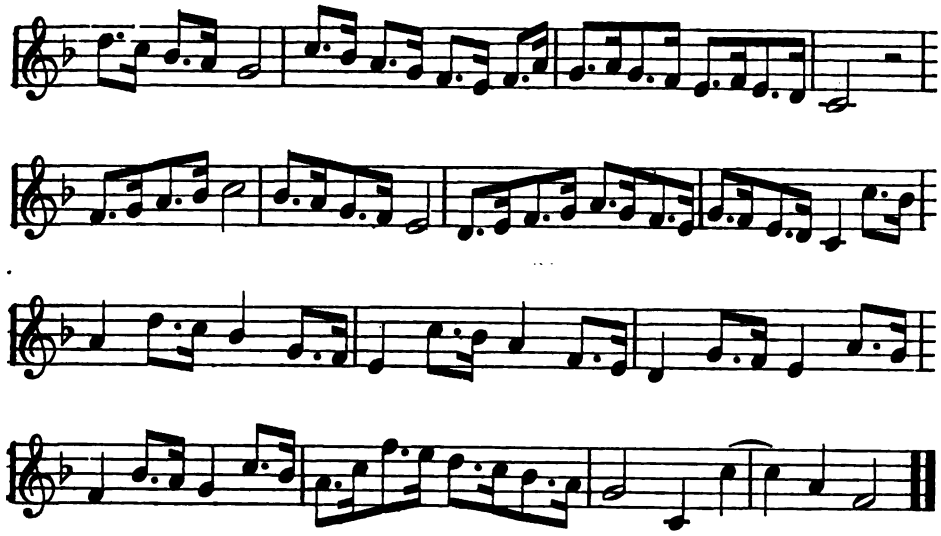


No. 15.

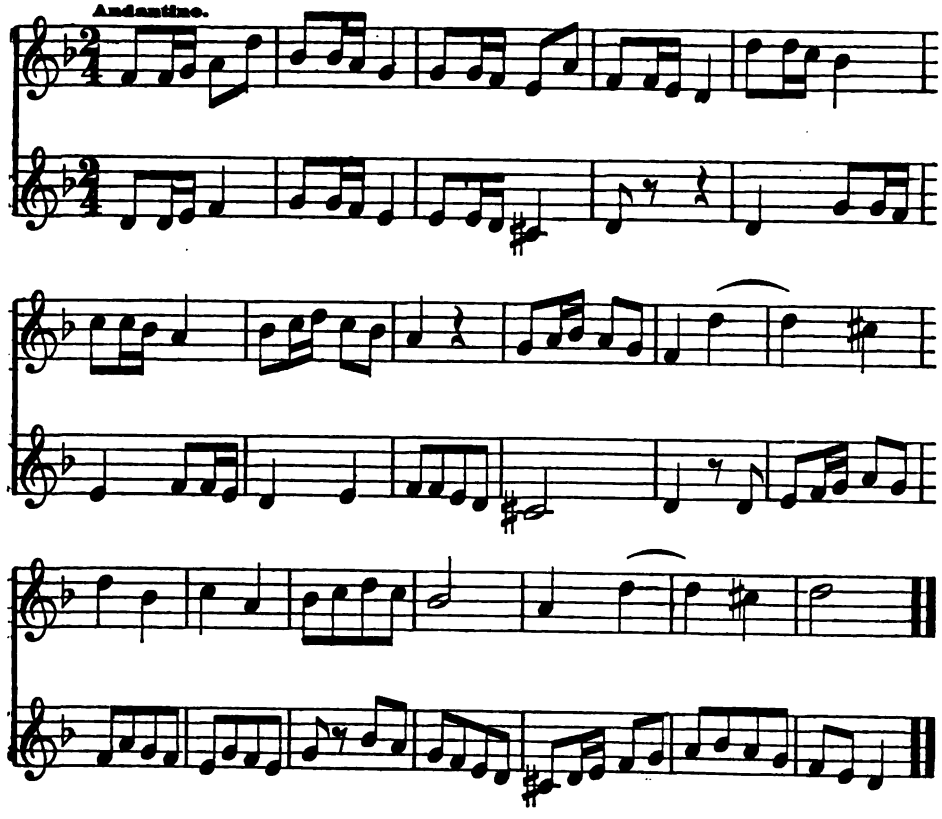


No. 16.

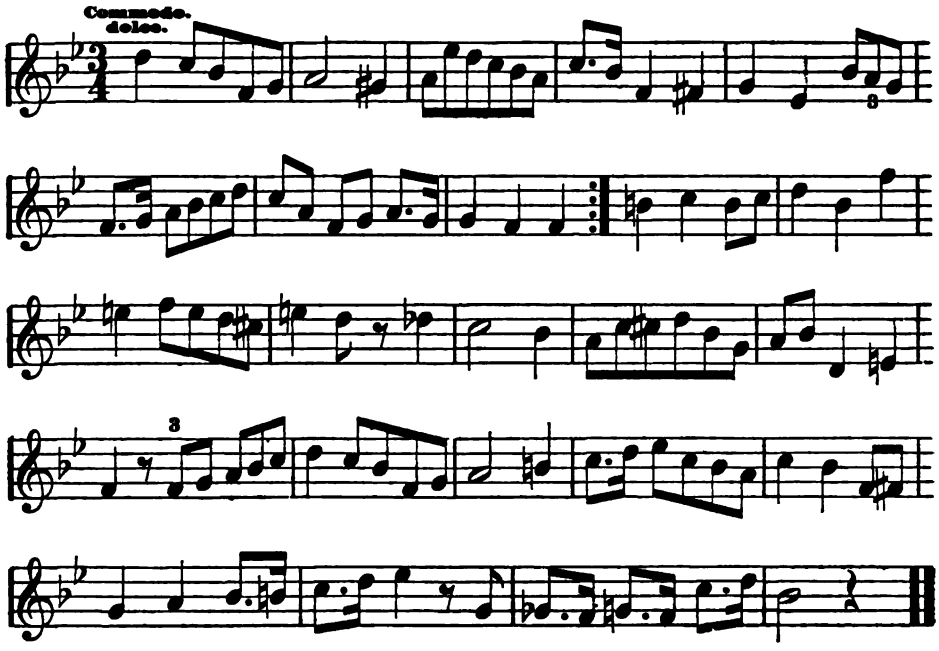




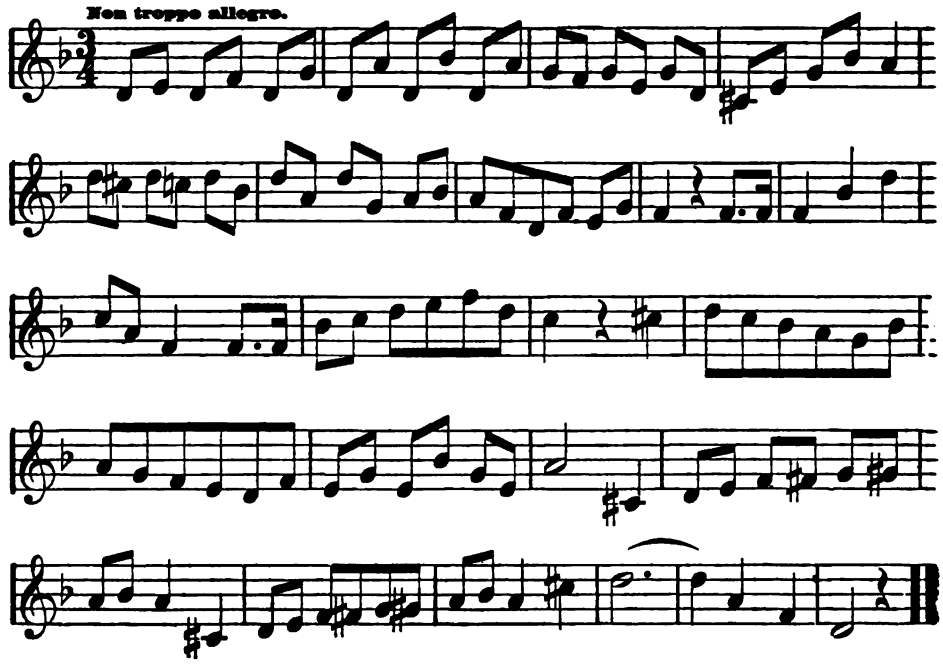
No. 17.



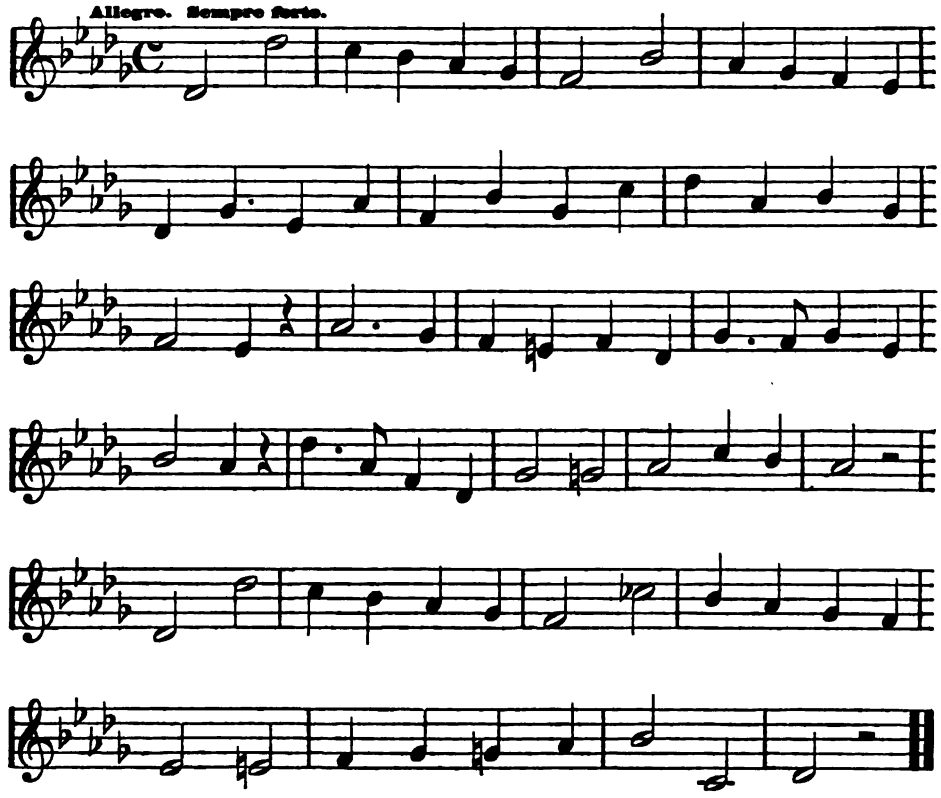
No. 18.



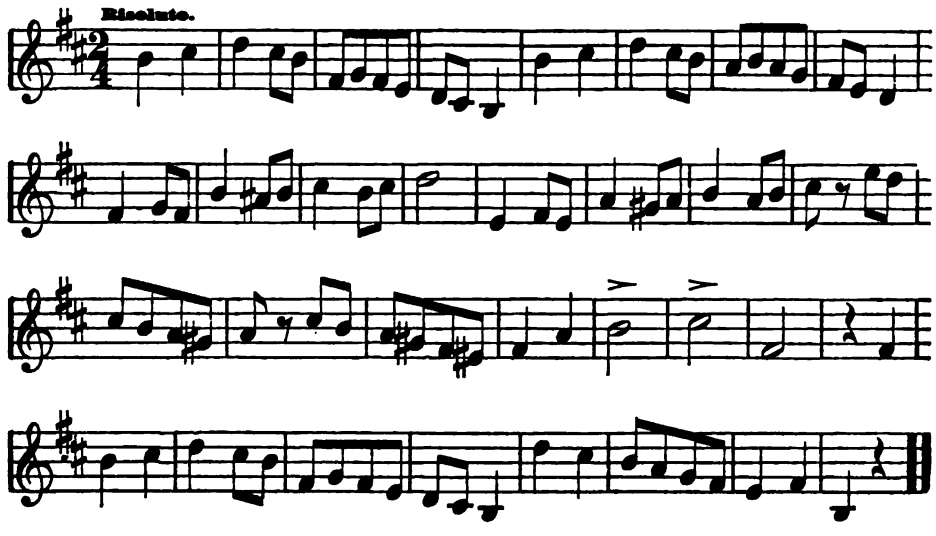
No. 19.



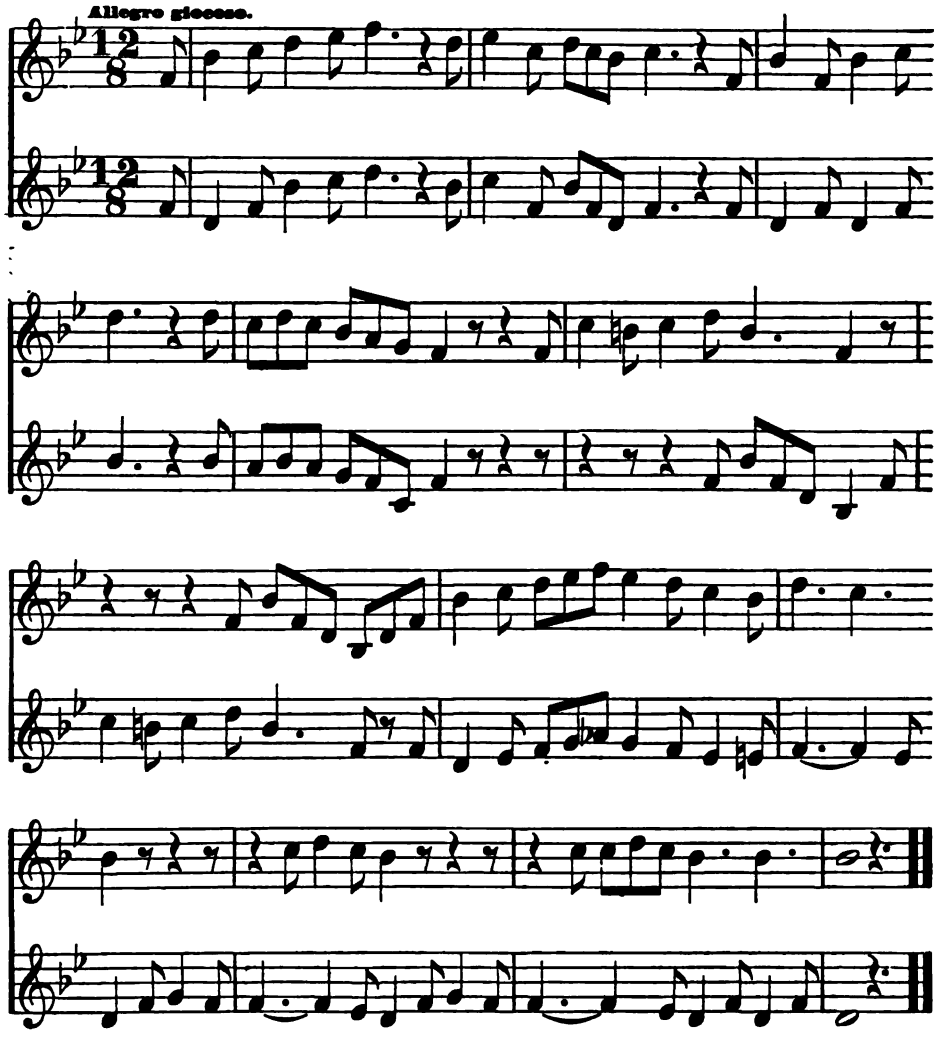
No. 20.



No. 21

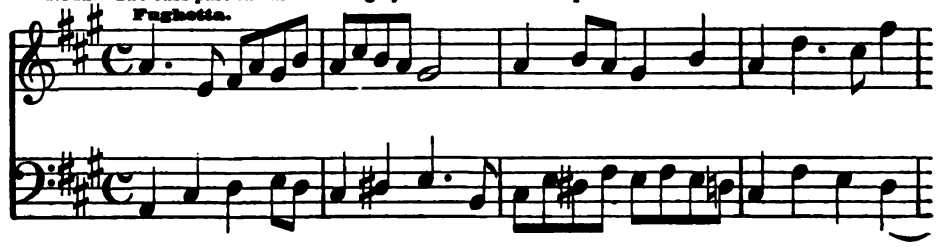


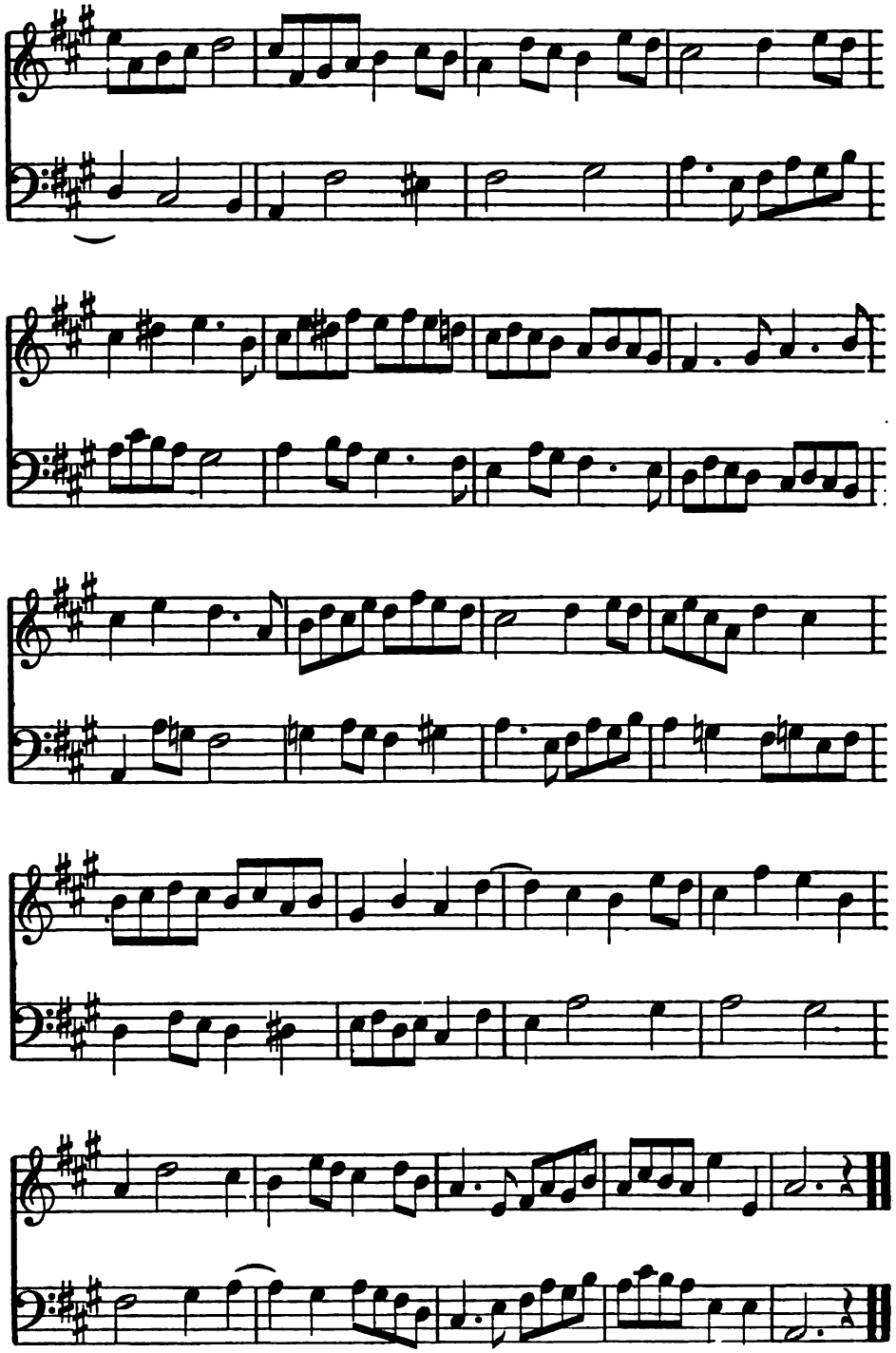
No. 22.



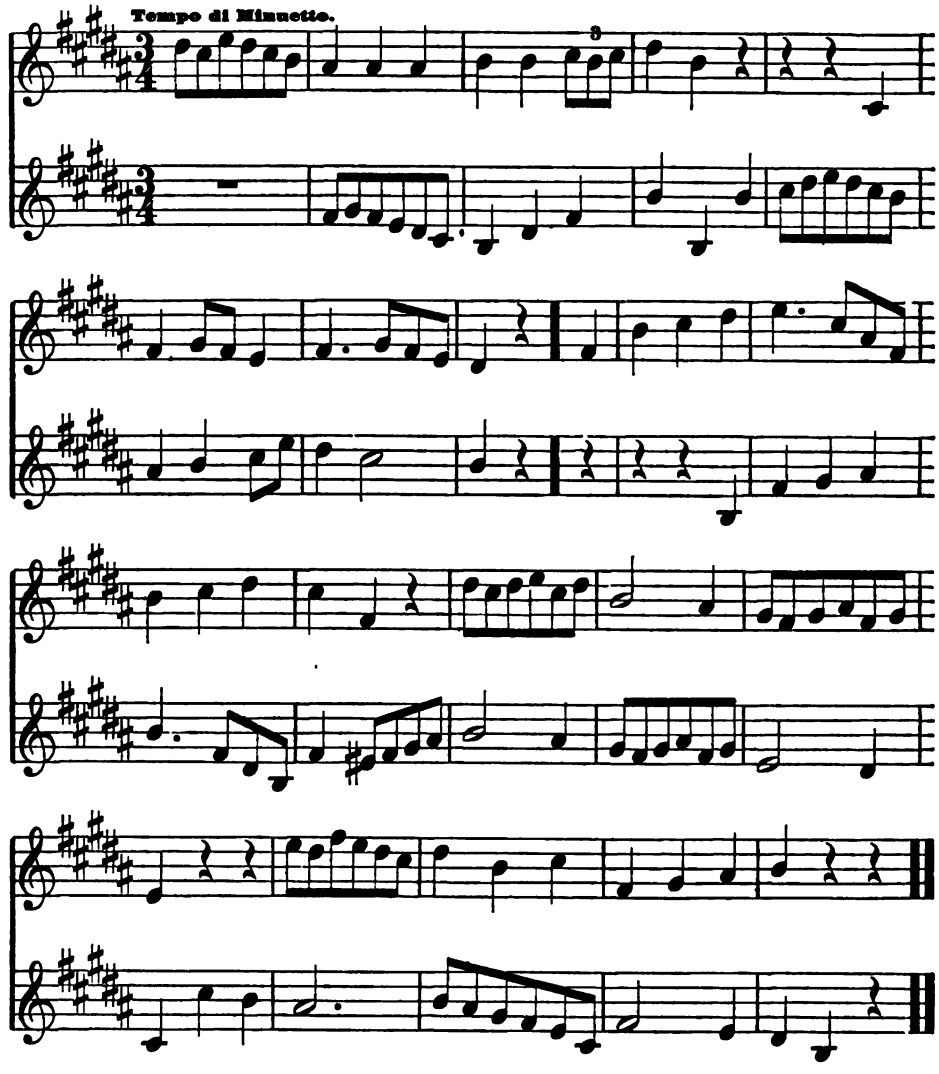
No. 23.

NOTE.—The bass part can also be sung by altos and second sopranos.

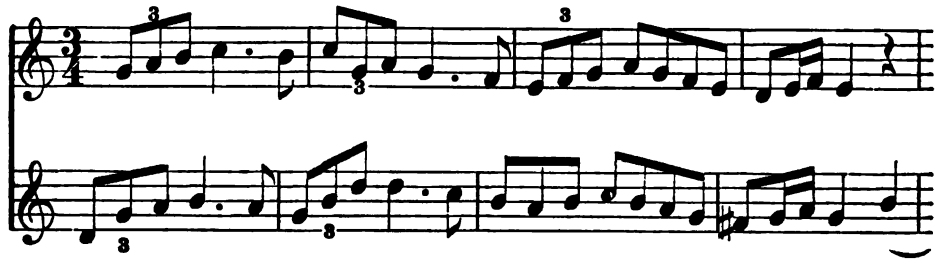


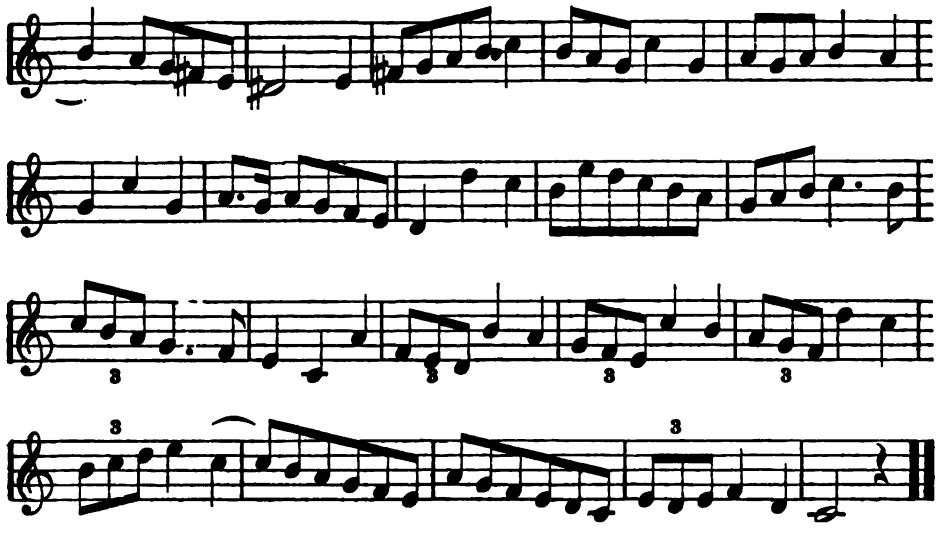


No. 24.

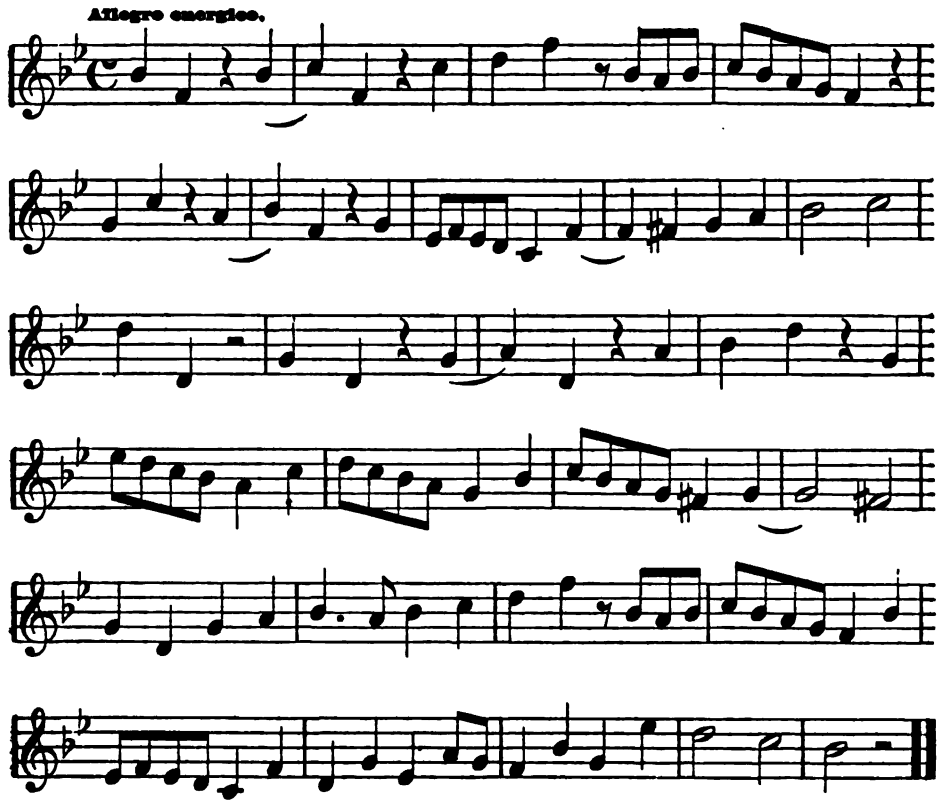


No. 25.

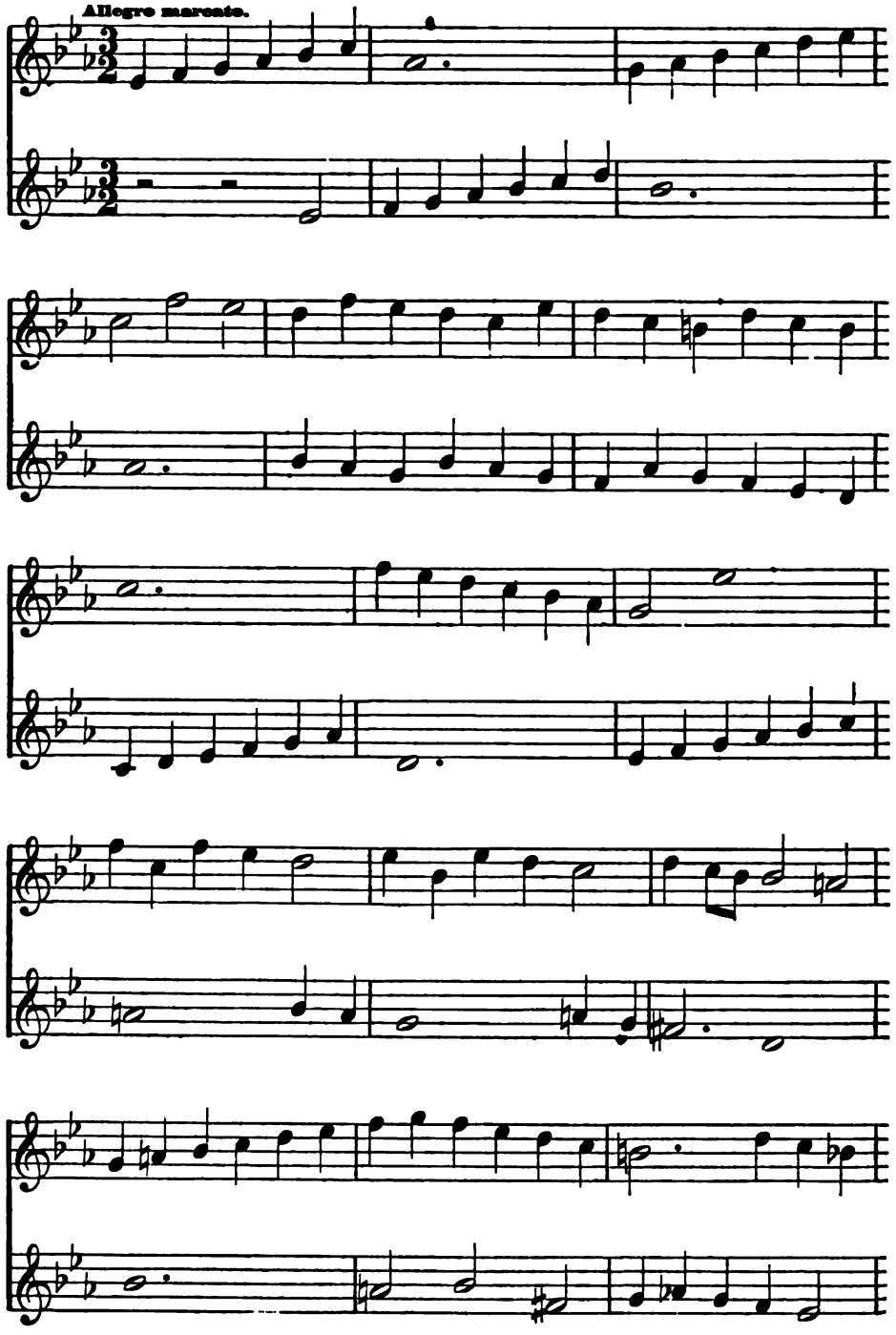


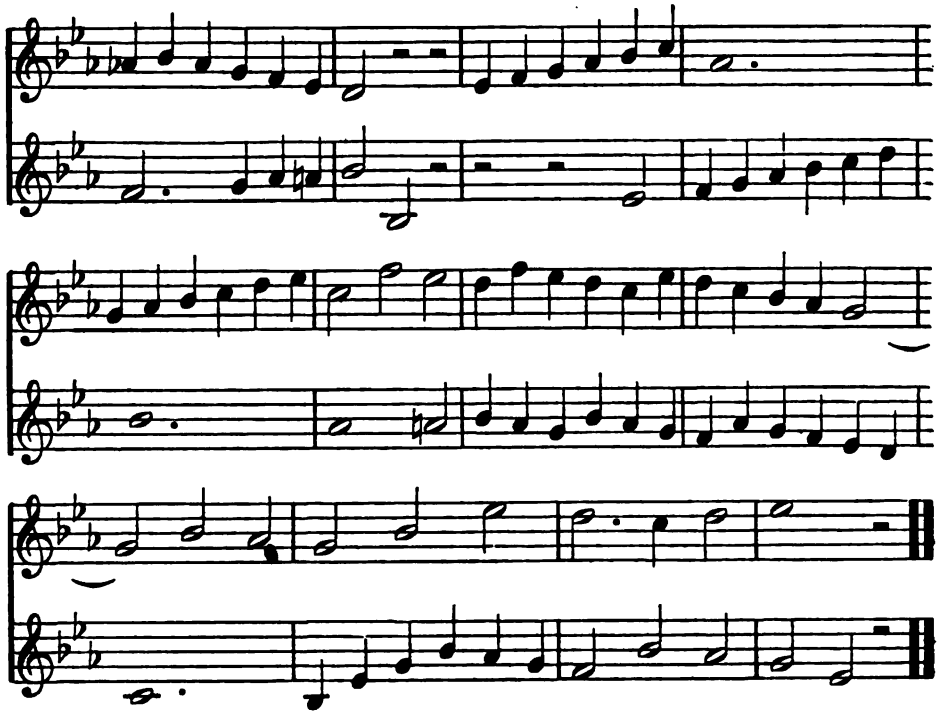


No. 26.



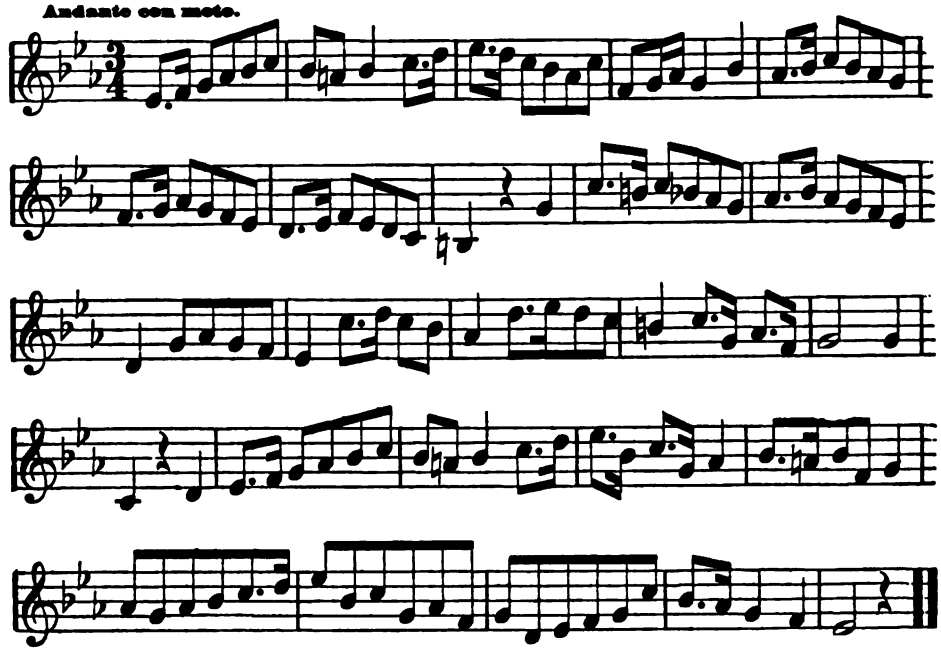
No. 27.



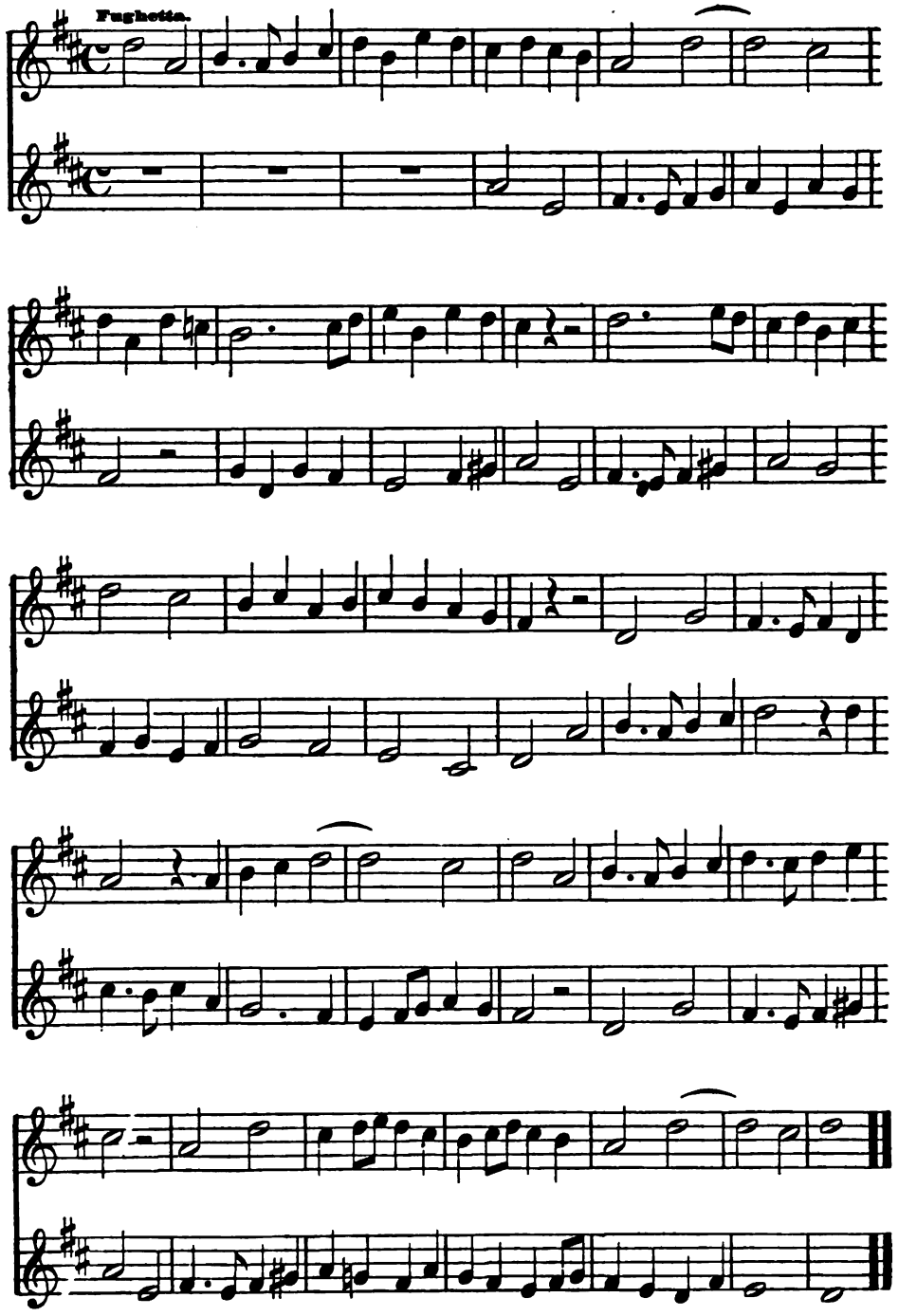


No. 28.

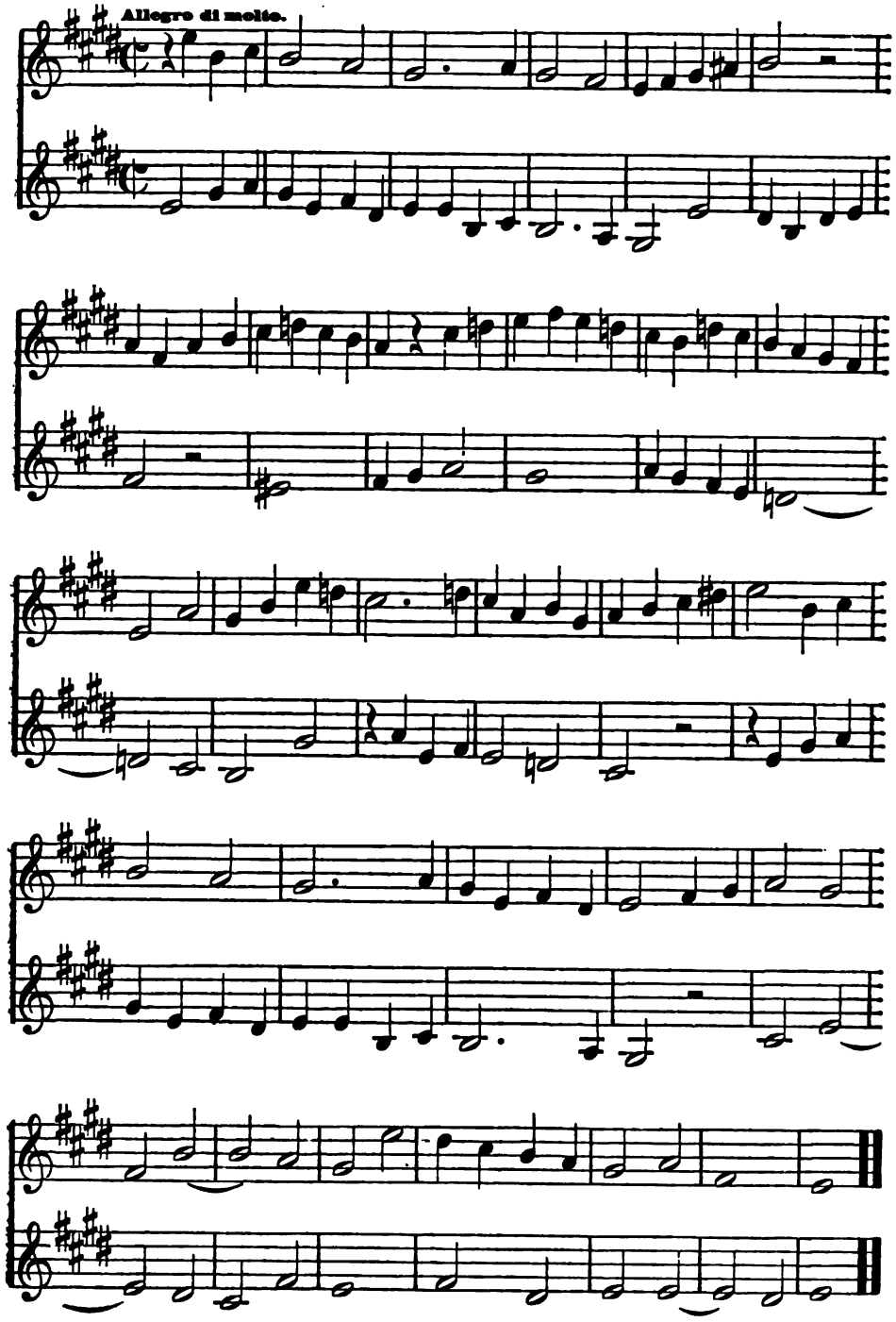
Andante con moto.



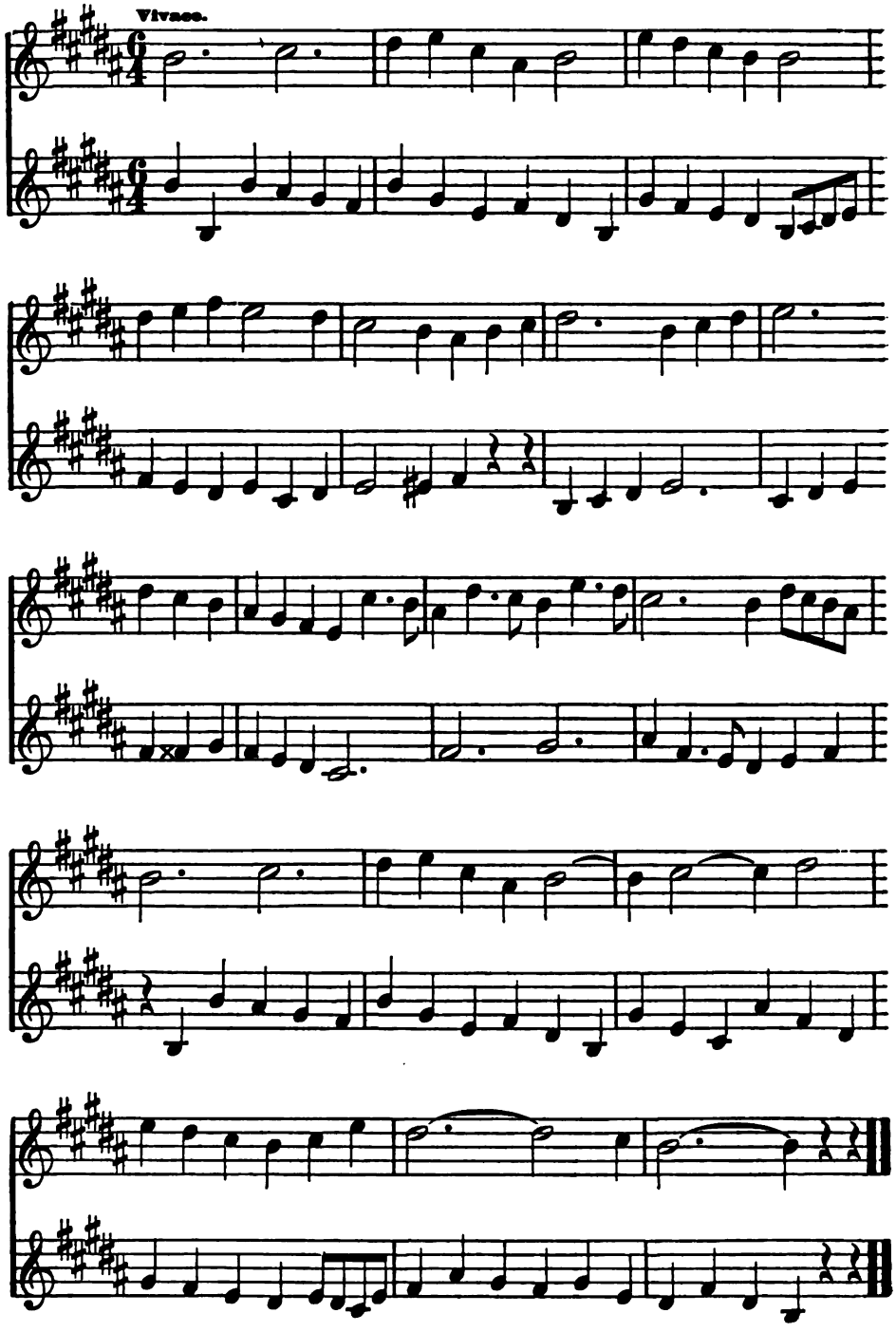
No. 29.



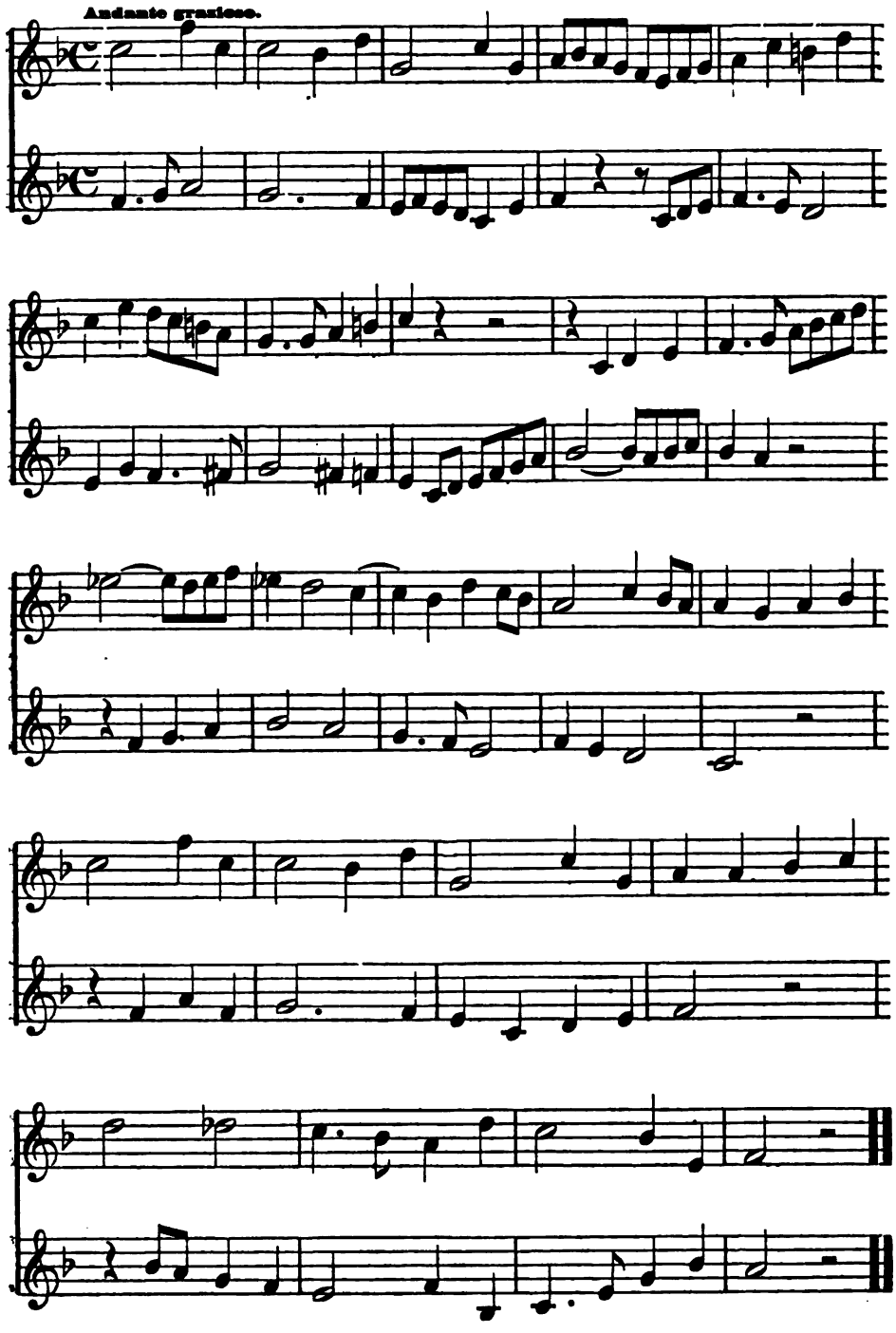
No. 30.



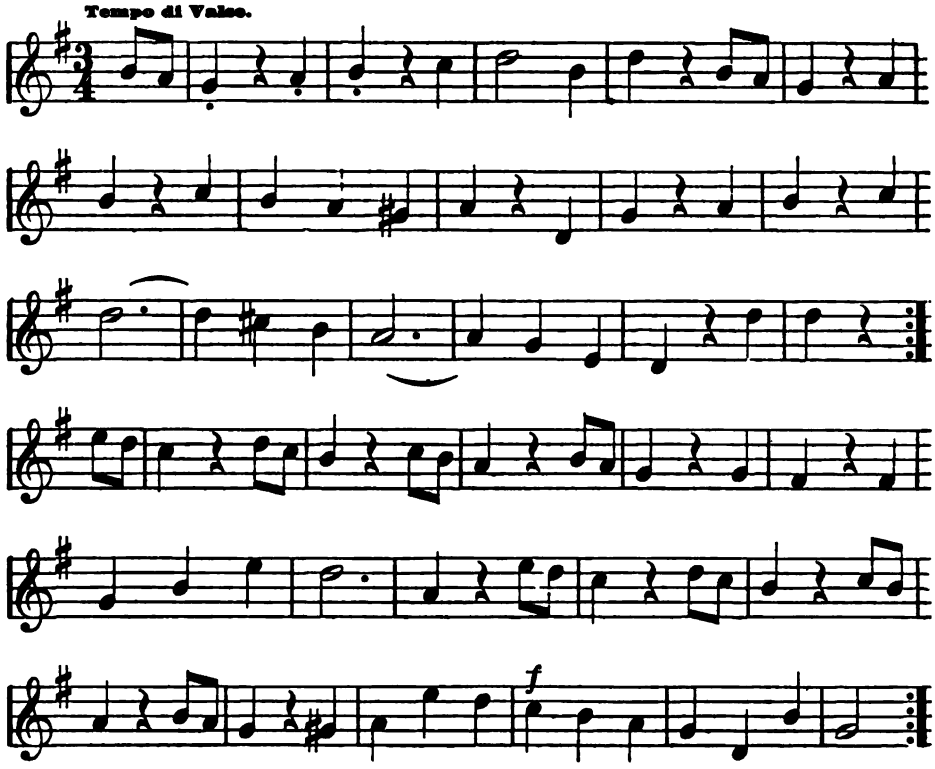
No. 31.



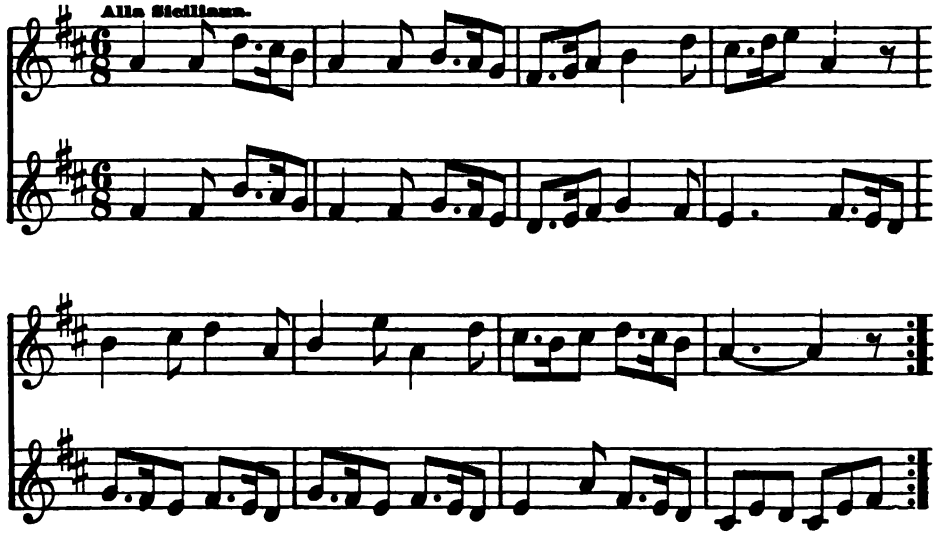
No. 32.

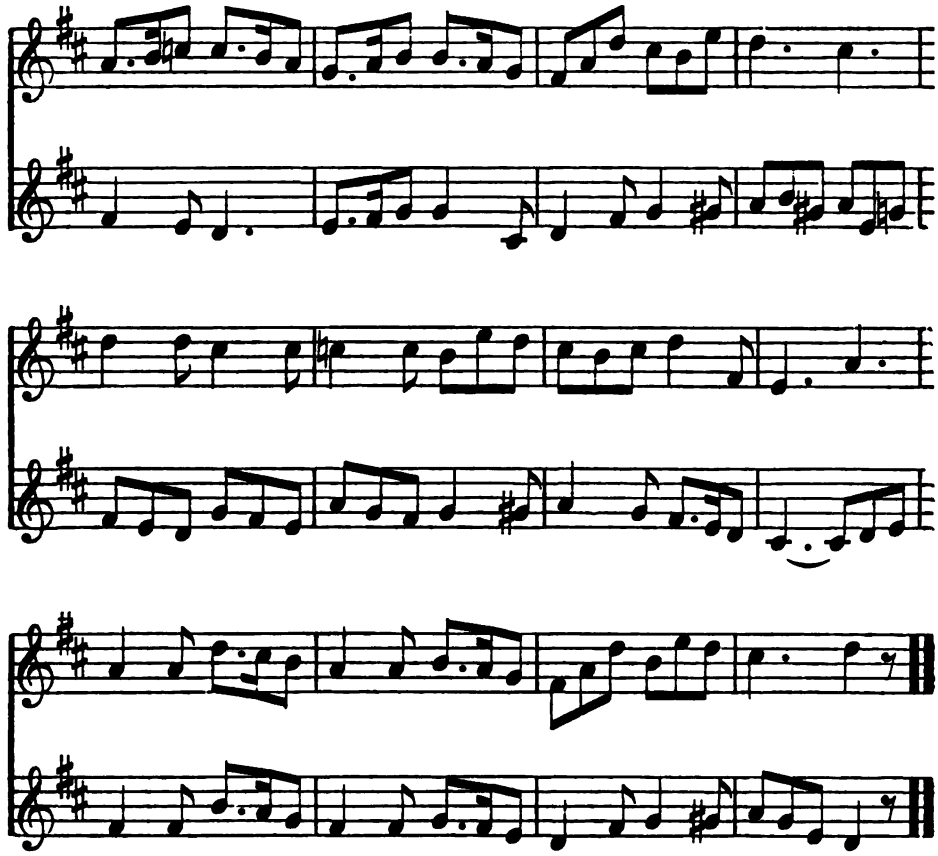


No. 33.

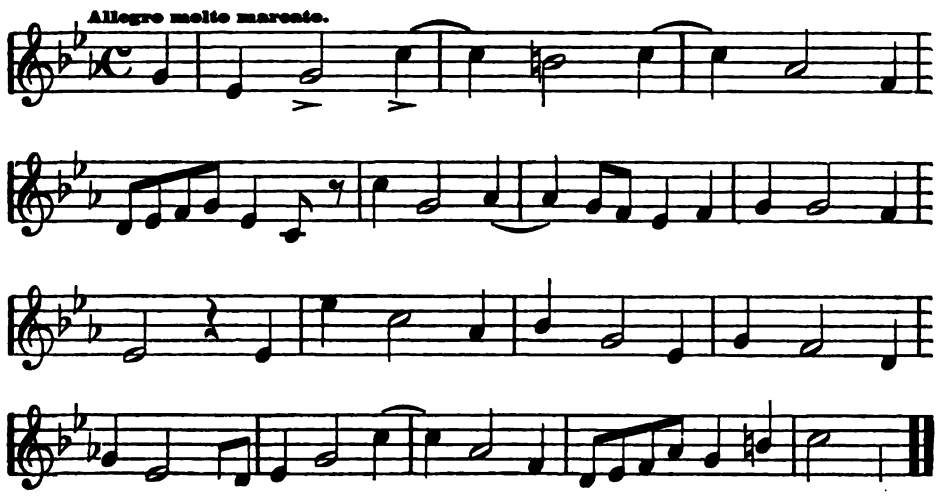


No. 34.

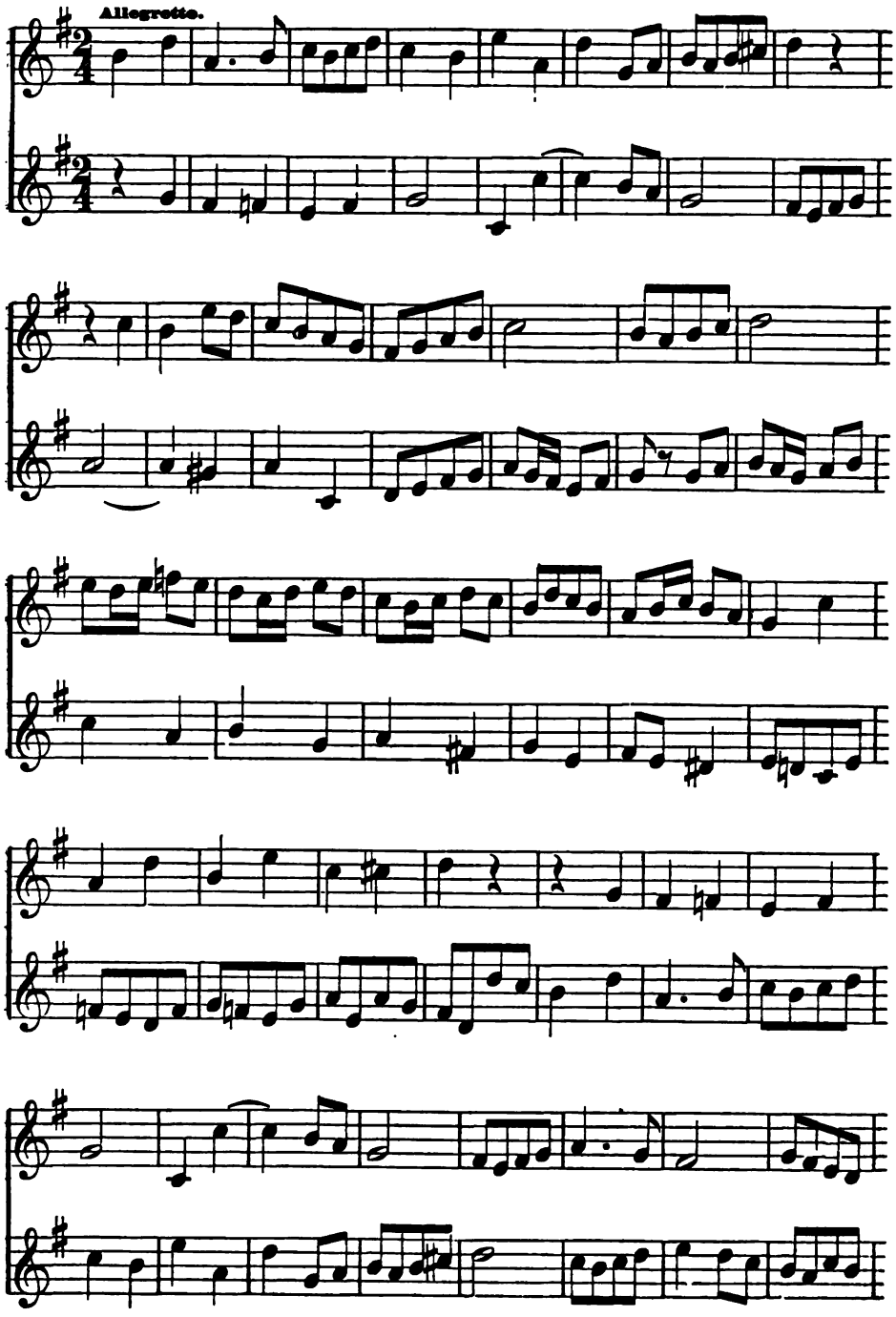


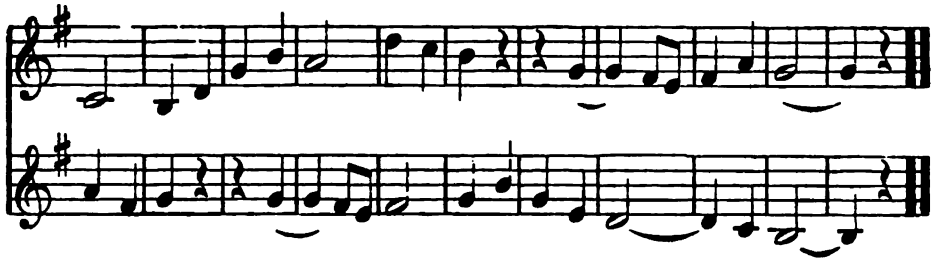


No. 35.

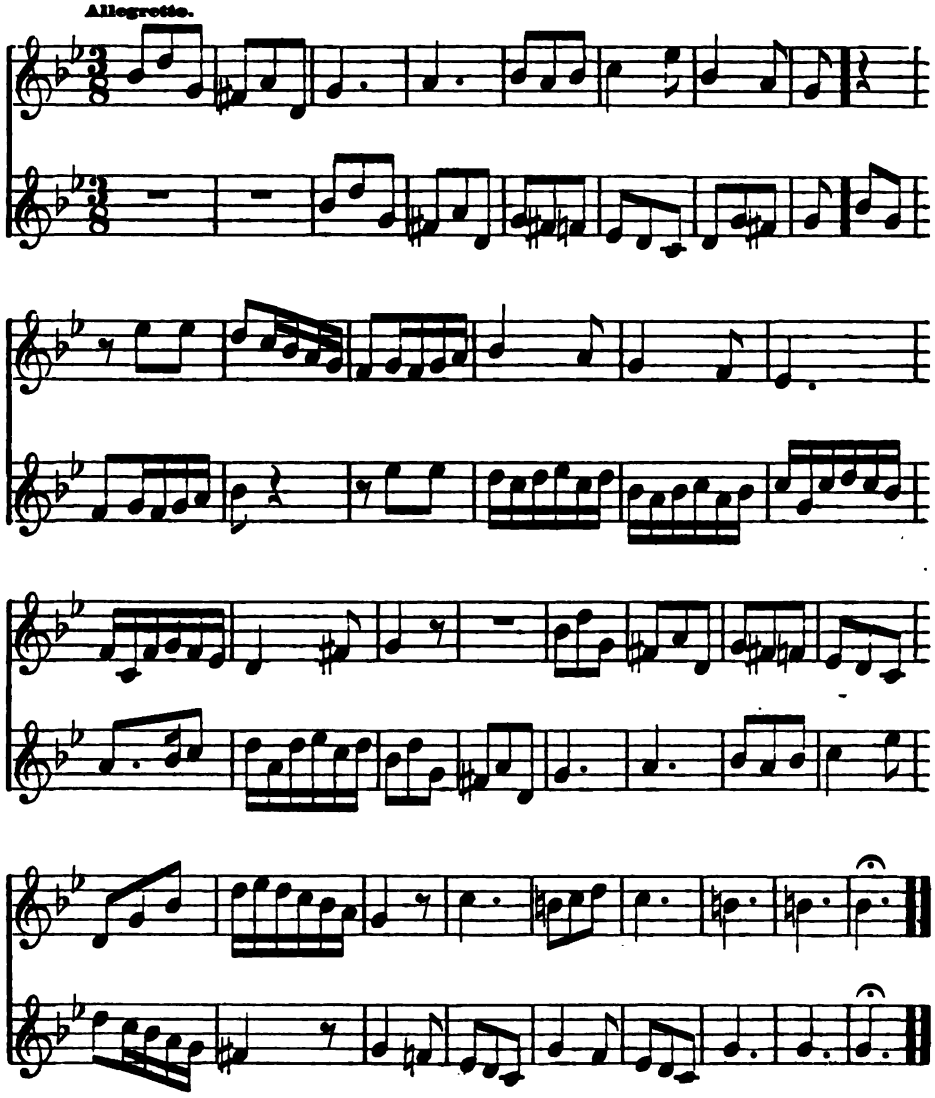


No. 36.

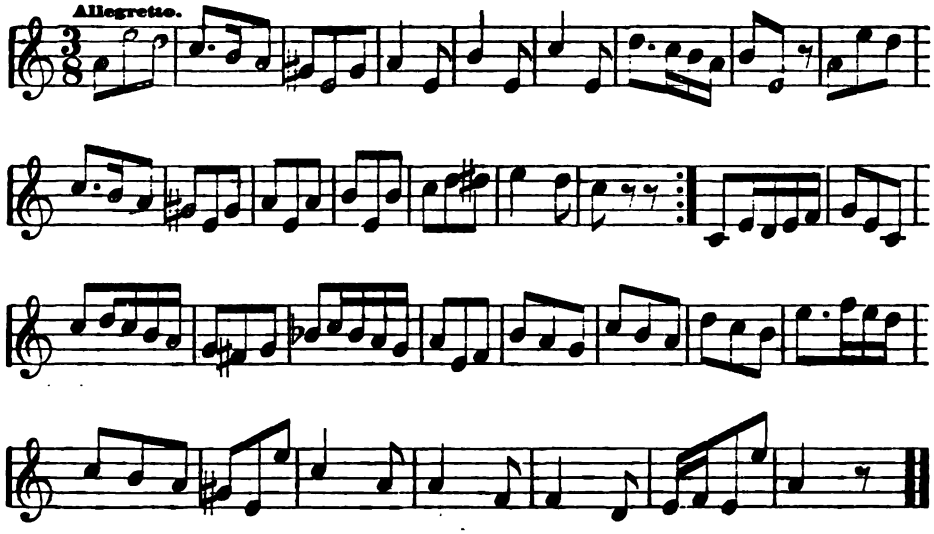




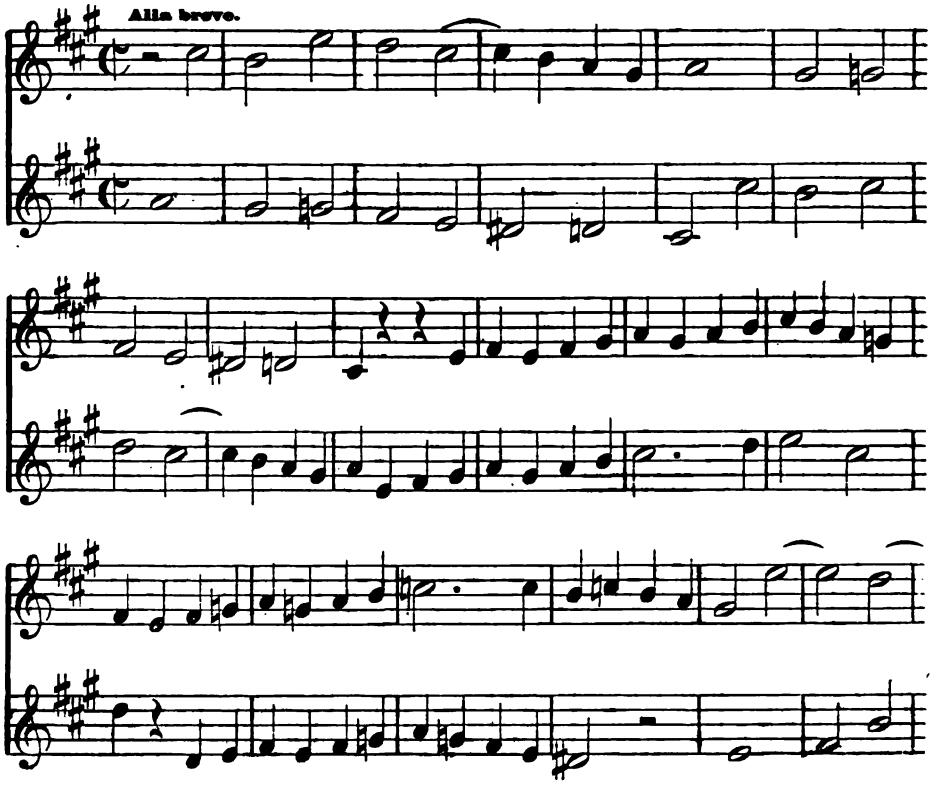
No. 37.

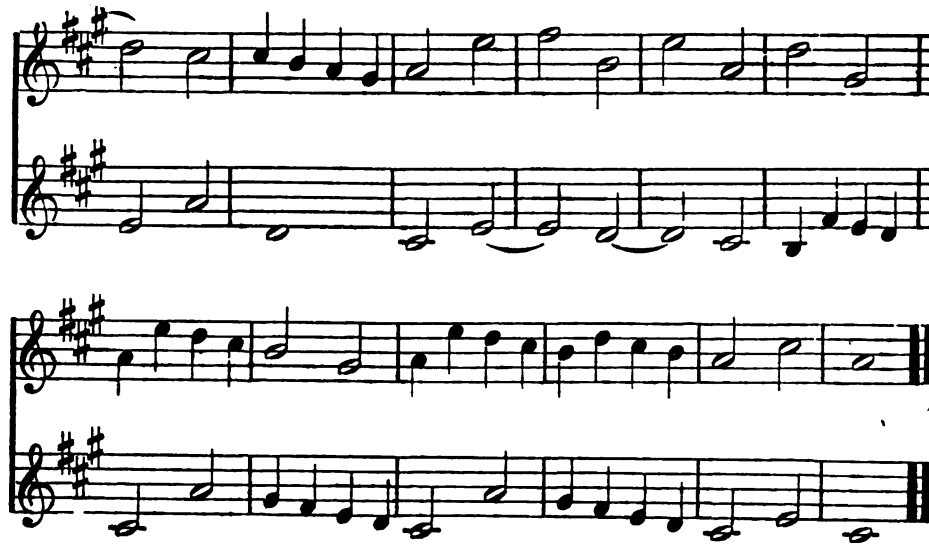


No. 38.

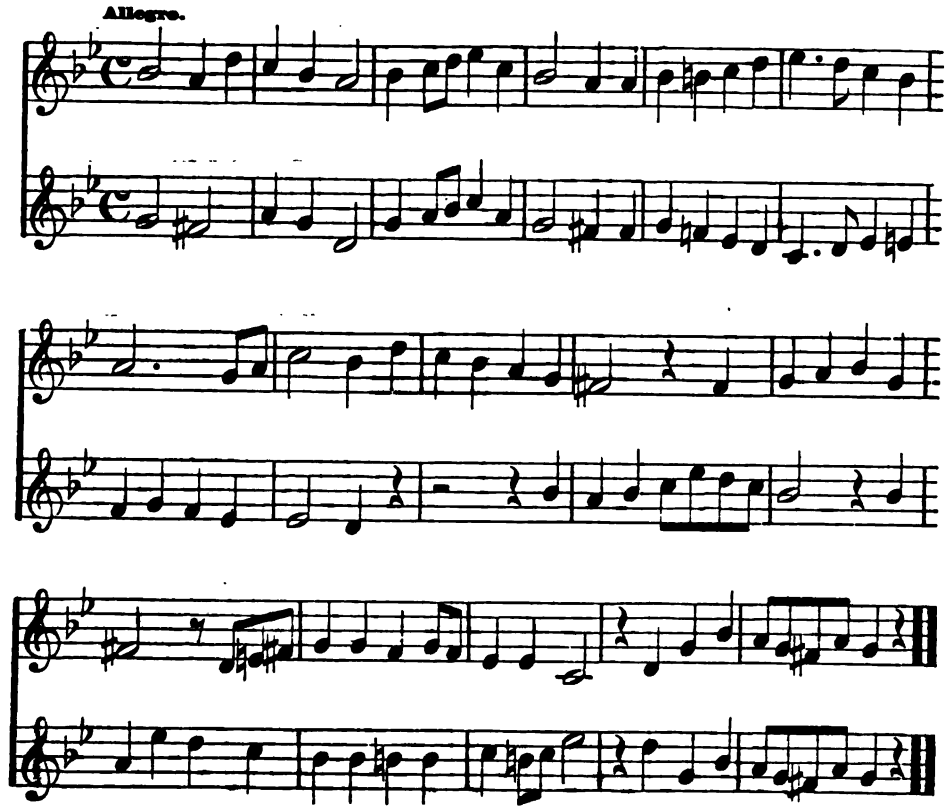


No. 39.

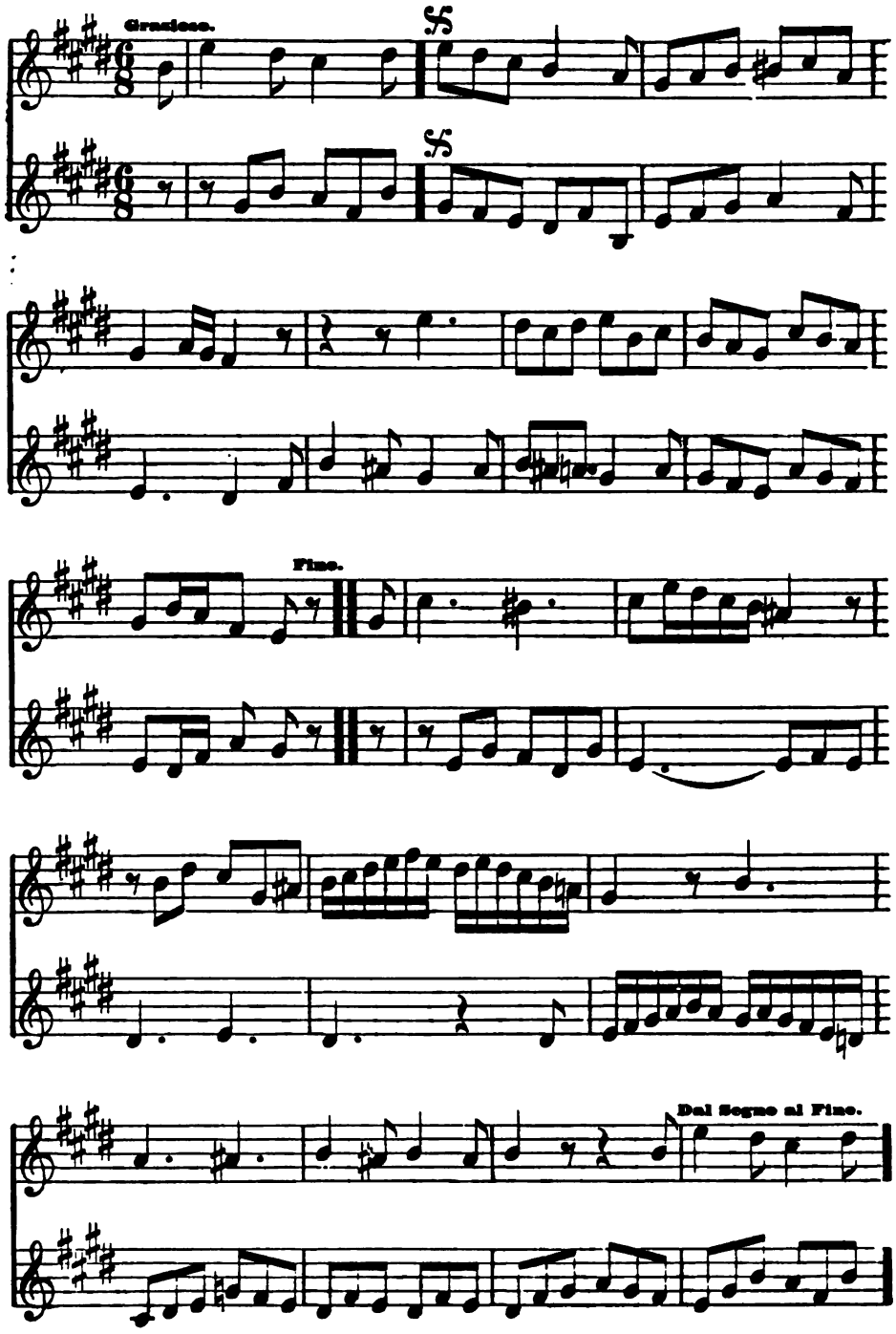




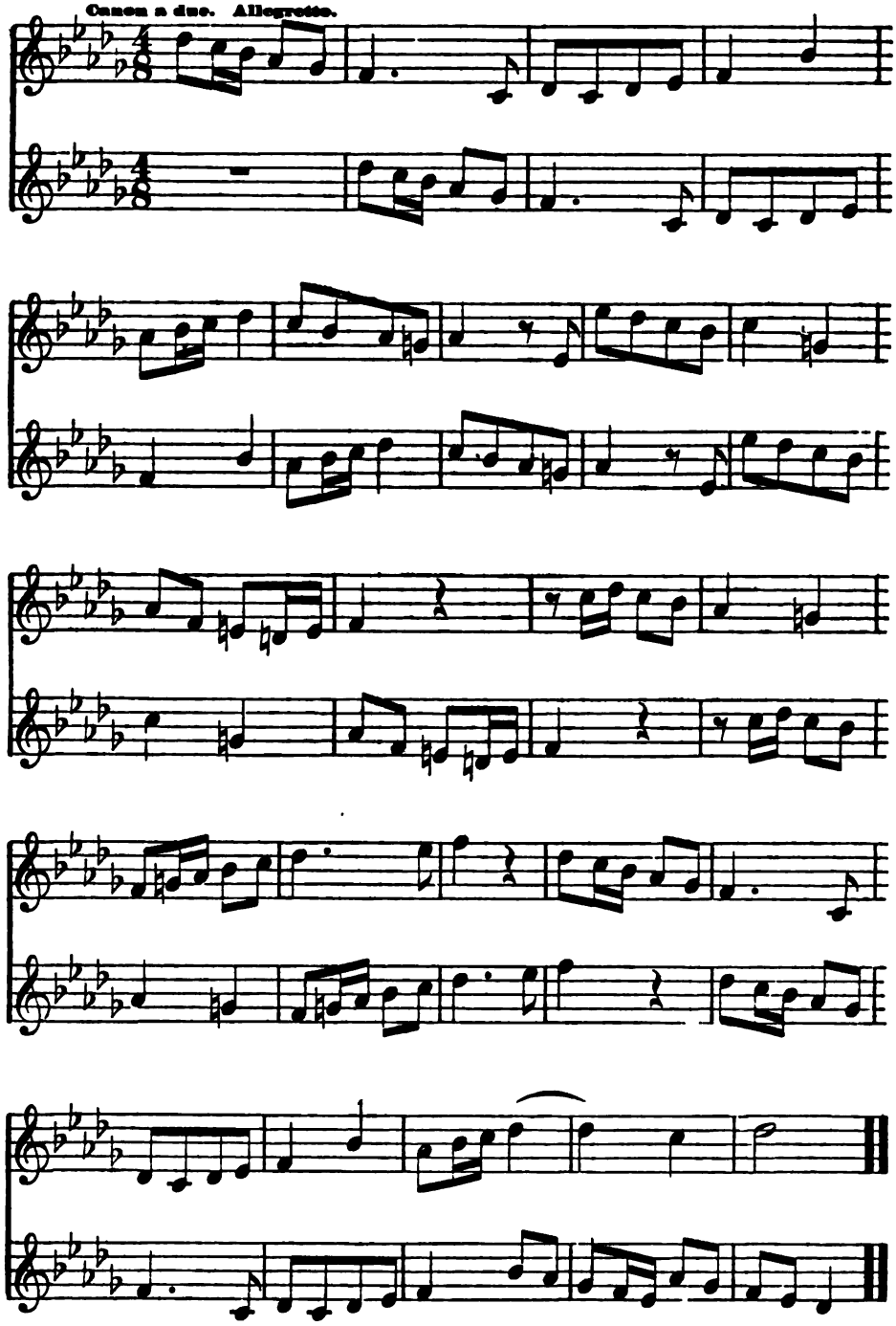
No. 40.



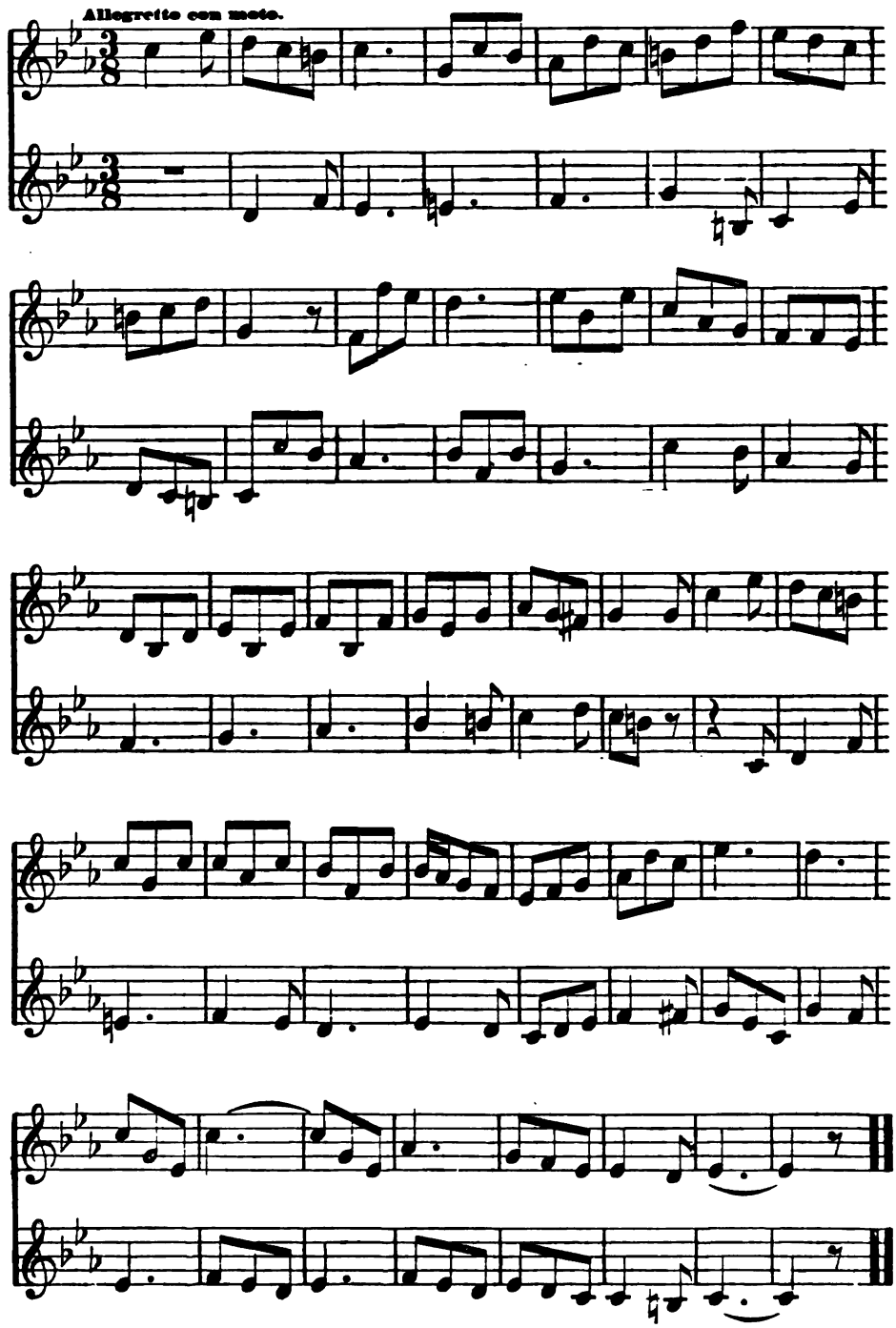
No. 41.



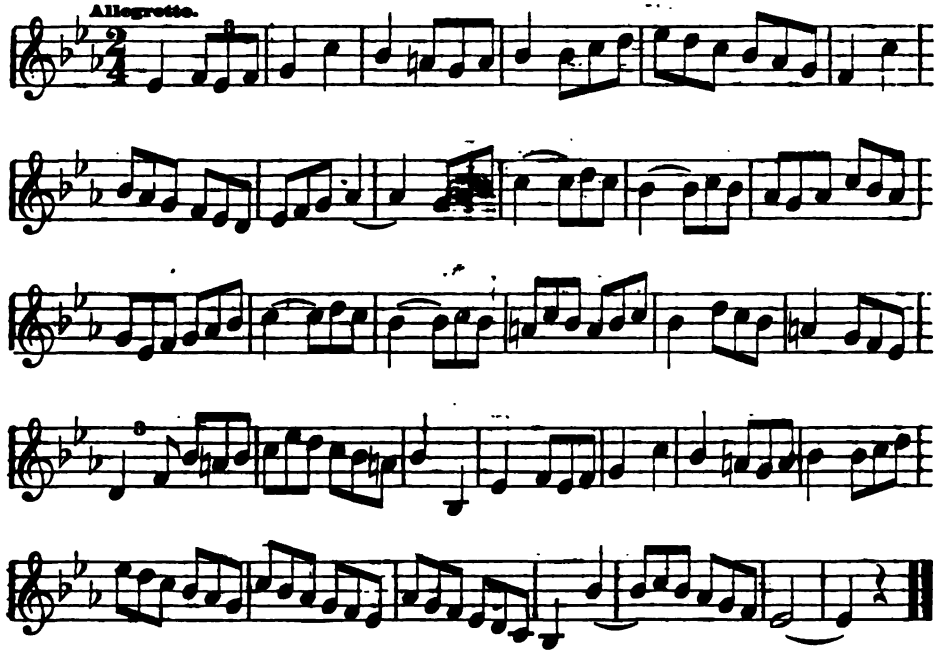
No. 42.



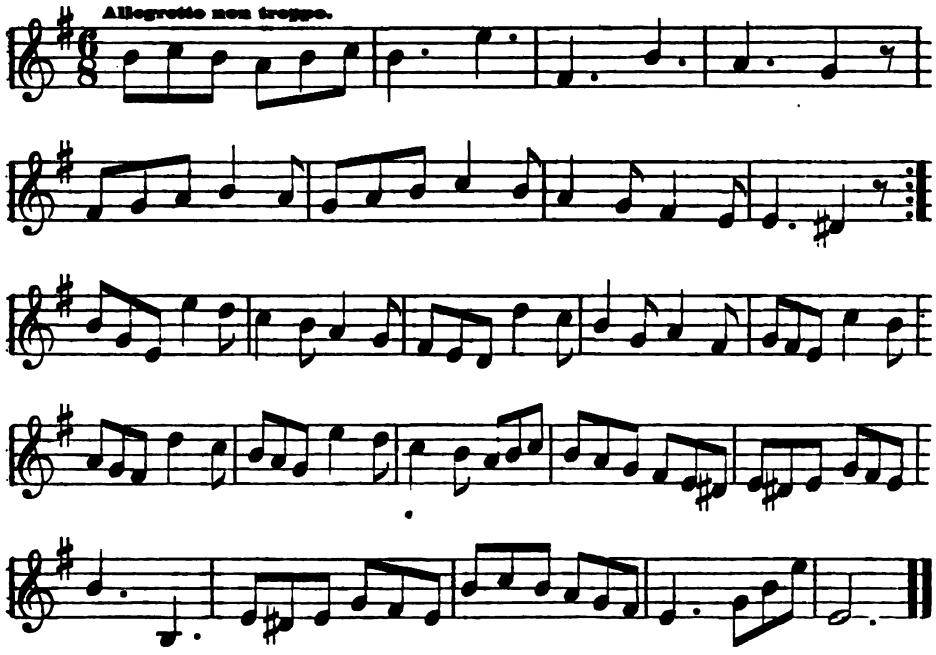
No. 43.



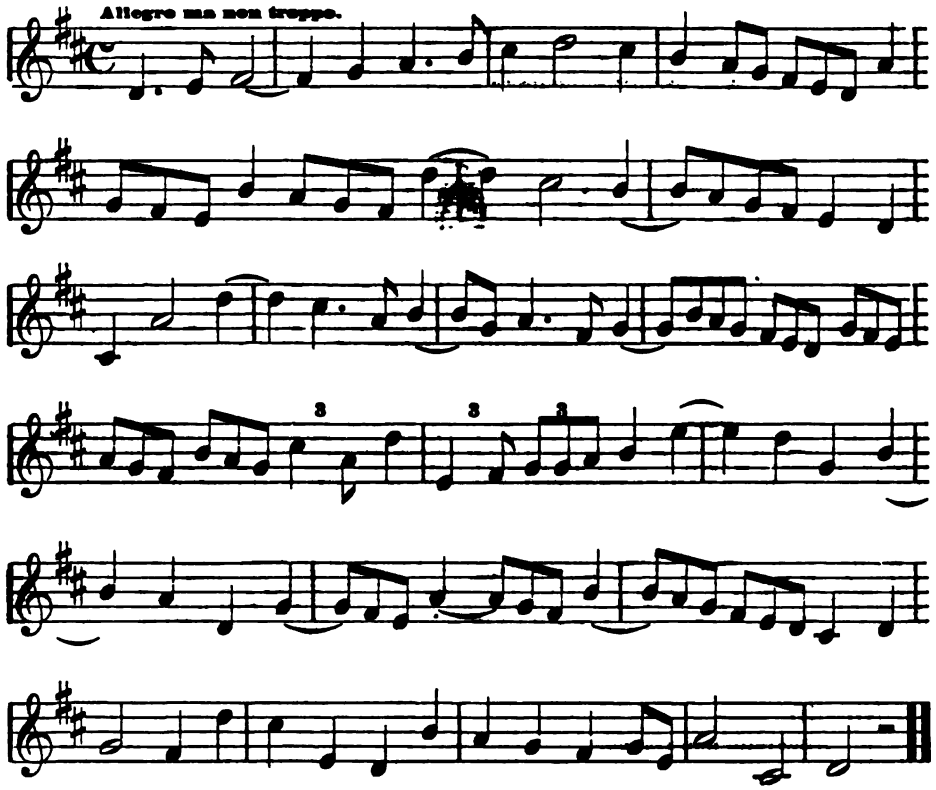
No. 44.



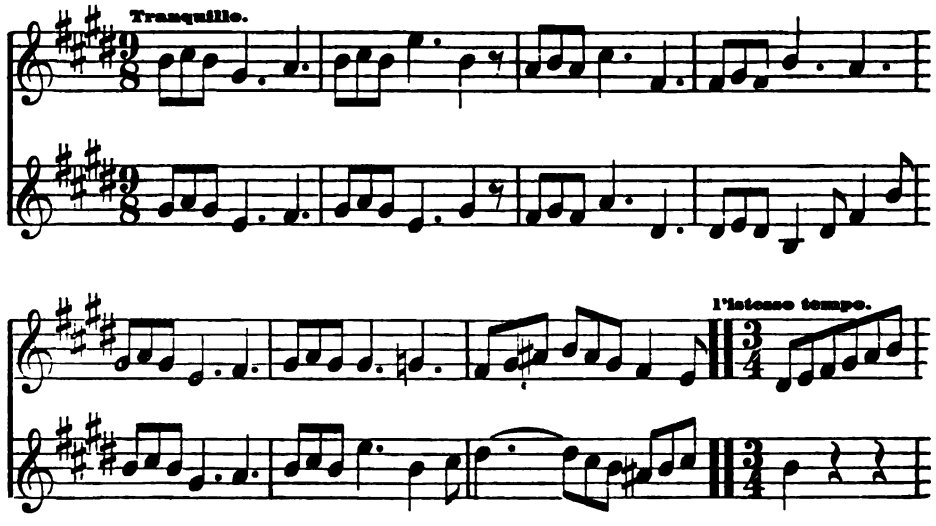
No. 45.

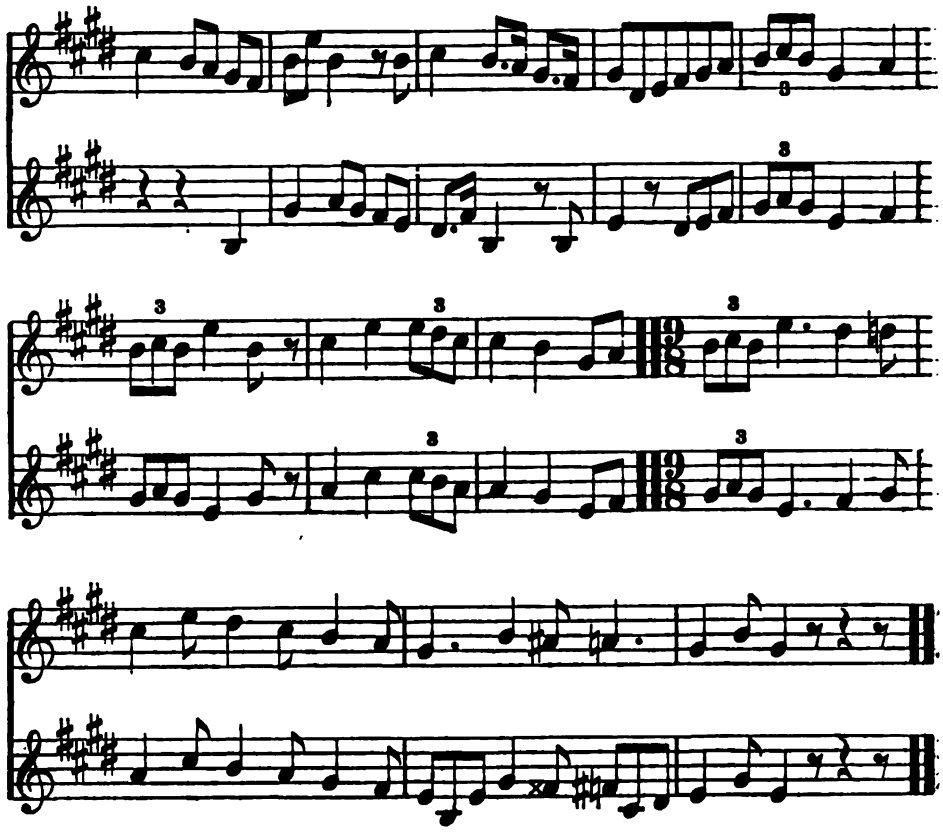


No. 46.

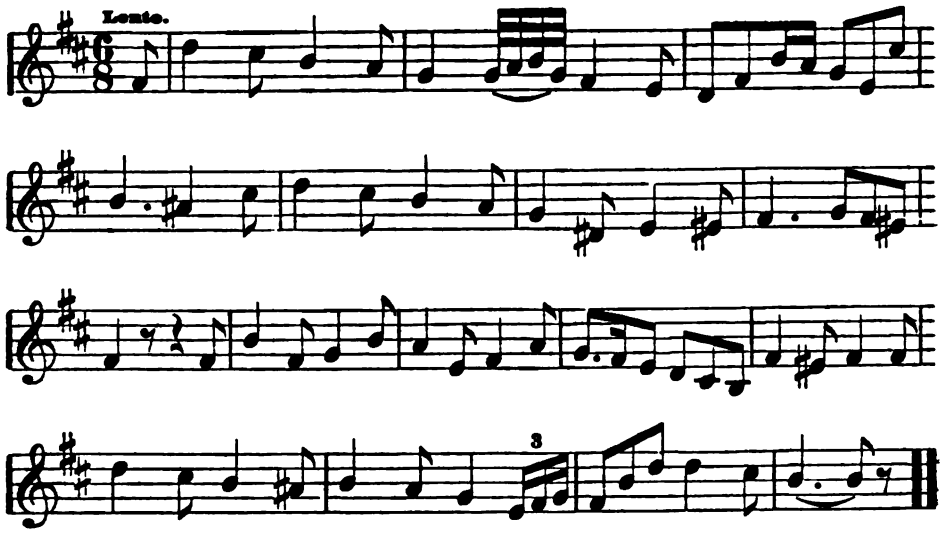


No. 47.

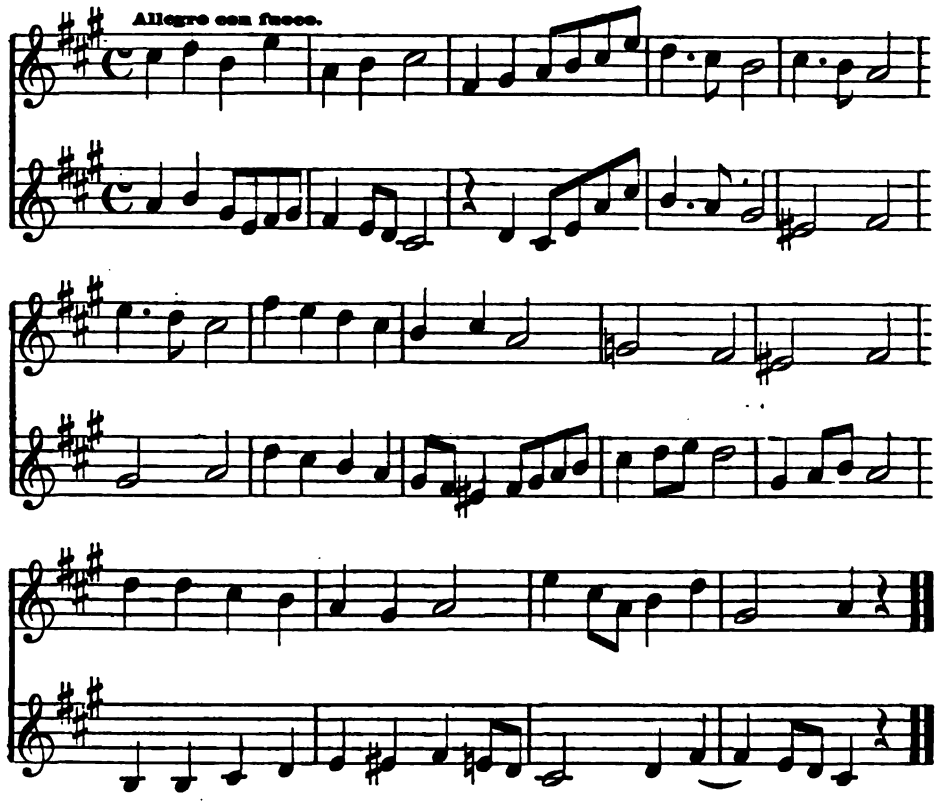




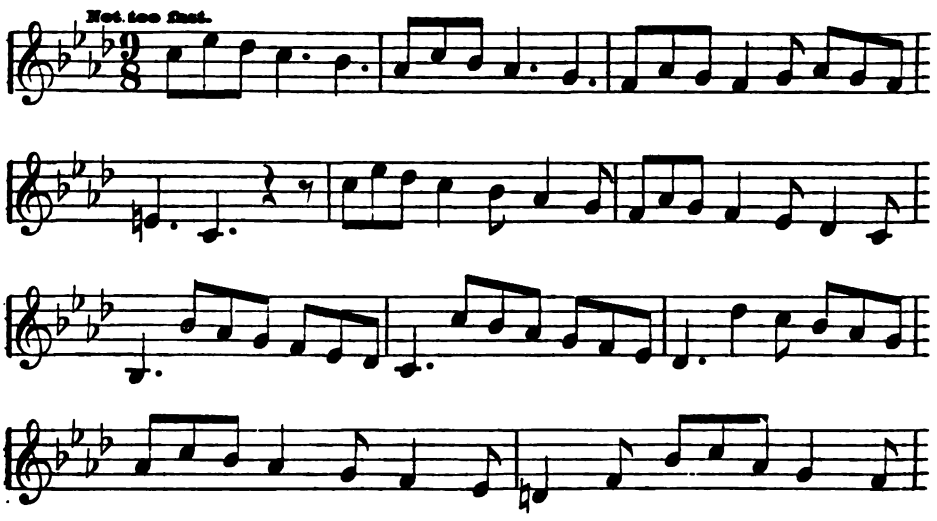
No. 48.

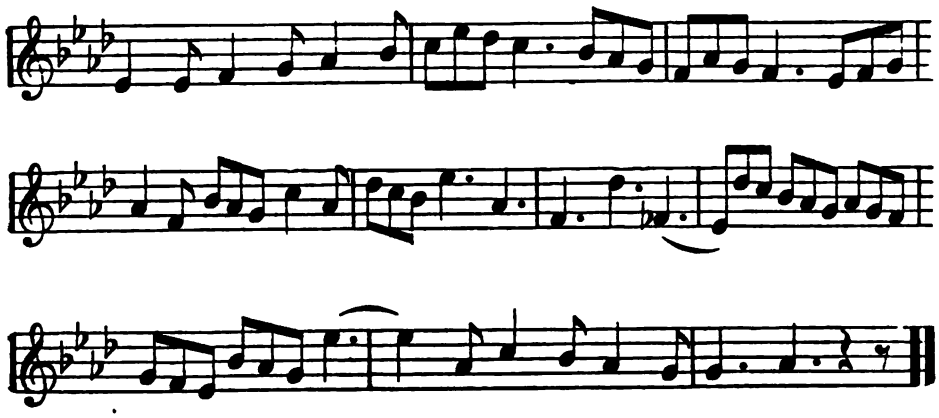


No. 49.



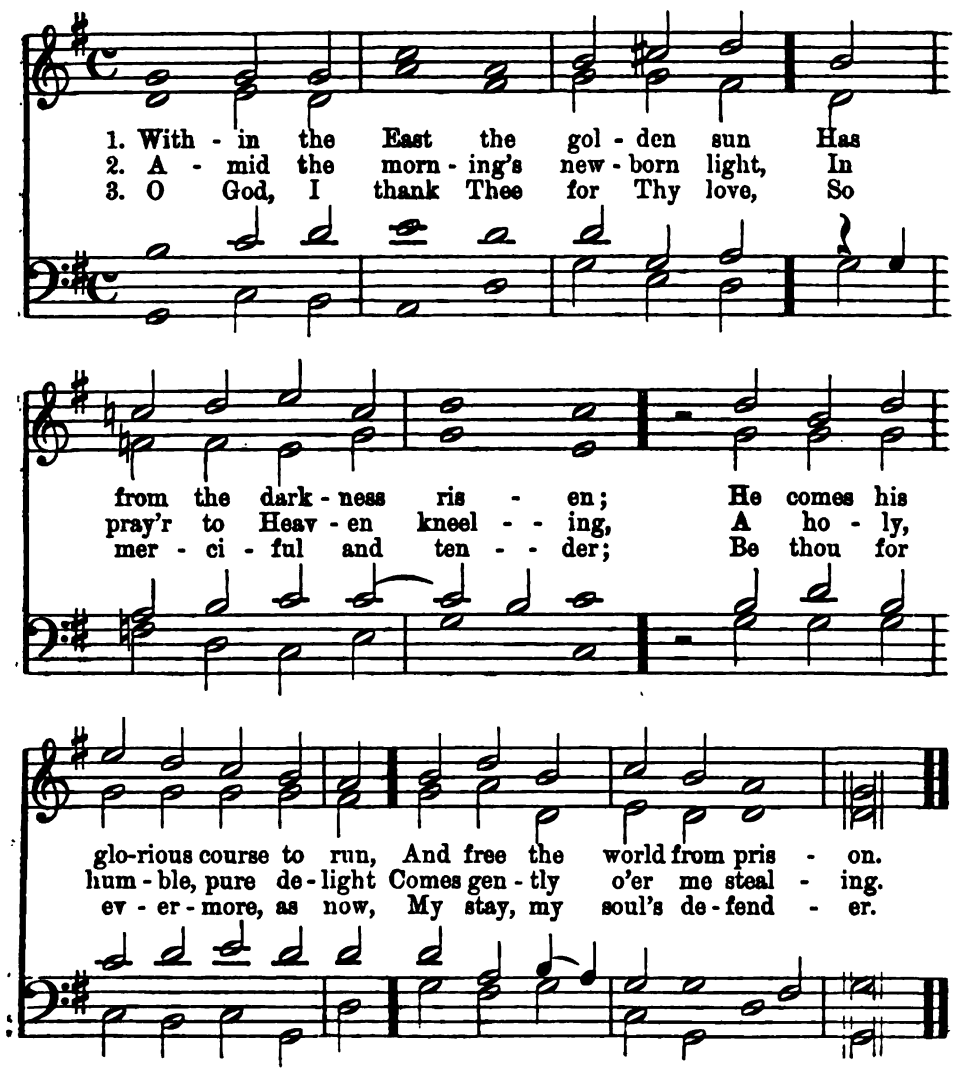
No. 50.





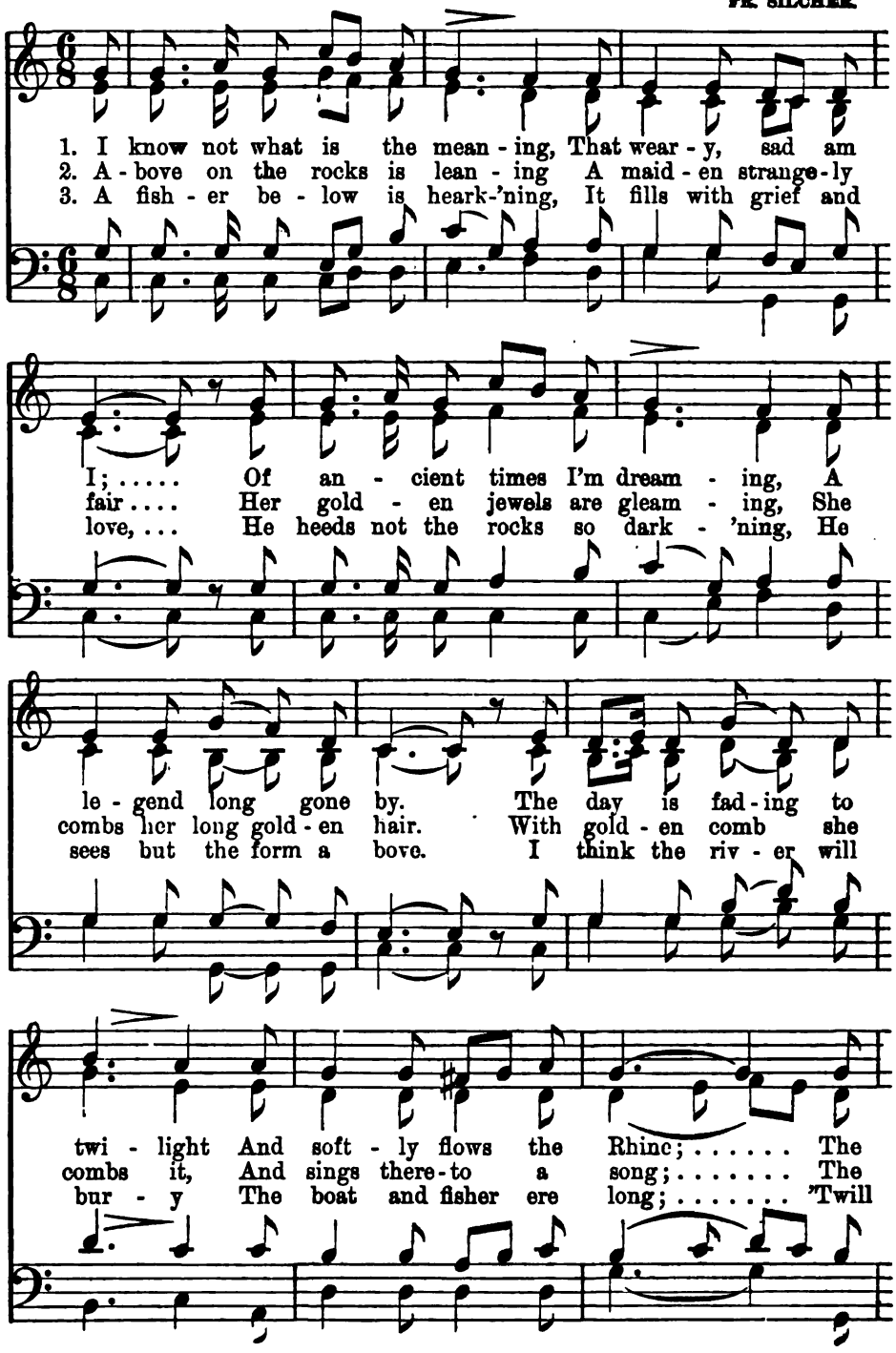
SONGS.

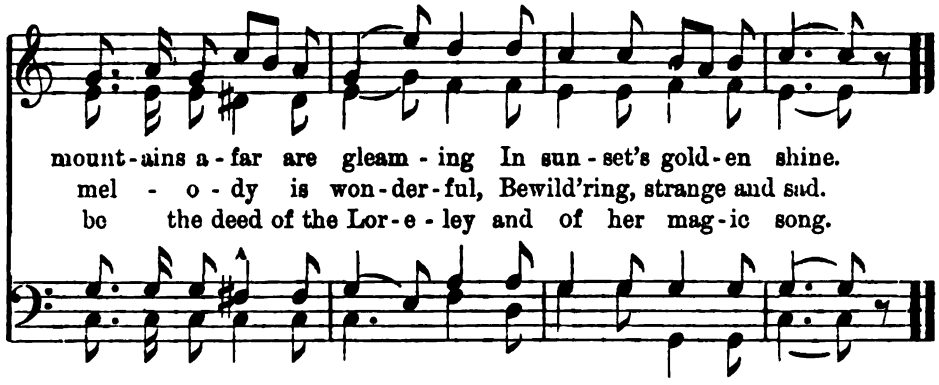
MORNING HYMN.



THE LORELEY.

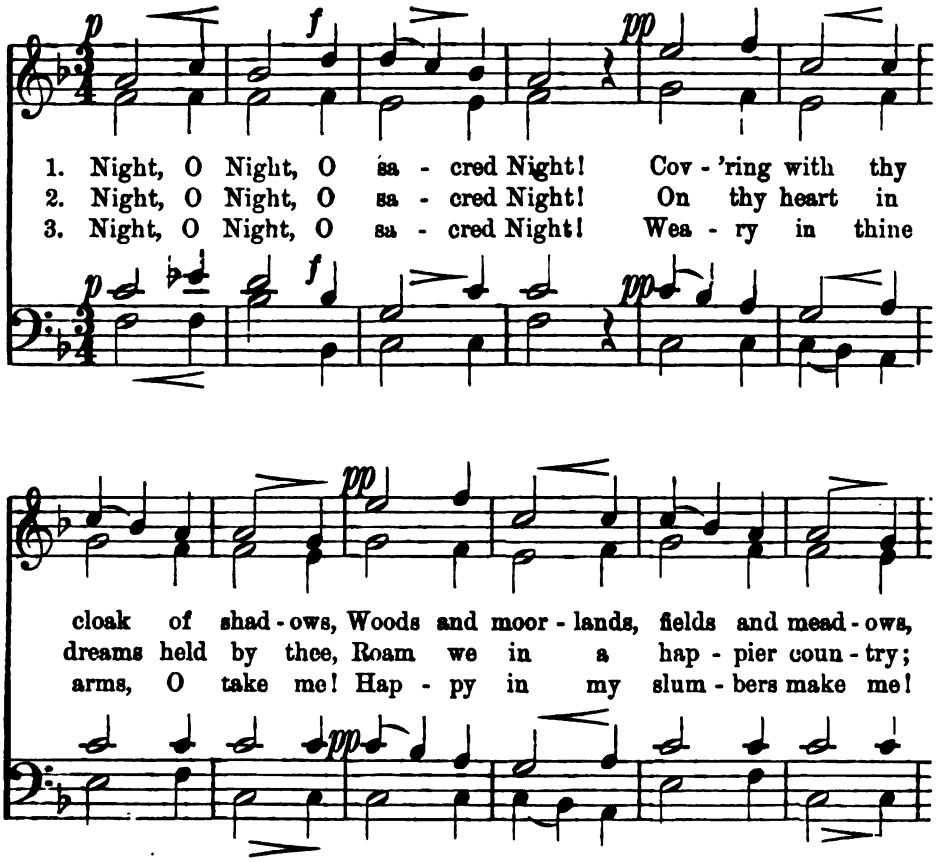
FR. SILCHER.

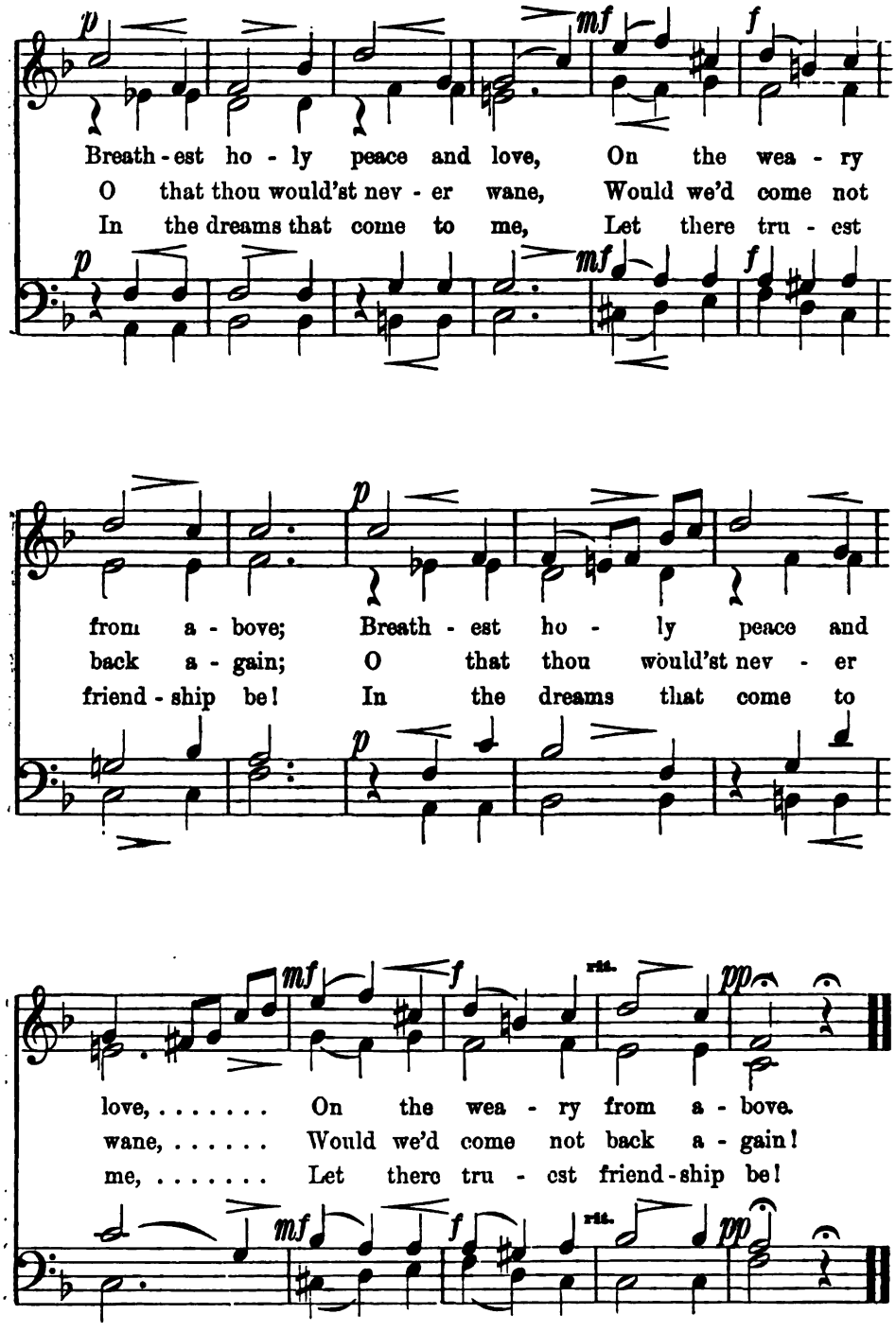




NIGHT, O SACRED NIGHT!

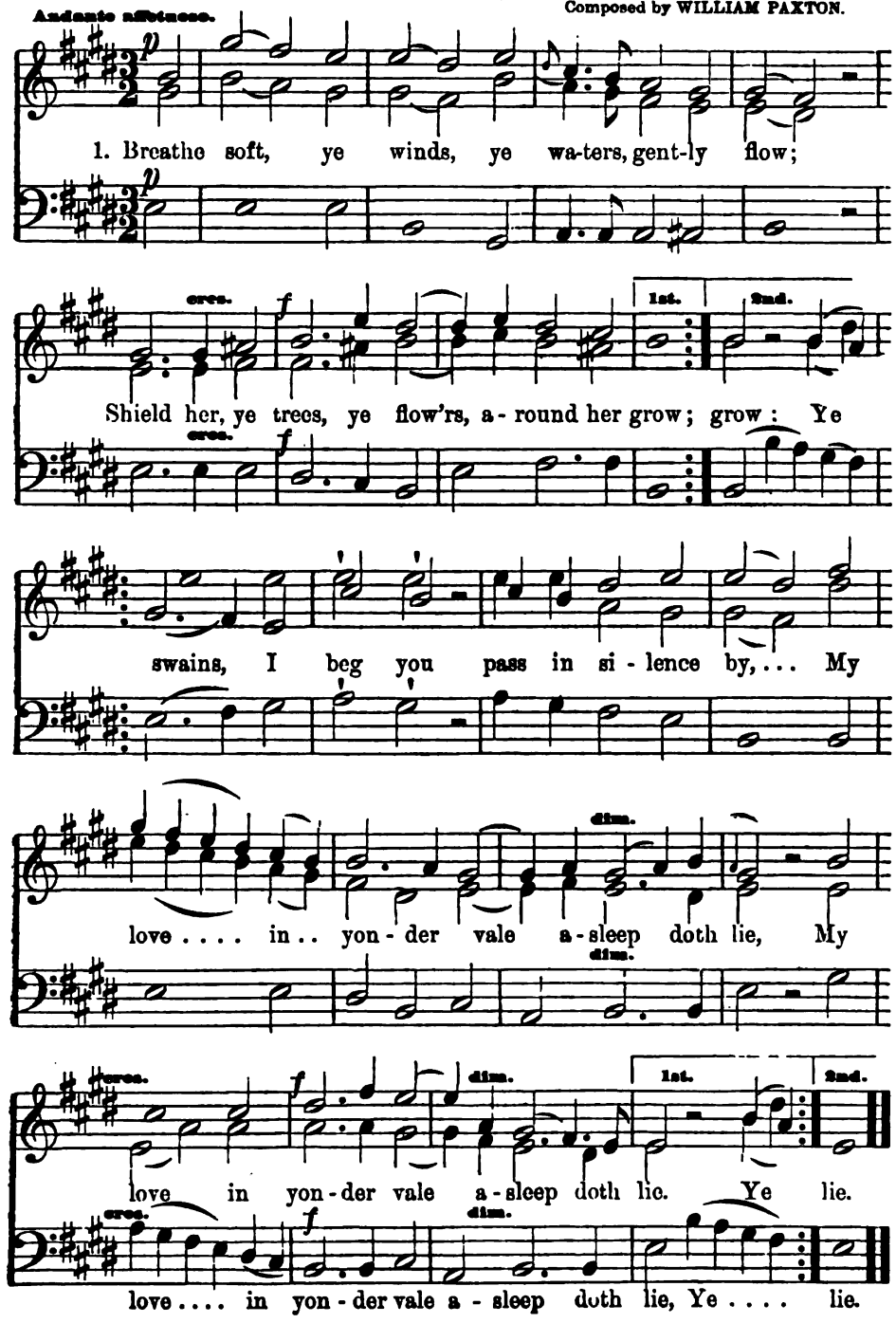
FR. X. CHWATAL.




p
mf
f
Breath - est ho - ly peace and love, On the wea - ry
O that thou would'st nev - er wane, Would we'd come not
In the dreams that come to me, Let there tru - est
from a - bove; Breath - est ho - ly peace and
back a - gain; O that thou would'st nev - er
friend - ship be! In the dreams that come to
rit.
pp
love, ... On the wea - ry from a - bove.
wane, ... Would we'd come not back a - gain!
me, ... Let there tru - est friend - ship be!

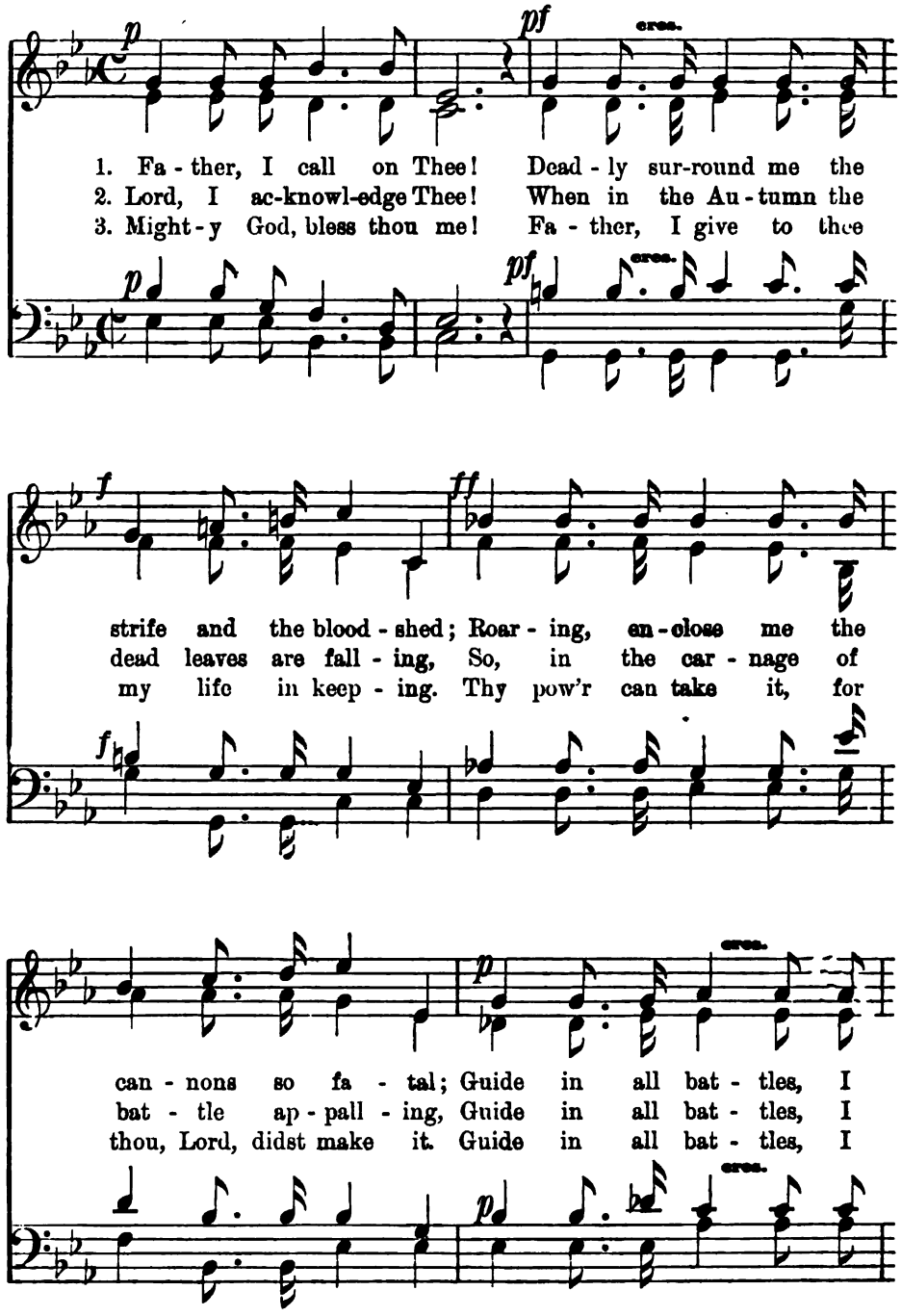
BREATHE SOFT, YE WINDS.

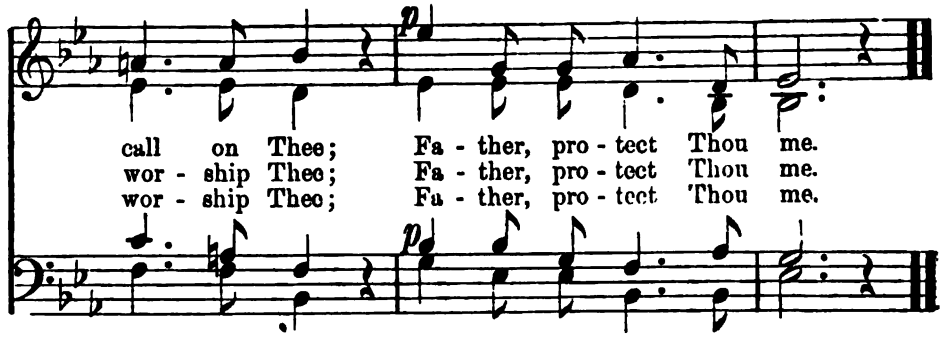
Composed by WILLIAM PAXTON.



PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

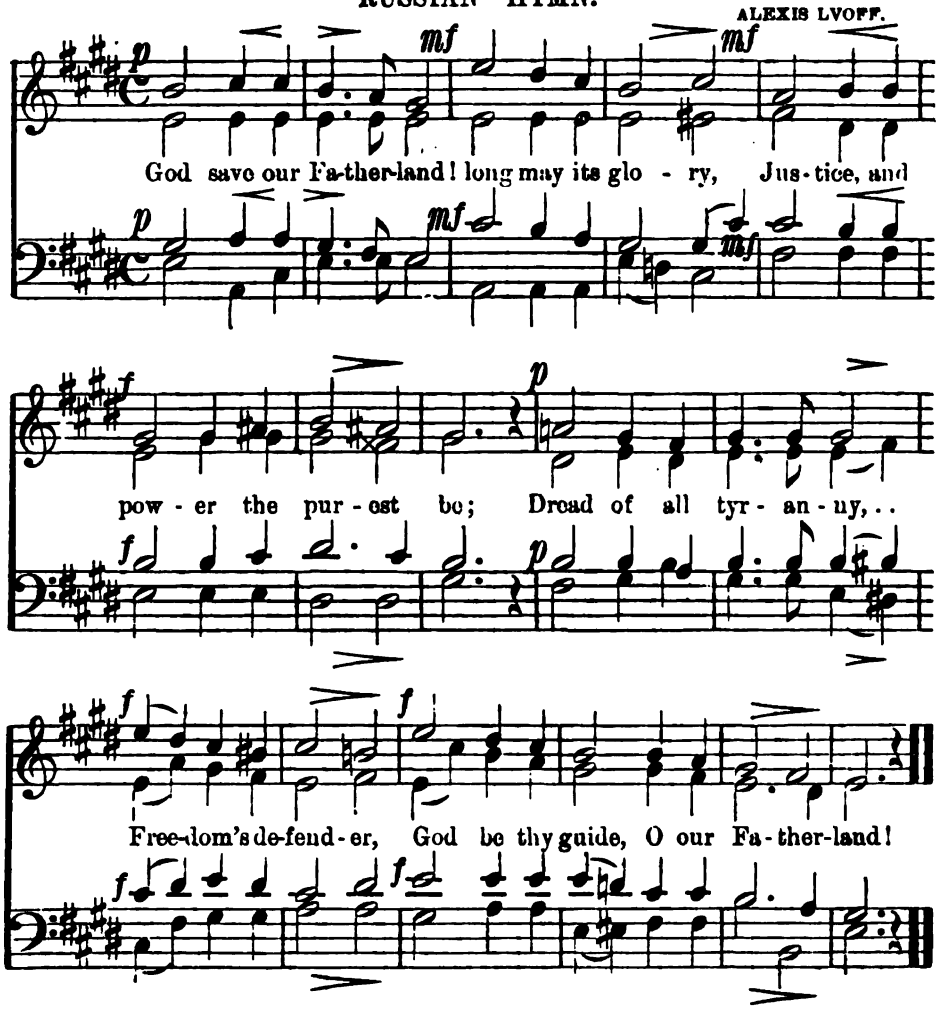
F. H. HUMMEL.





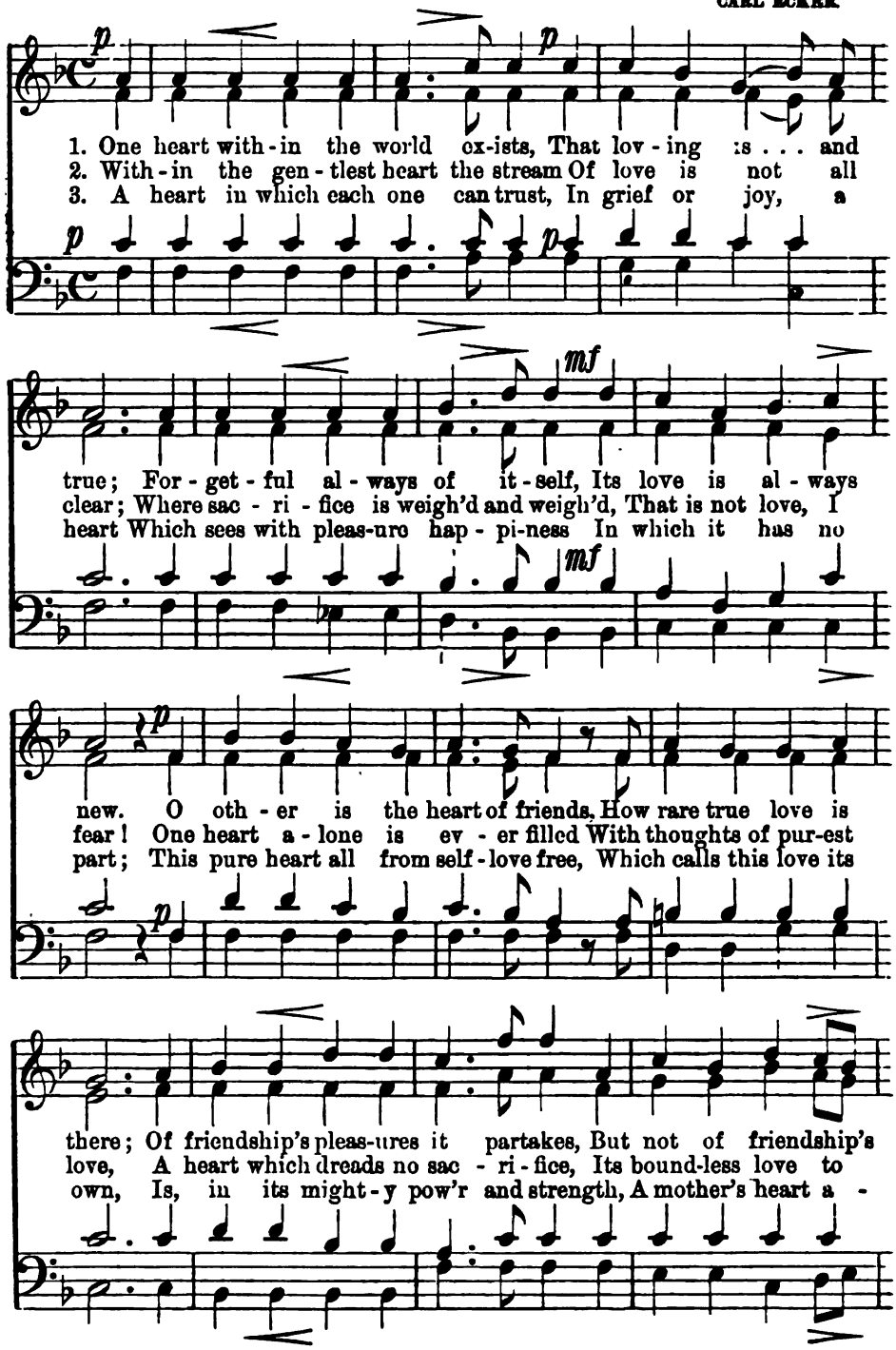
RUSSIAN HYMN.

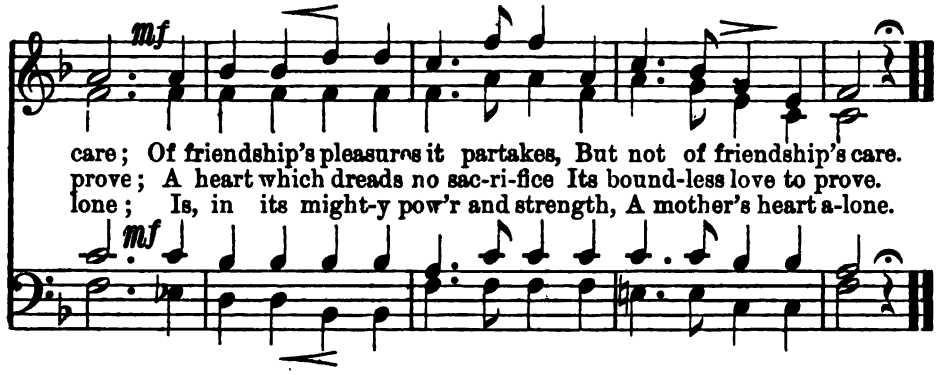
ALEXIS LVOFF.



A MOTHER'S HEART.

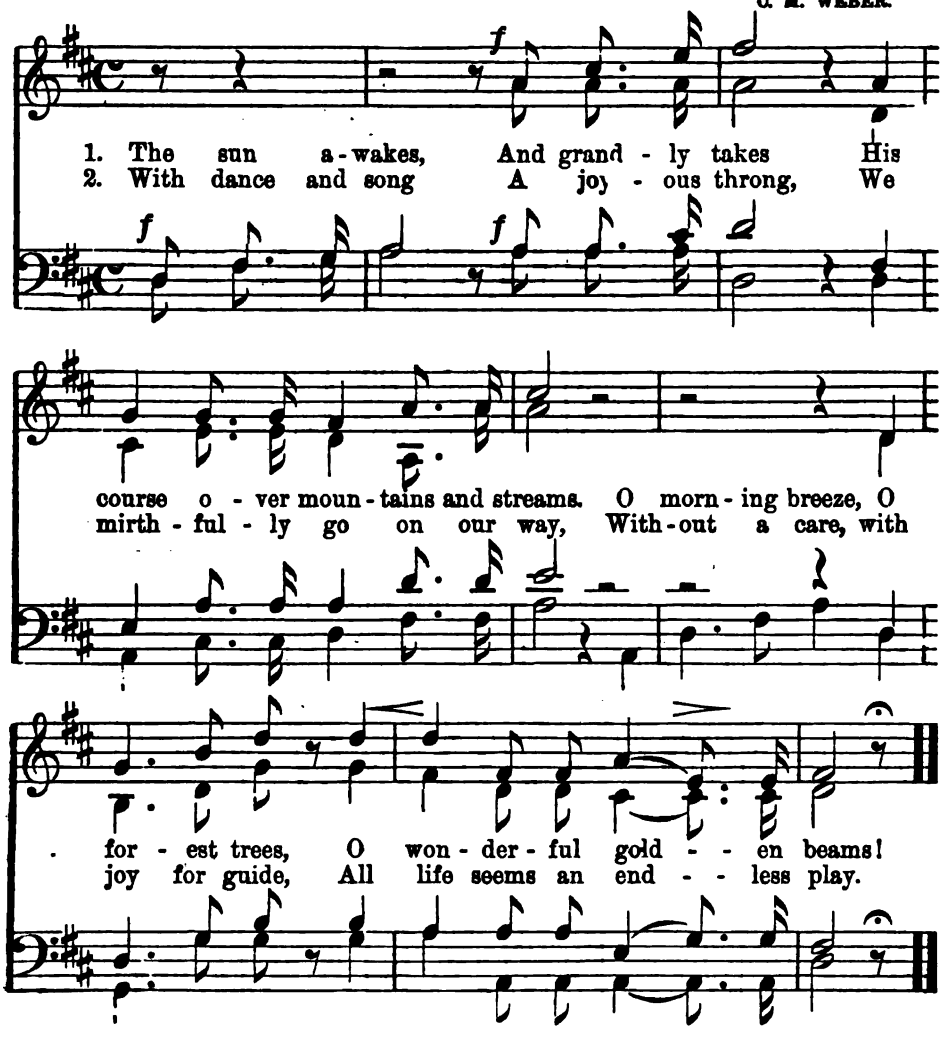
CARL ECKER.





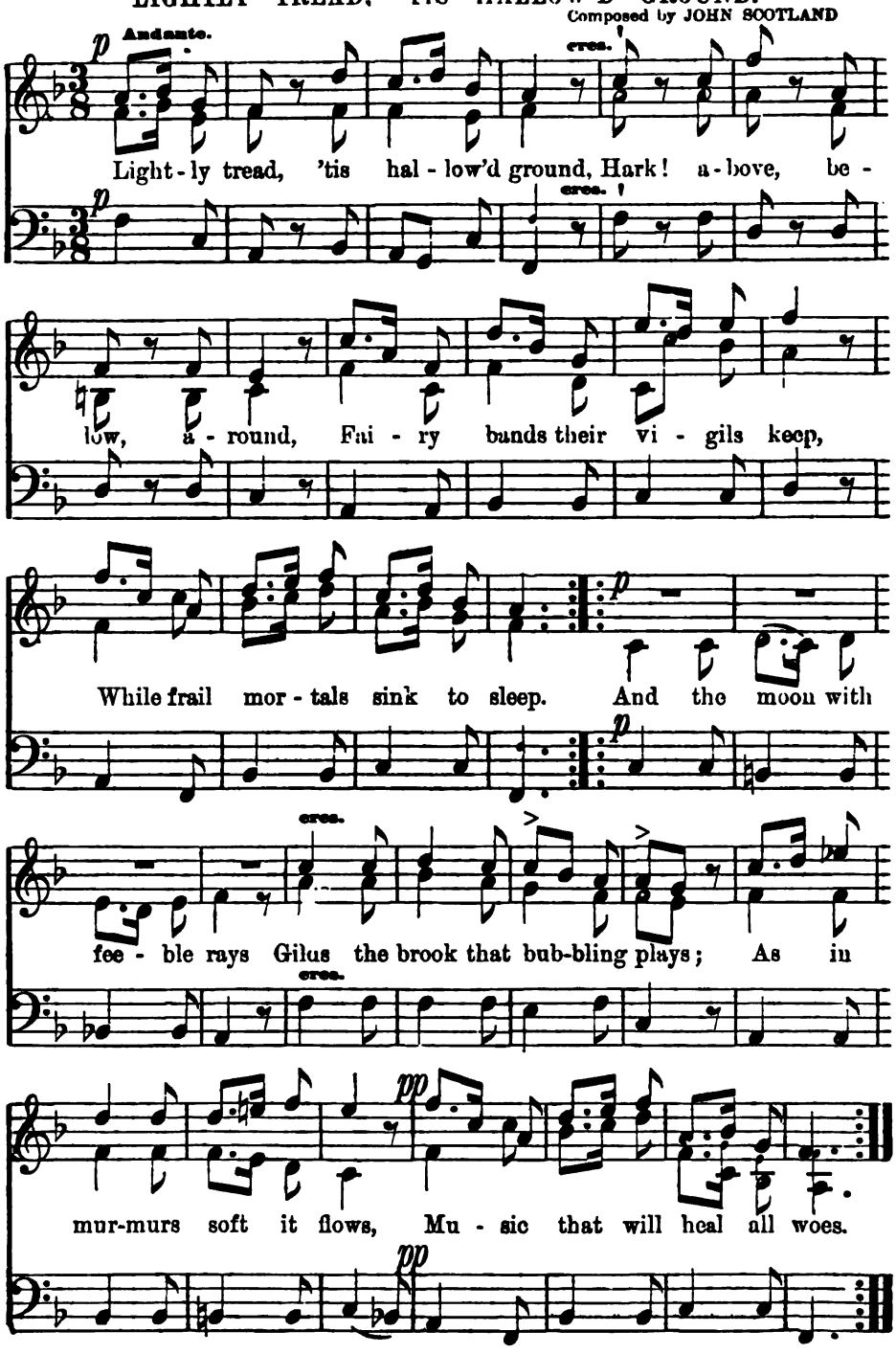
THE WANDERER'S SONG.

C. M. WEBER.



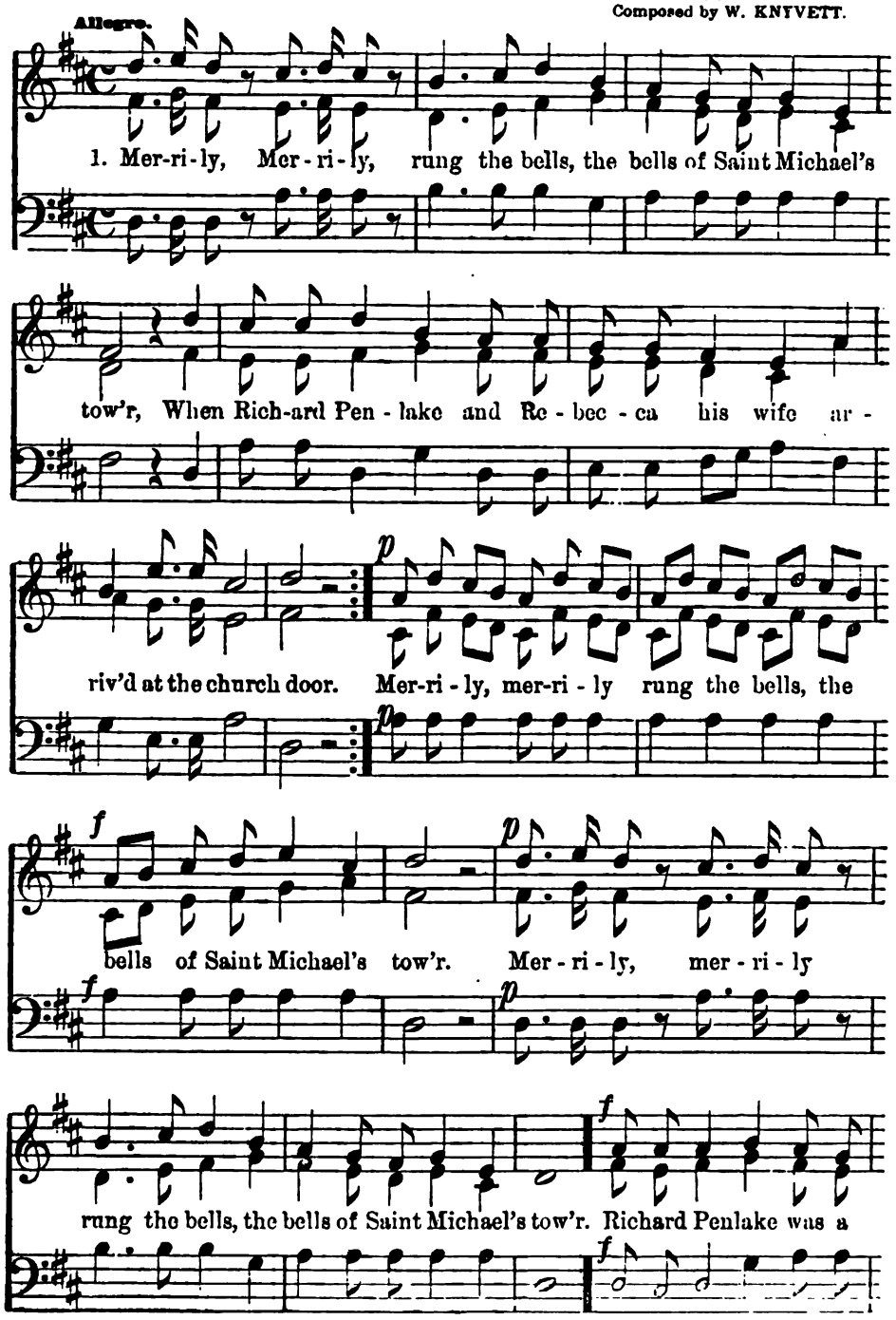
LIGHTLY TREAD, 'TIS HALLOW'D GROUND.

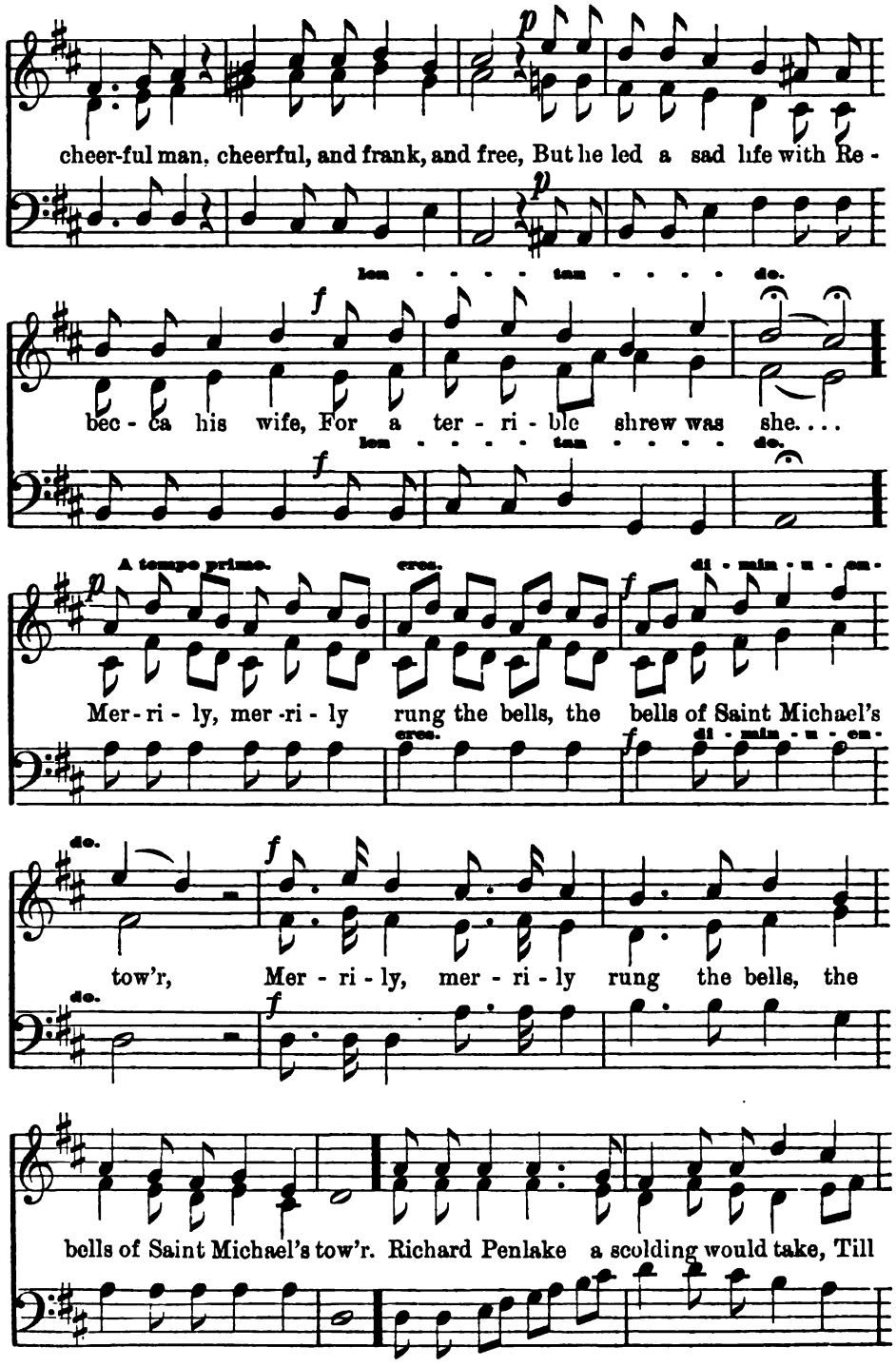
Composed by JOHN SCOTLAND

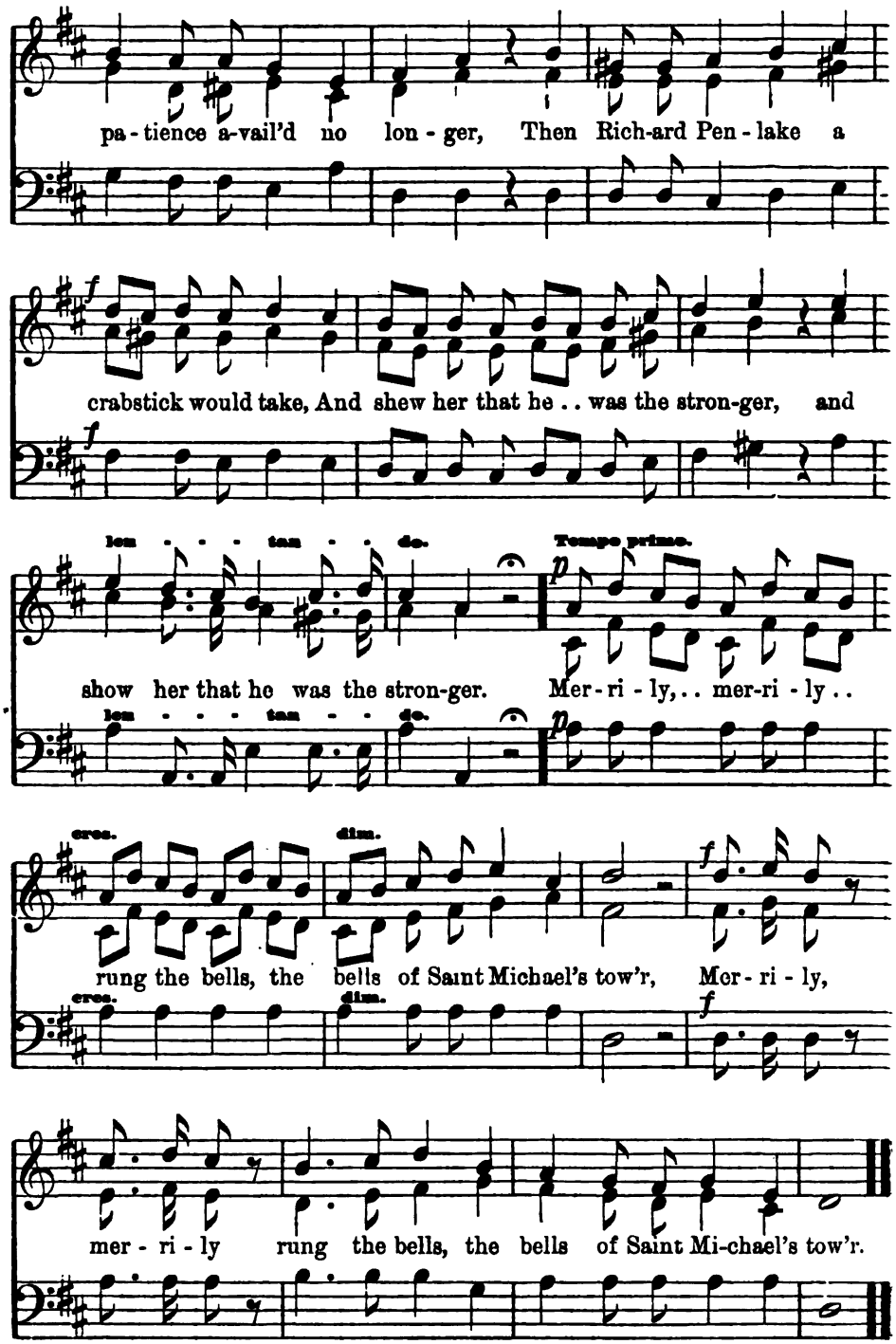


THE BELLS OF ST. MICHAEL'S TOWER.

Composed by W. KNYVETT.

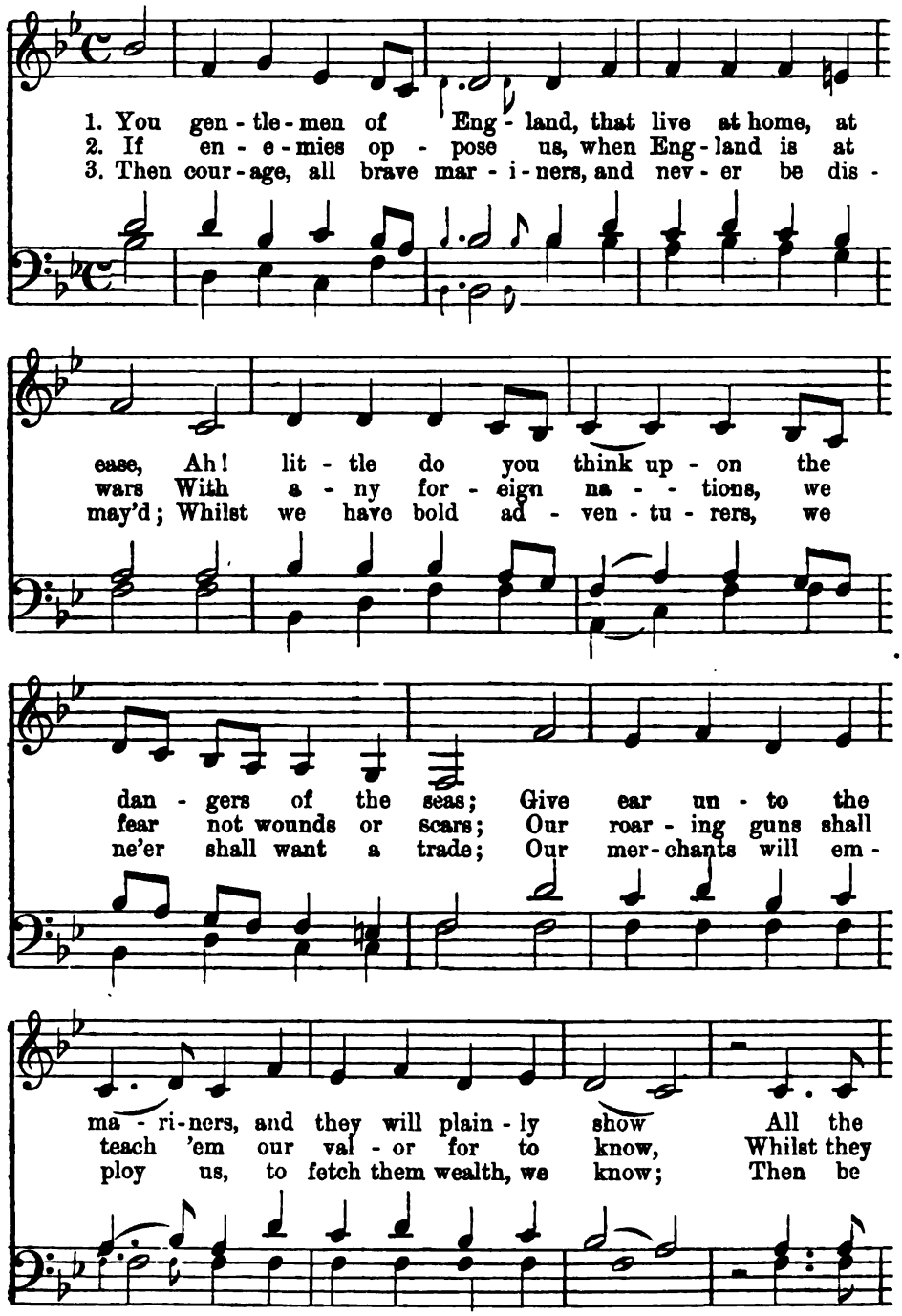


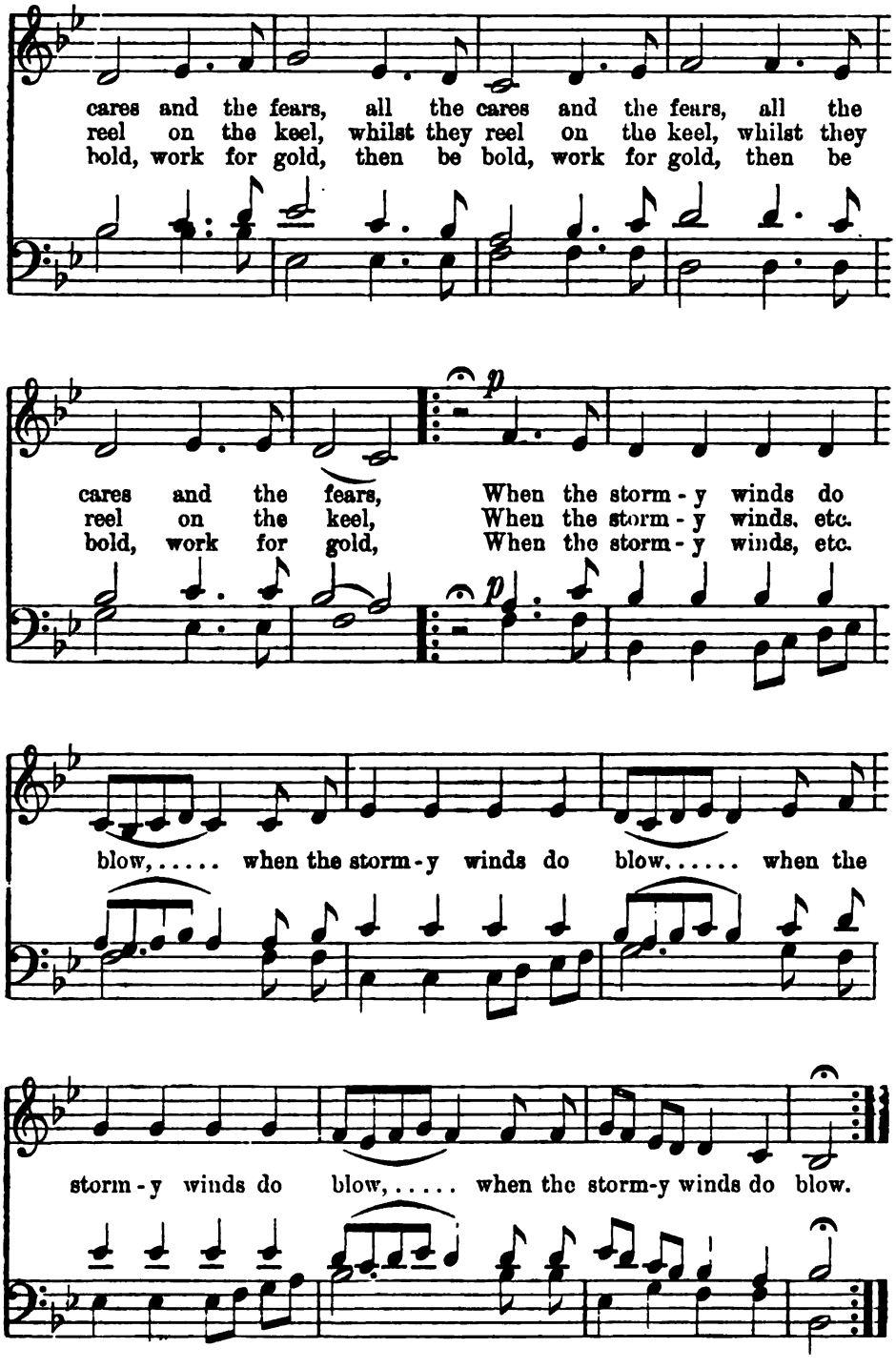

cheer-ful man, cheerful, and frank, and free, But he led a sad life with Re -
len . . . . tan . . . . do.
bec - ca his wife, For a ter - ri - ble shrew was she. . . .
len . . . . tan . . . . do.
A tempo primo.
cres.
di - min - u - en -
Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rung the bells, the bells of Saint Michael's
cres.
di - min - u - en -
do.
tow'r, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly rung the bells, the
do.
bells of Saint Michael's tow'r. Richard Penlake a scolding would take, Till


pa - tience a-vail'd no lon - ger, Then Rich-ard Pen - lake a
crabstick would take, And shew her that he .. was the stron-ger, and
lon . . . tan . . do.
Tempo prime.
show her that he was the stron-ger. Mer - ri - ly, .. mer-ri - ly ..
lon . . . tan . . do.
cres.
dim.
rung the bells, the bells of Saint Michael's tow'r, Mer - ri - ly,
cres.
dim.
mer - ri - ly rung the bells, the bells of Saint Mi-chael's tow'r.

YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

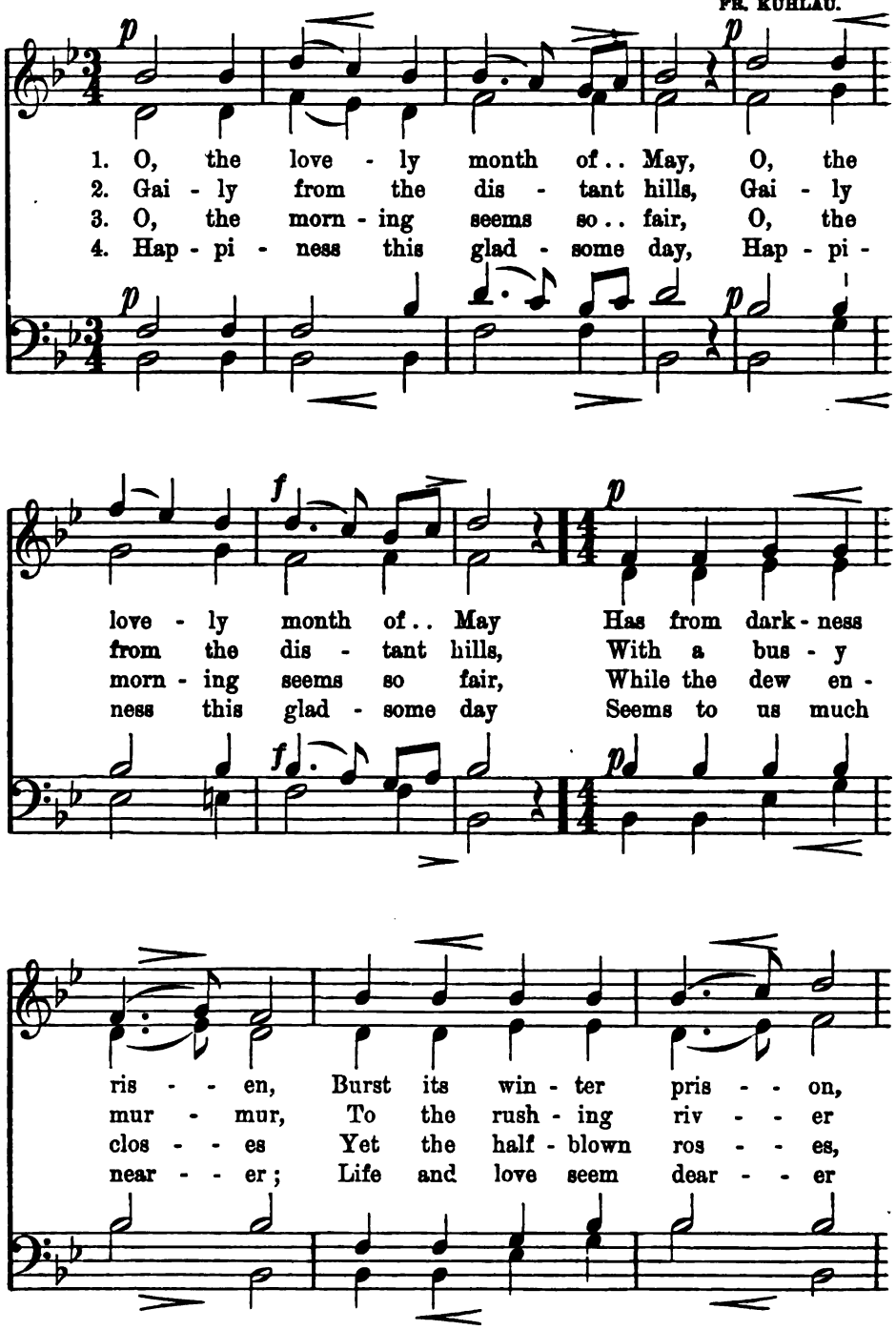
Moderate. Composed by Dr. CALLCOTT.

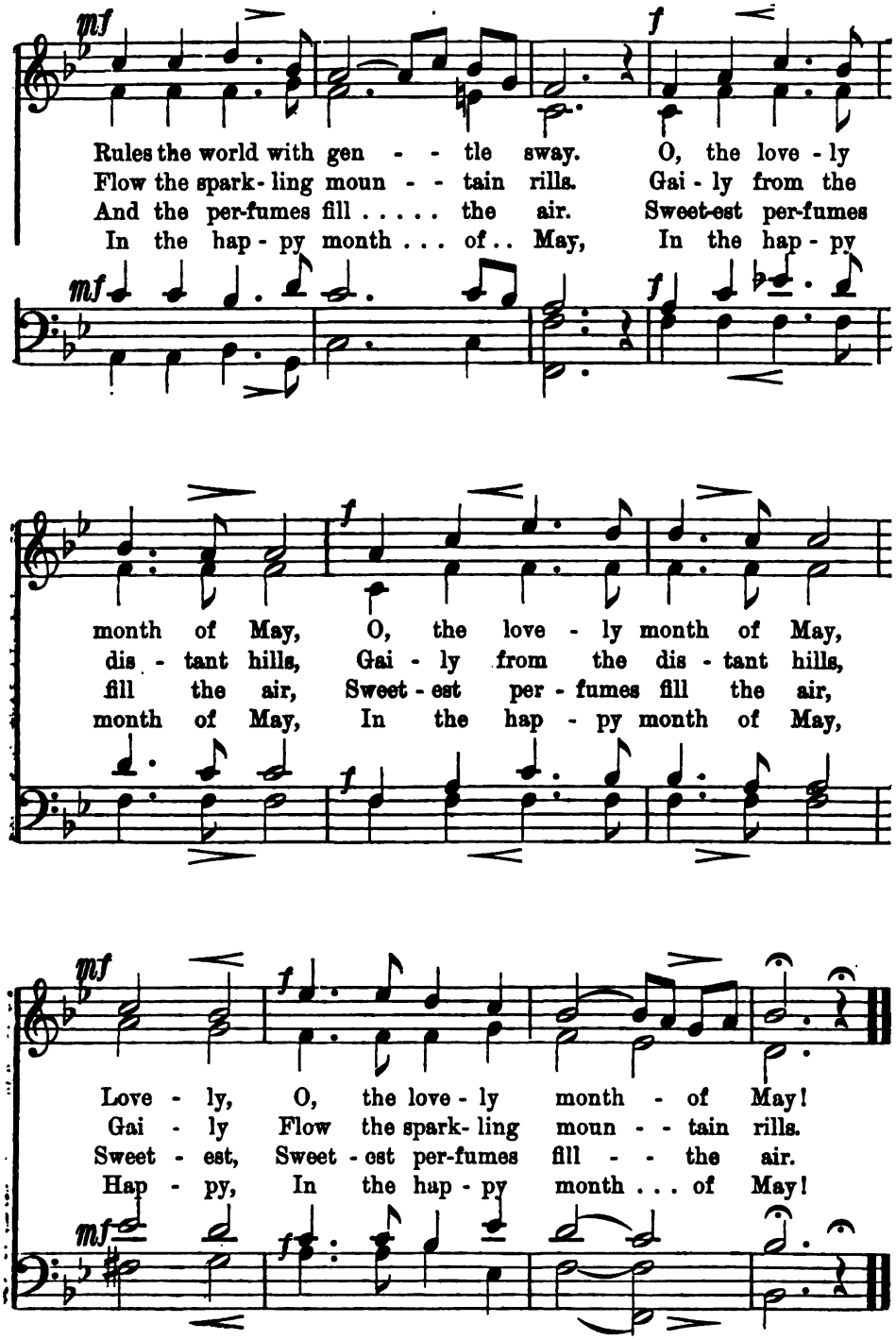



cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the
reel on the keel, whilst they reel on the keel, whilst they
bold, work for gold, then be bold, work for gold, then be
p
cares and the fears, When the storm - y winds do
reel on the keel, When the storm - y winds, etc.
bold, work for gold, When the storm - y winds, etc.
p
blow, ... when the storm - y winds do blow, ... when the
storm - y winds do blow, ... when the storm-y winds do blow.

MAY.

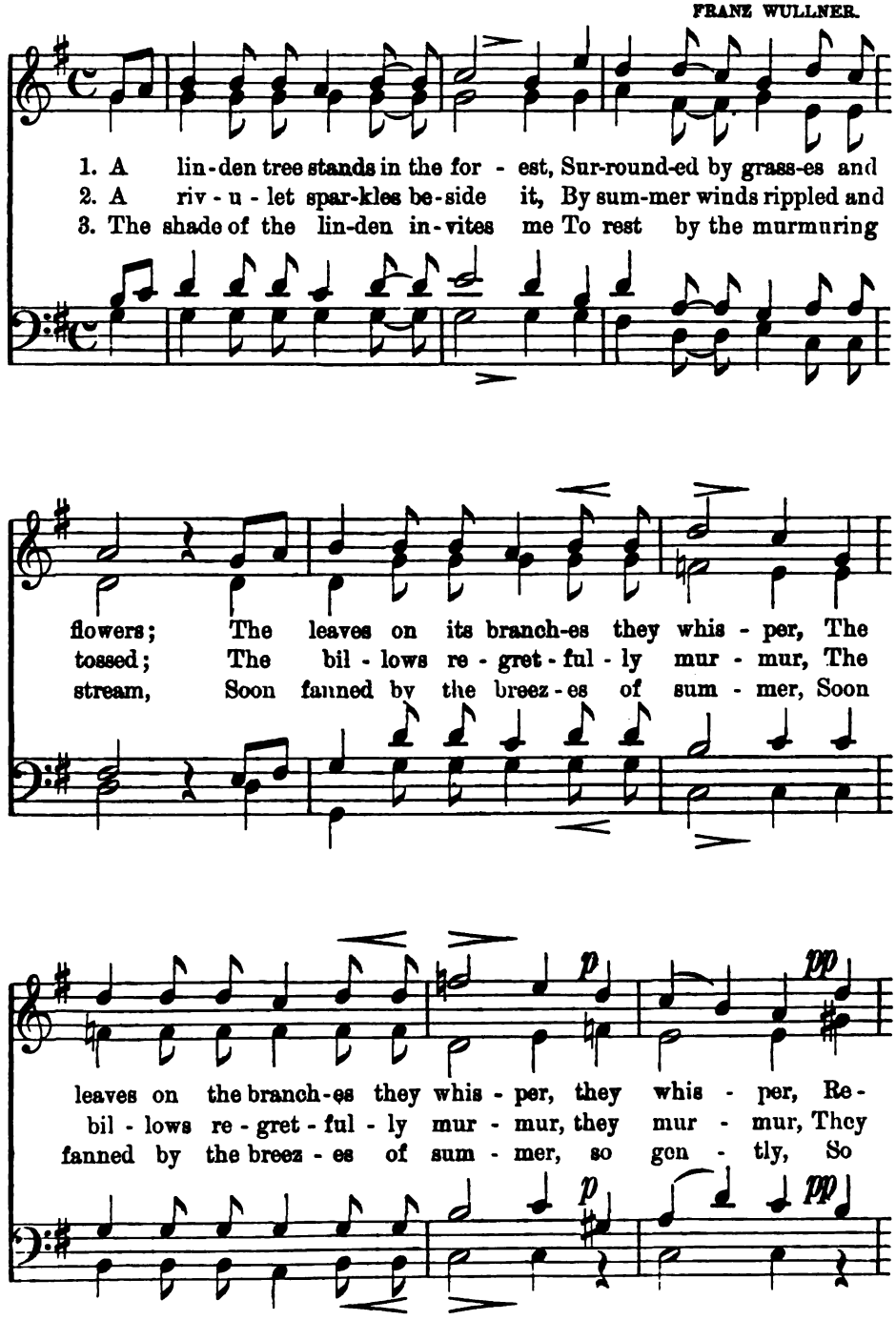
FR. KUHLAU.

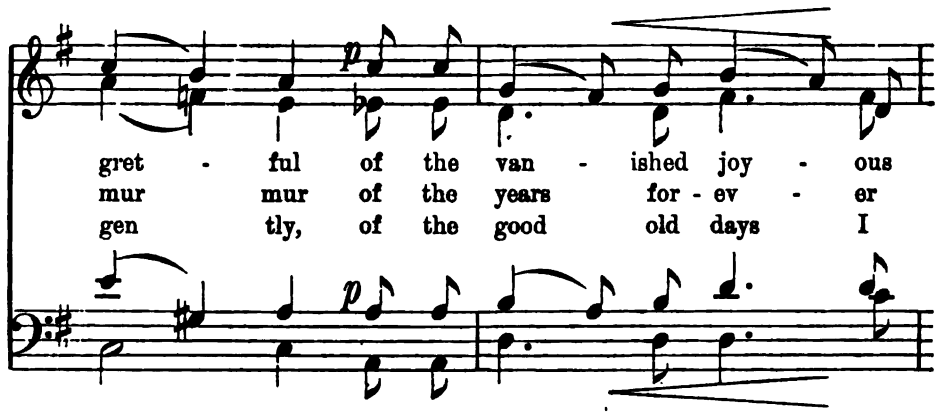


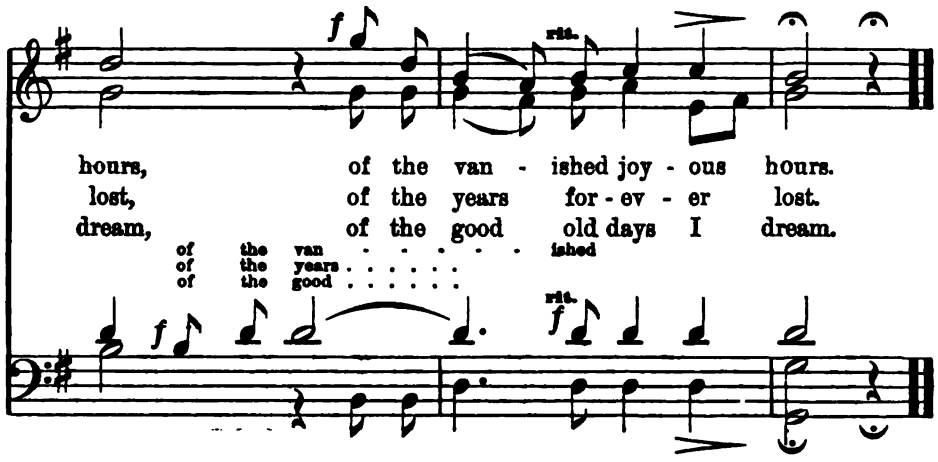

mf
Rules the world with gen - - tle sway. O, the love - ly
Flow the spark - ling moun - - tain rills. Gai - ly from the
And the per-fumes fill . . . . . the air. Sweet-est per-fumes
In the hap - py month . . . of . . May, In the hap - py
f
month of May, O, the love - ly month of May,
dis - tant hills, Gai - ly from the dis - tant hills,
fill the air, Sweet - est per - fumes fill the air,
month of May, In the hap - py month of May,
Love - ly, O, the love - ly month - of May!
Gai - ly Flow the spark - ling moun - - tain rills.
Sweet - est, Sweet - est per-fumes fill - - the air.
Hap - py, In the hap - py month . . . of May!

THE LINDEN TREE.

FRANZ WULLNER.

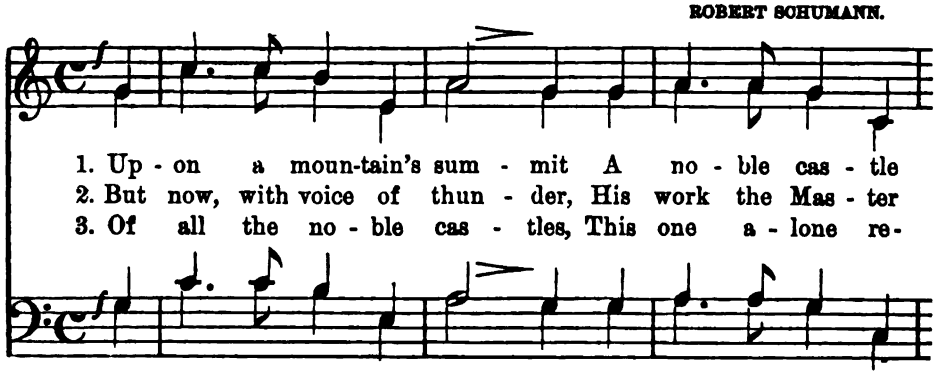


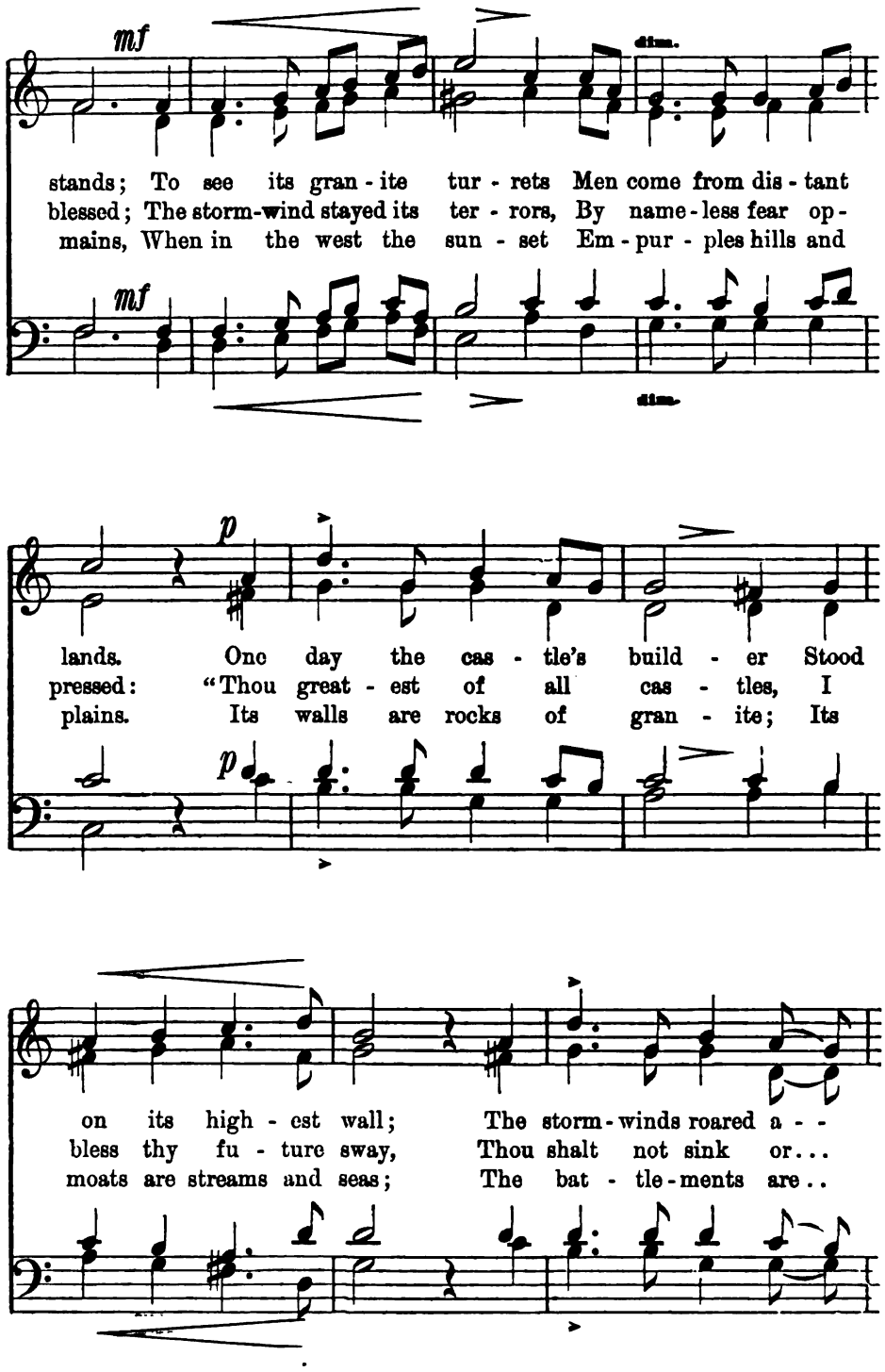


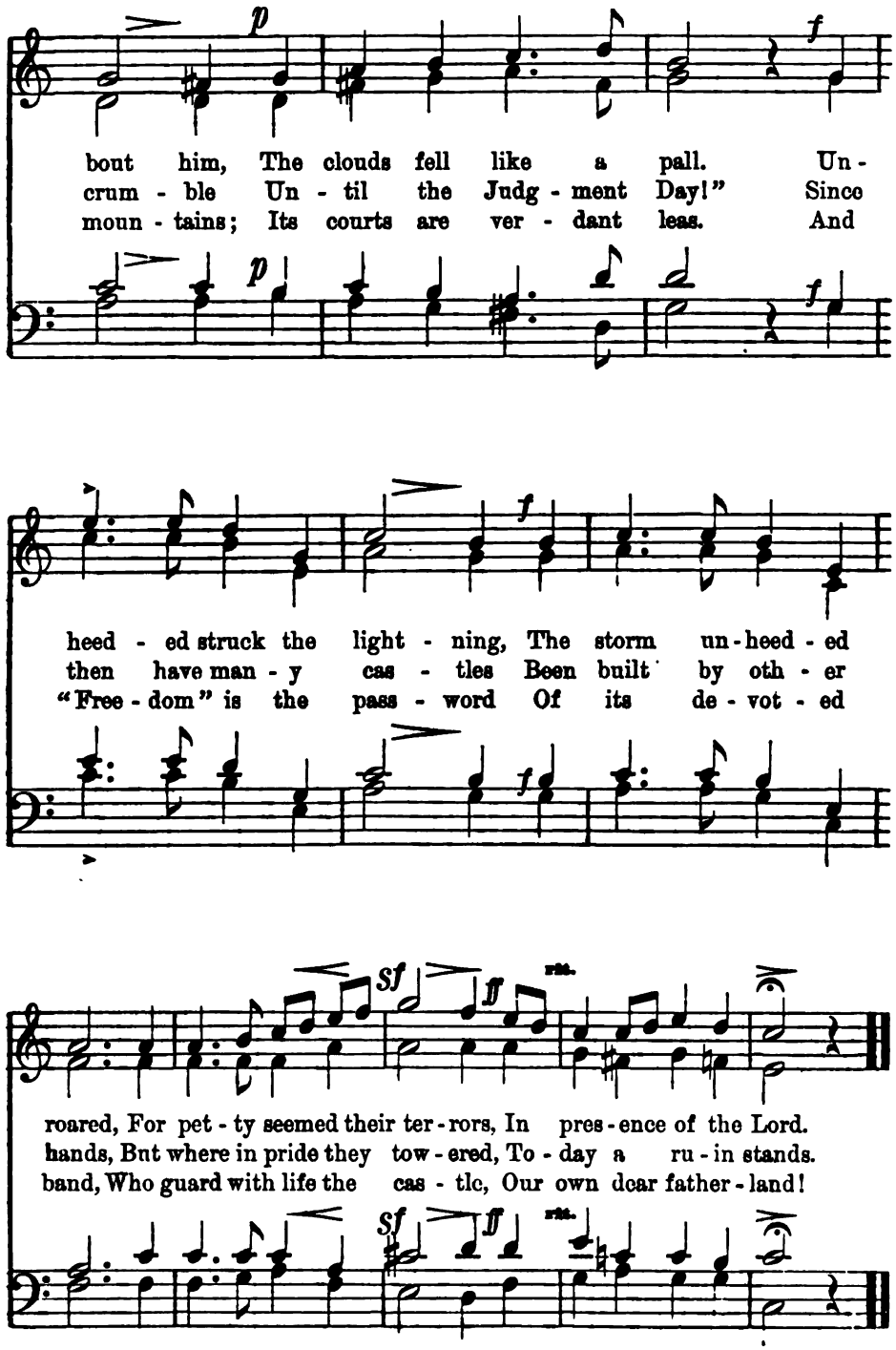


THE CASTLE.

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

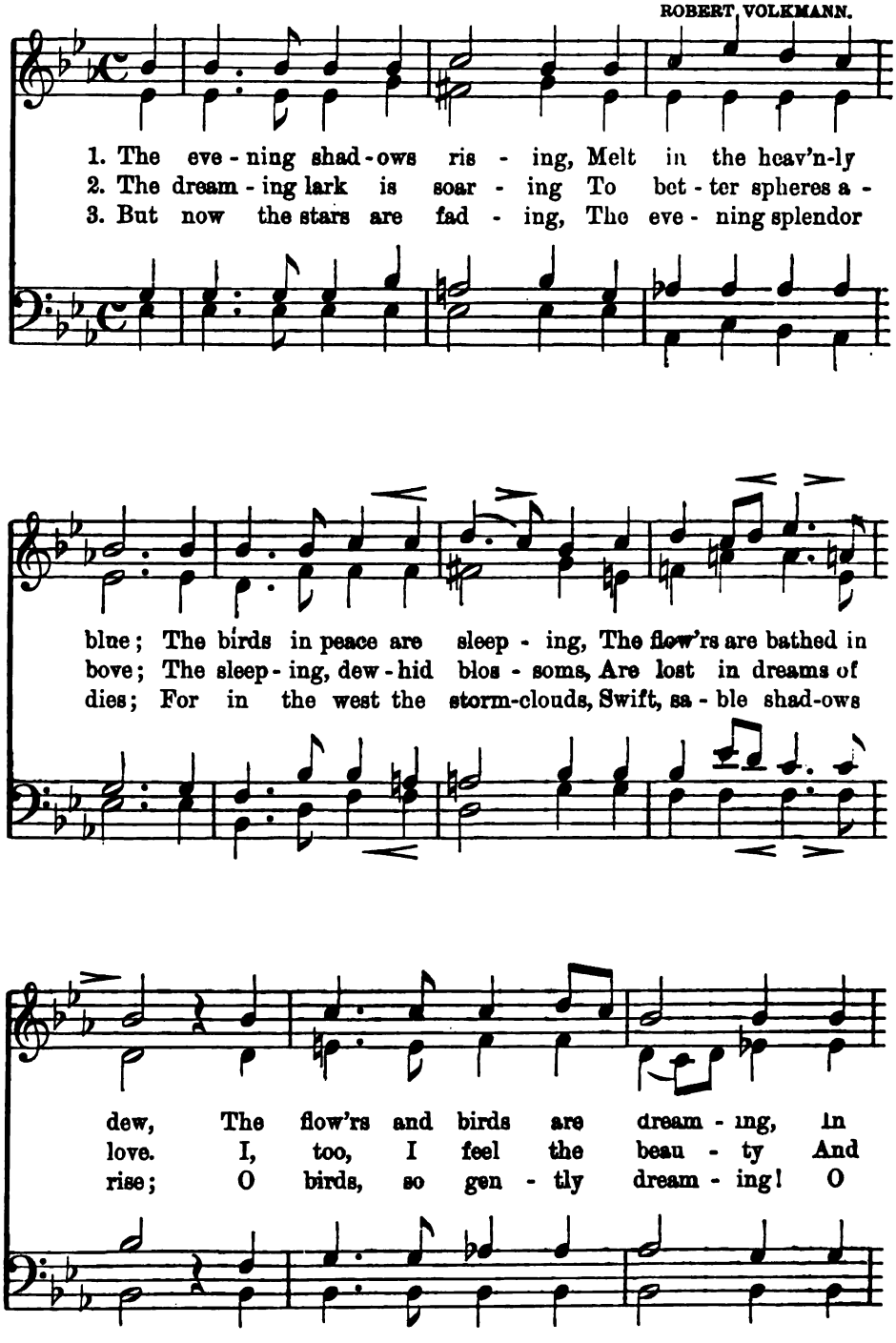


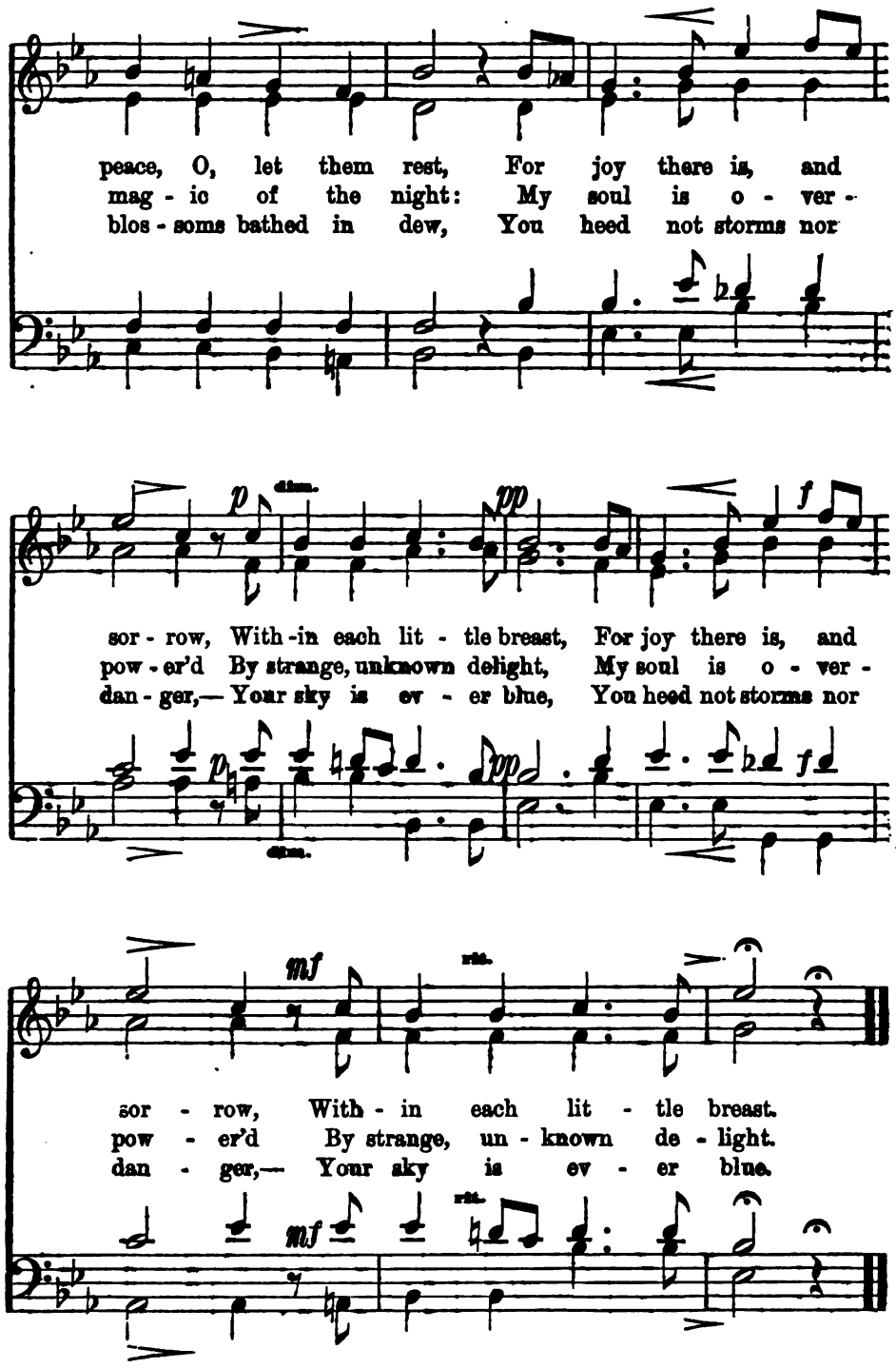

mf
dim.
stands; To see its gran - ite tur - rets Men come from dis - tant
blessed; The storm-wind stayed its ter - rors, By name - less fear op -
mains, When in the west the sun - set Em - pur - ples hills and
mf
dim.
p
lands. One day the cas - tle's build - er Stood
pressed: "Thou great - est of all cas - tles, I
plains. Its walls are rocks of gran - ite; Its
p
on its high - est wall; The storm - winds roared a - -
bless thy fu - ture sway, Thou shalt not sink or...
moats are streams and seas; The bat - tle - ments are..


bout him, The clouds fell like a pall. Un-
crum - ble Un - til the Judg - ment Day!" Since
moun - tains; Its courts are ver - dant leas. And
heed - ed struck the light - ning, The storm un-heed - ed
then have man - y cas - tles Been built by oth - er
"Free - dom" is the pass - word Of its de - vot - ed
roared, For pet - ty seemed their ter - rors, In pres - ence of the Lord.
hands, But where in pride they tow - ered, To - day a ru - in stands.
band, Who guard with life the cas - tle, Our own dear father - land!

THE SHADES OF EVE ARE FALLING.

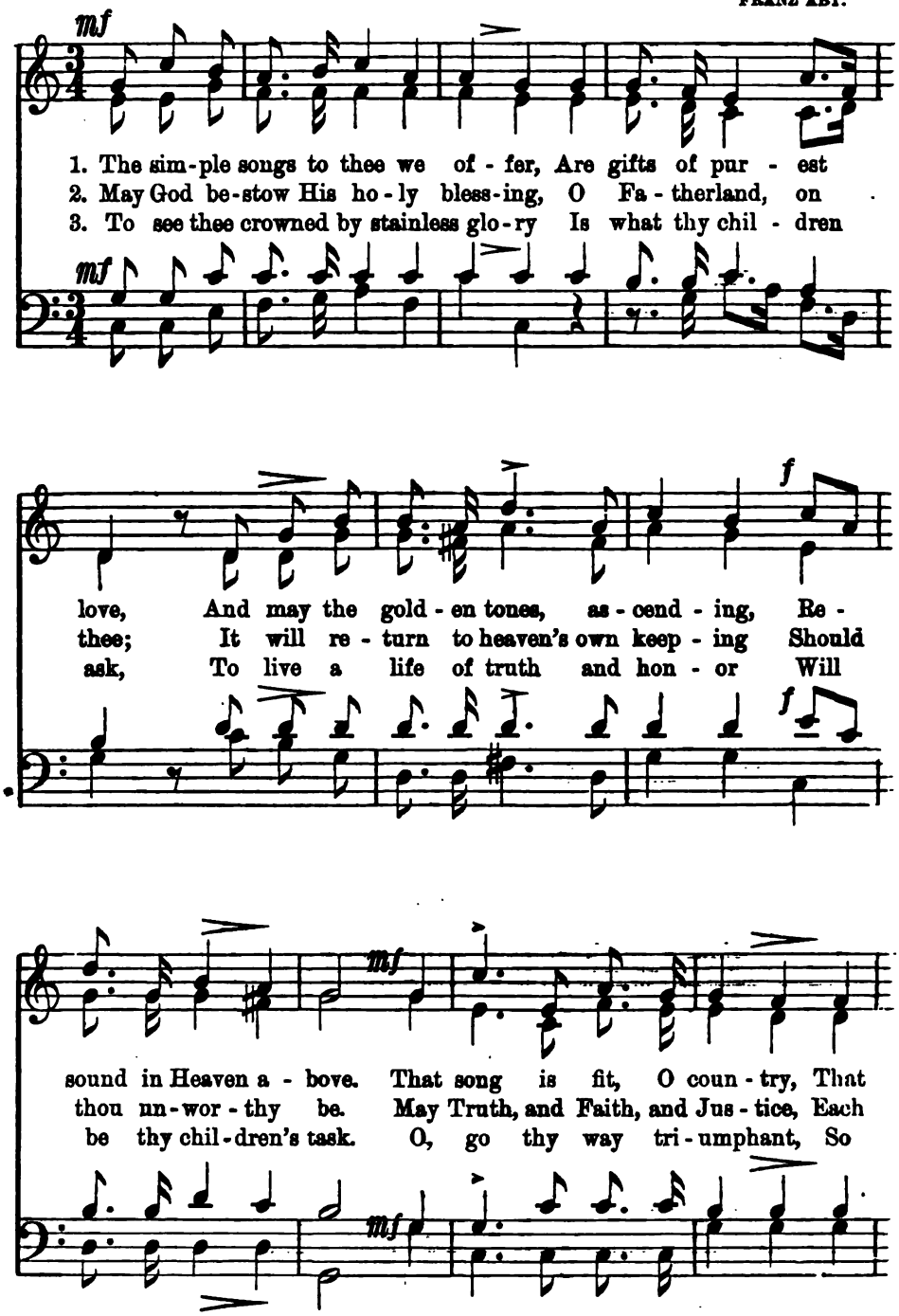
ROBERT VOLKMANN.

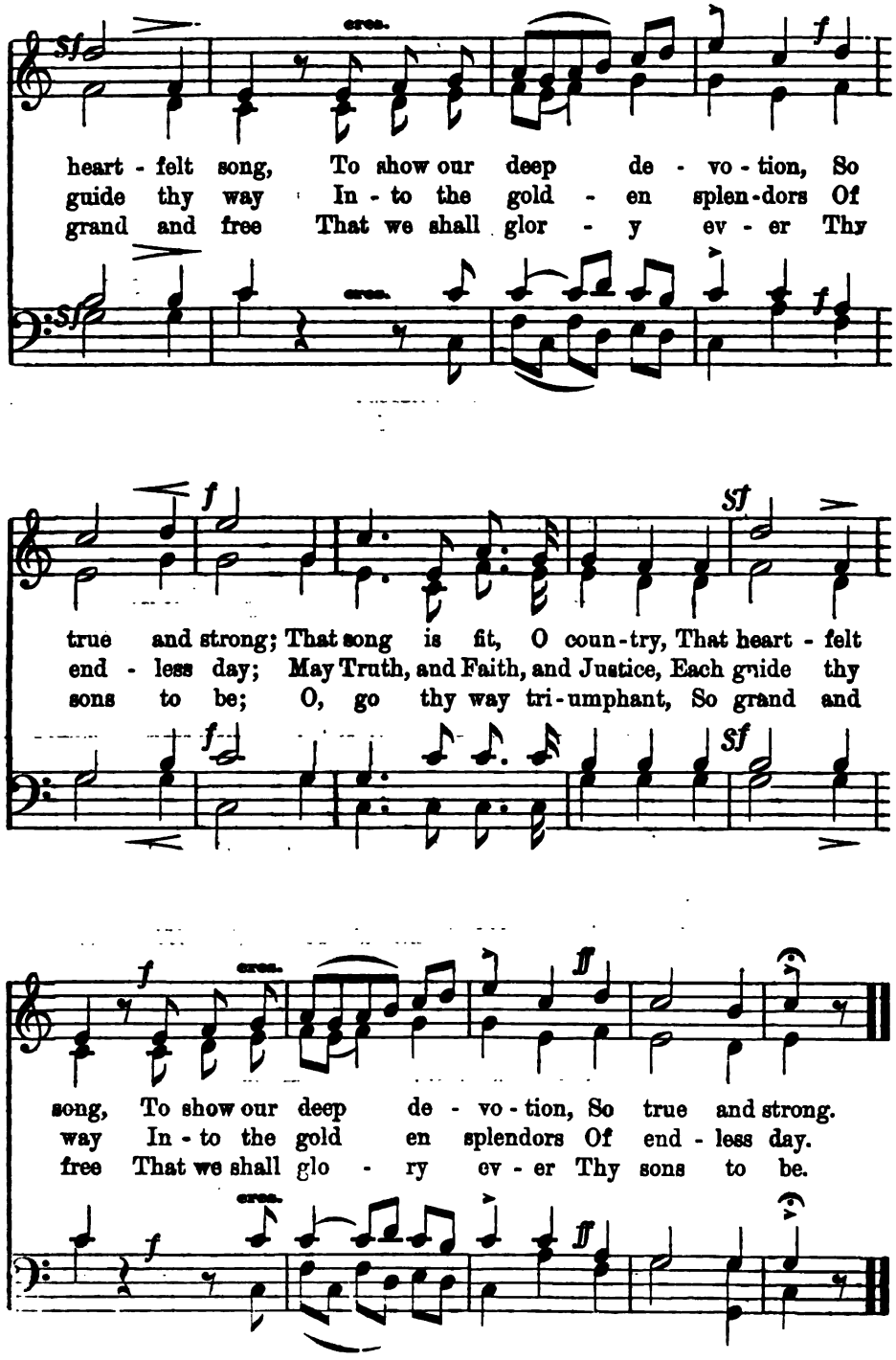



peace, O, let them rest, For joy there is, and
mag - ic of the night: My soul is o - ver -
blos - soms bathed in dew, You heed not storms nor
p
dim.
pp
f
sor - row, With - in each lit - tle breast, For joy there is, and
pow - er'd By strange, unknown delight, My soul is o - ver -
dan - ger,— Your sky is ev - er blue, You heed not storms nor
mf
rit.
sor - row, With - in each lit - tle breast.
pow - er'd By strange, un - known de - light.
dan - ger,— Your sky is ev - er blue.

TO OUR FATHERLAND.

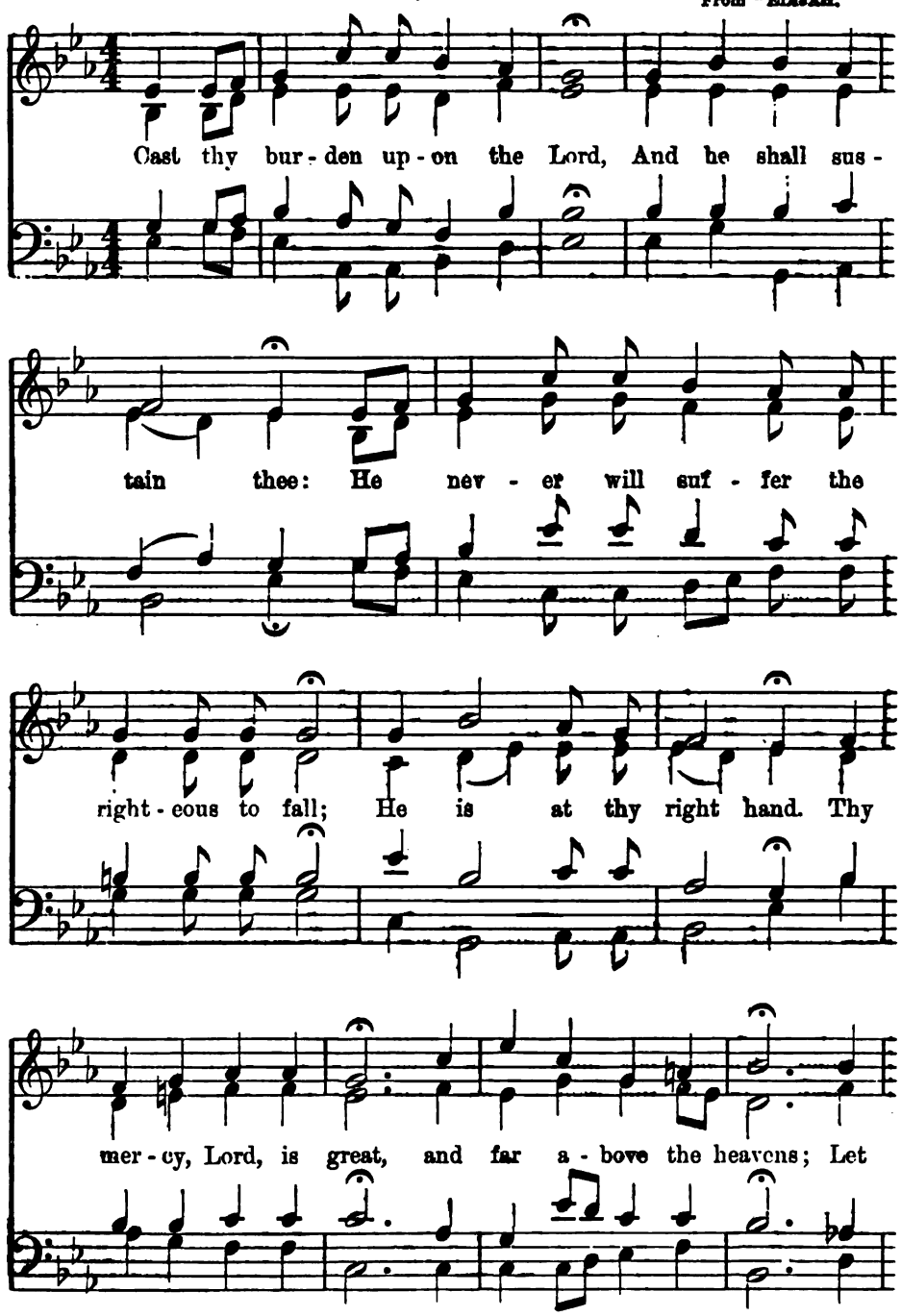
FRANZ ABT.

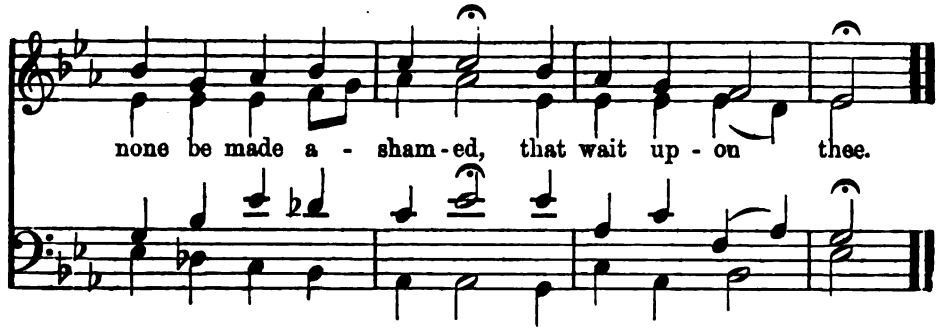



heart - felt song, To show our deep de - vo - tion, So
guide thy way In - to the gold - en splen - dors Of
grand and free That we shall glor - y ev - er Thy
true and strong; That song is fit, O coun - try, That heart - felt
end - less day; May Truth, and Faith, and Justice, Each guide thy
sons to be; O, go thy way tri - umphant, So grand and
song, To show our deep de - vo - tion, So true and strong.
way In - to the gold en splendors Of end - less day.
free That we shall glo - ry ev - er Thy sons to be.

CAST THY BURDEN.

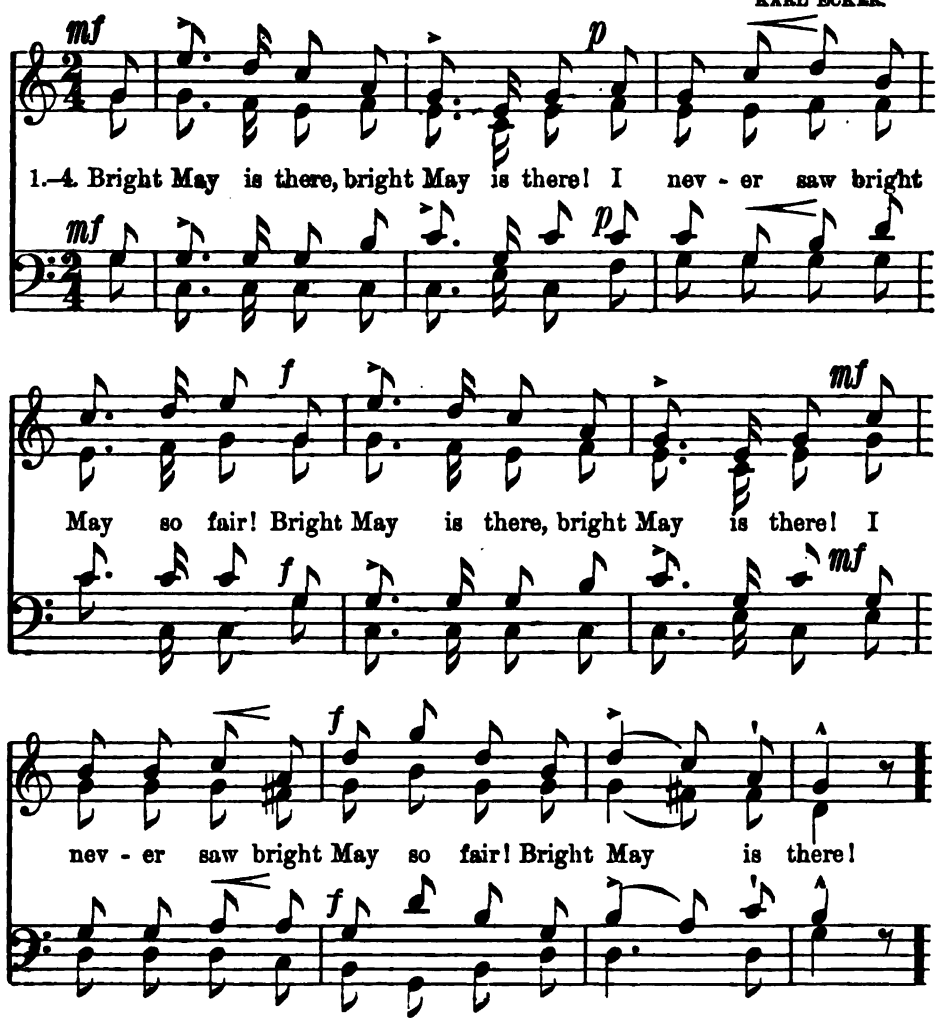
From "ELIJAH."

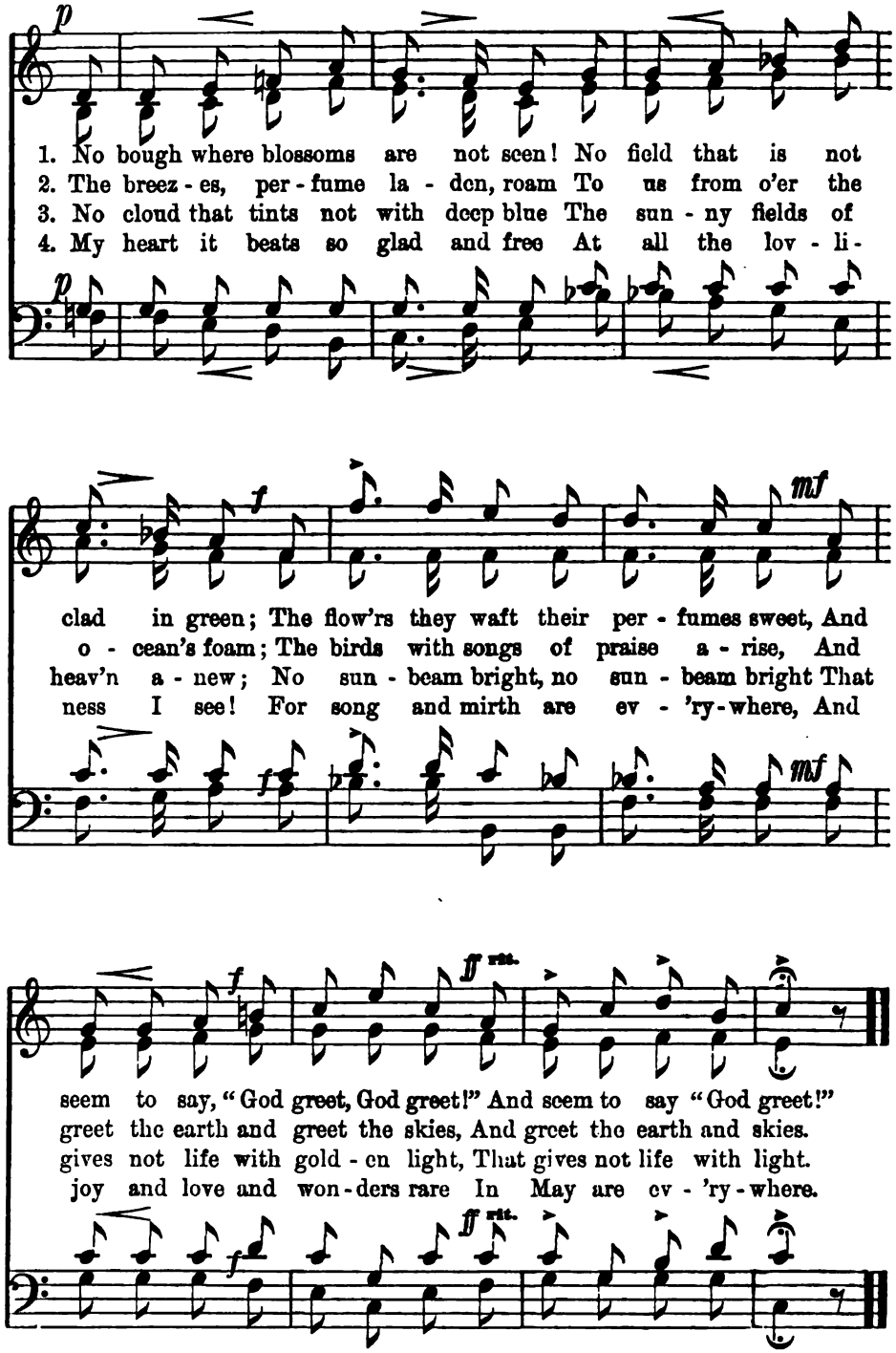




BRIGHT MAY IS THERE.

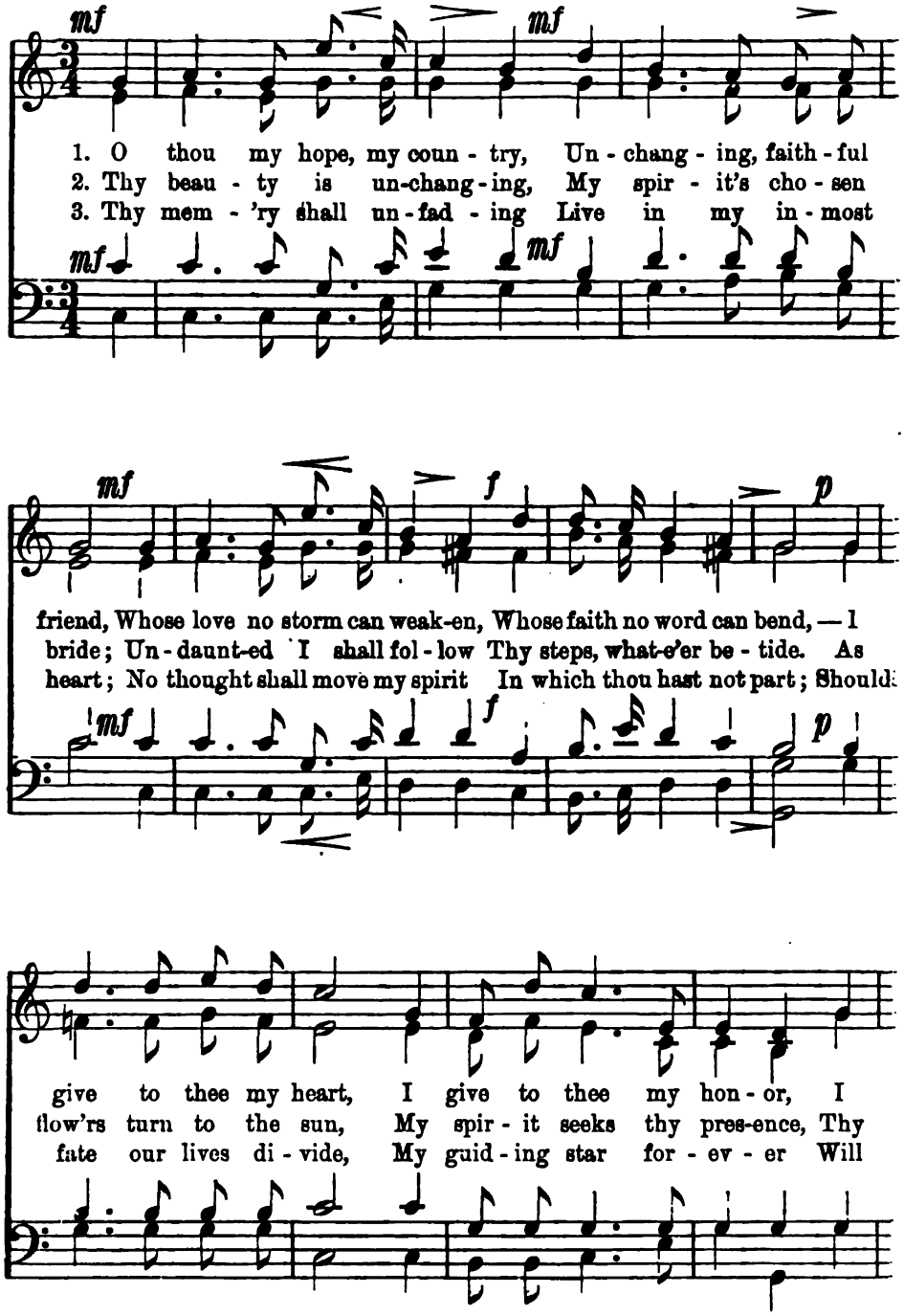
KARL ECKER.

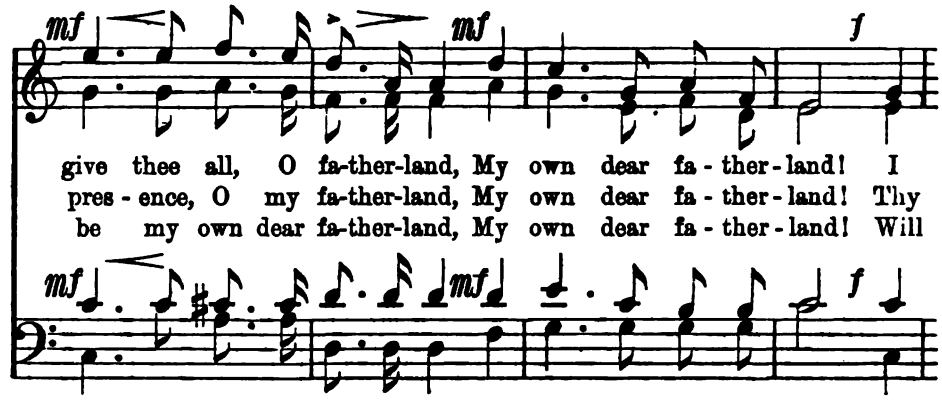


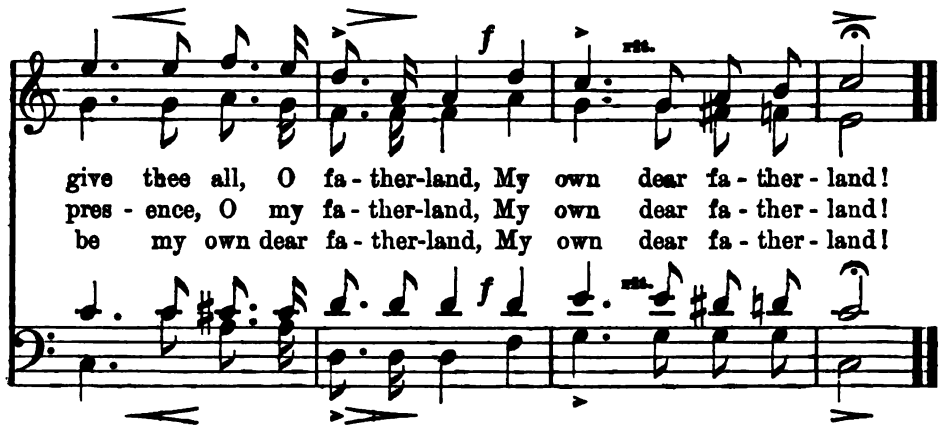

p
1. No bough where blossoms are not seen! No field that is not
2. The breez - es, per - fume la - den, roam To us from o'er the
3. No cloud that tints not with deep blue The sun - ny fields of
4. My heart it beats so glad and free At all the lov - li -
f
mf
clad in green; The flow'rs they waft their per - fumes sweet, And
o - cean's foam; The birds with songs of praise a - rise, And
heav'n a - new; No sun - beam bright, no sun - beam bright That
ness I see! For song and mirth are ev - 'ry - where, And
ff rit.
seem to say, "God greet, God greet!" And seem to say "God greet!"
greet the earth and greet the skies, And greet the earth and skies.
gives not life with gold - en light, That gives not life with light.
joy and love and won - ders rare In May are ev - 'ry - where.

O THOU MY HOPE, MY COUNTRY.

FRANZ ABT.

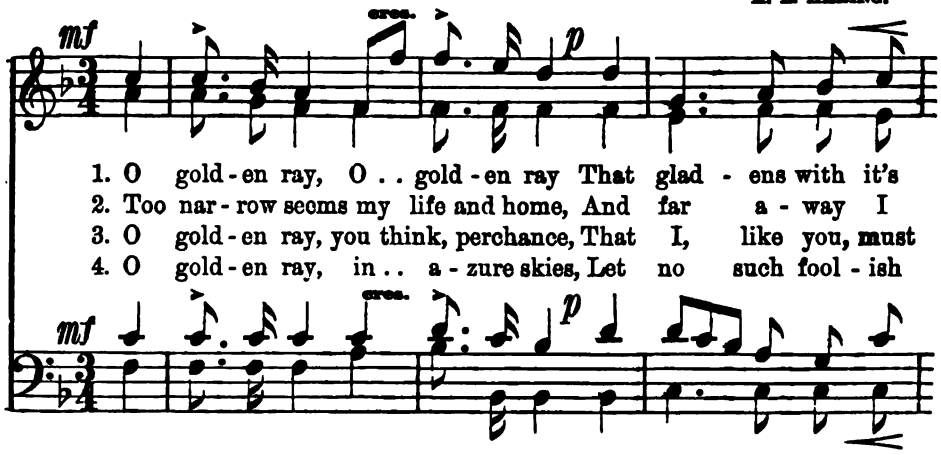


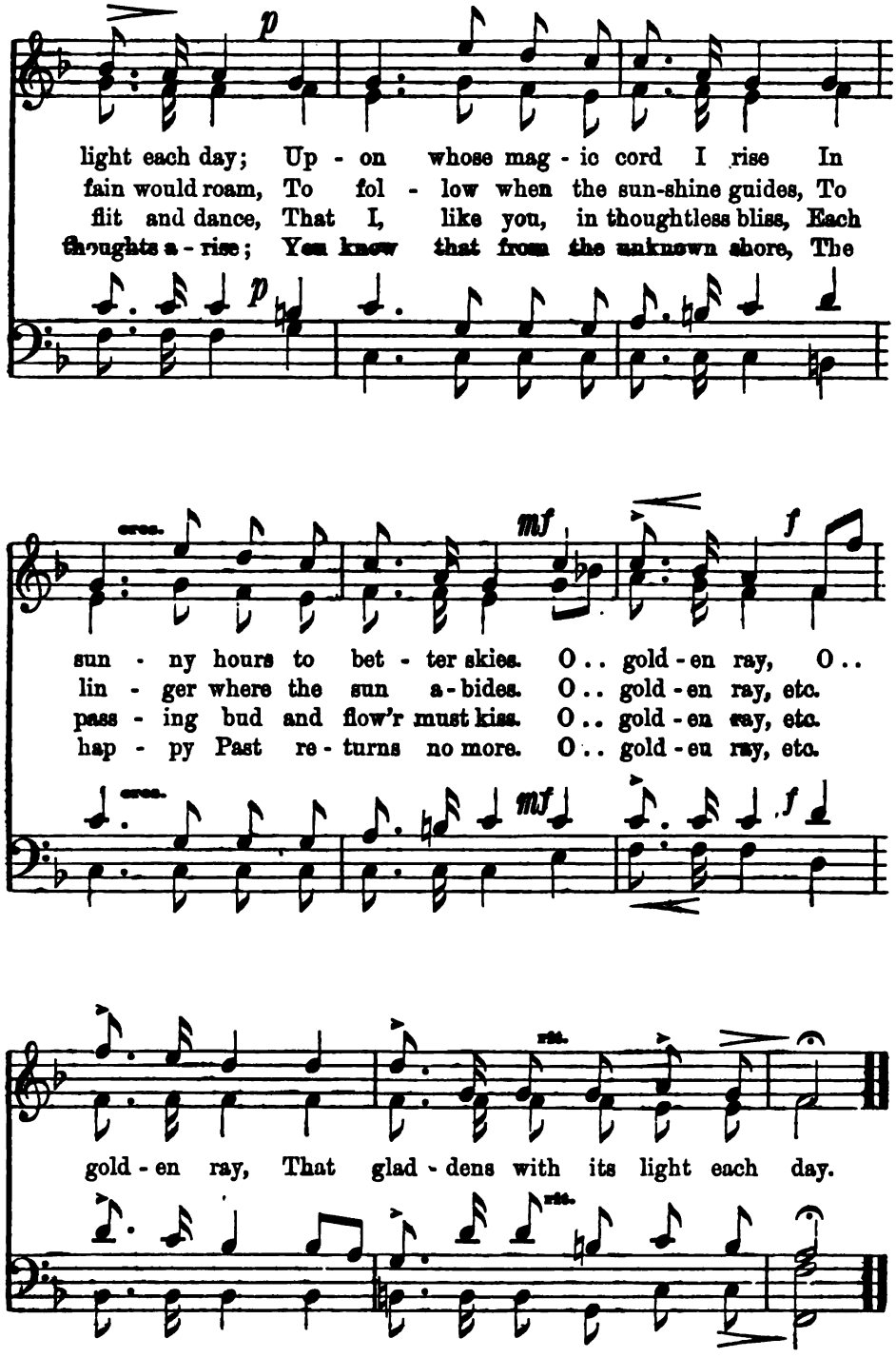




TO THE SUNSHINE.

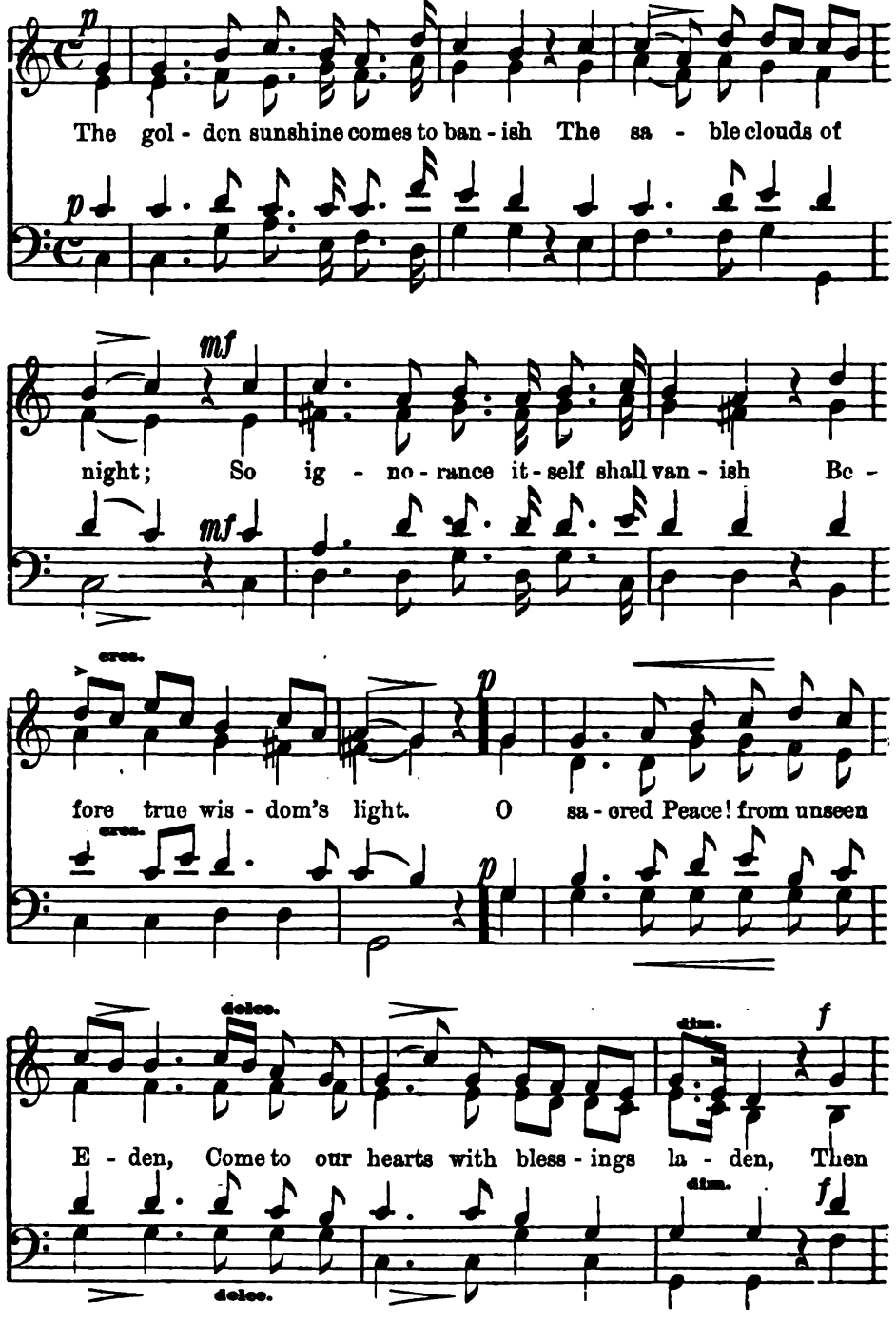
K. E. HERING.

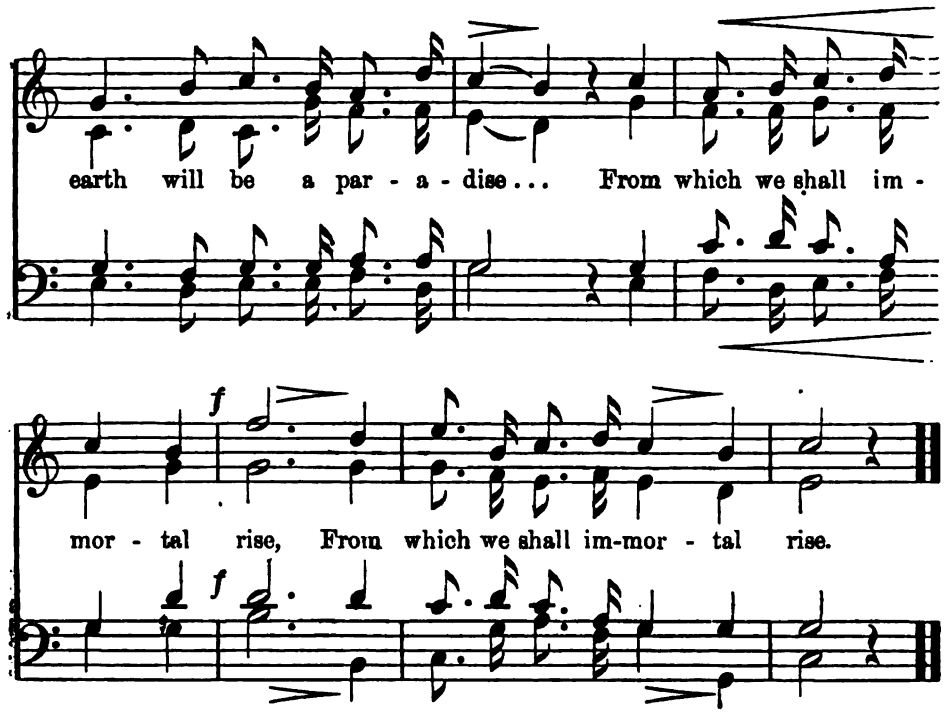



p
light each day; Up - on whose mag - ic cord I rise In
fain would roam, To fol - low when the sun-shine guides, To
flit and dance, That I, like you, in thoughtless bliss, Each
thoughts a - rise; You know that from the unknown shore, The
p
cres.
mf
f
sun - ny hours to bet - ter skies. O .. gold - en ray, O ..
lin - ger where the sun a - bides. O .. gold - en ray, etc.
pass - ing bud and flow'r must kiss. O .. gold - en ray, etc.
hap - py Past re - turns no more. O .. gold - en ray, etc.
cres.
mf
f
rit.
gold - en ray, That glad - dens with its light each day.
rit.

THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE.

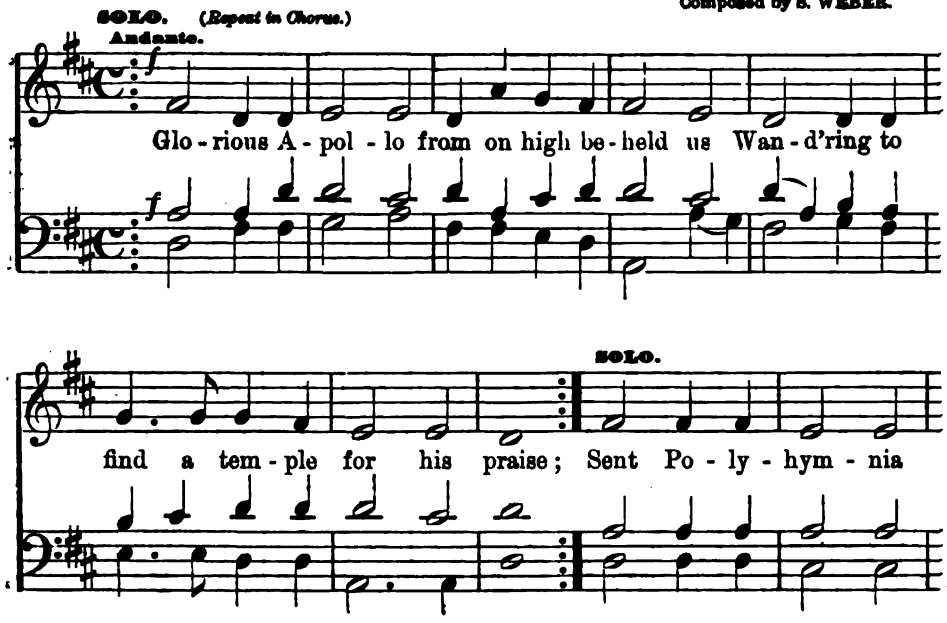
Chorus from the Opera "The Magic Flute." W. A. MOZART.

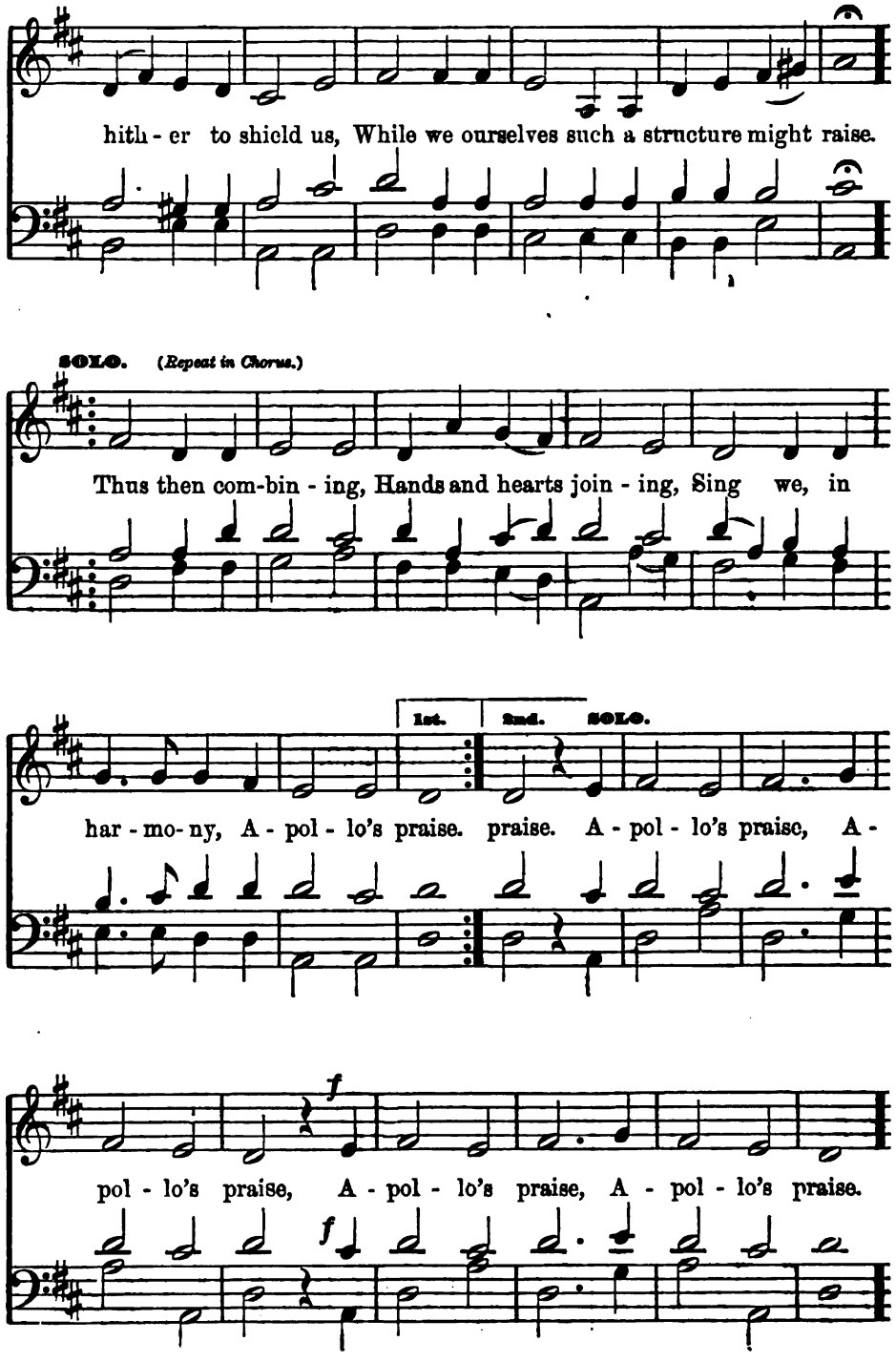


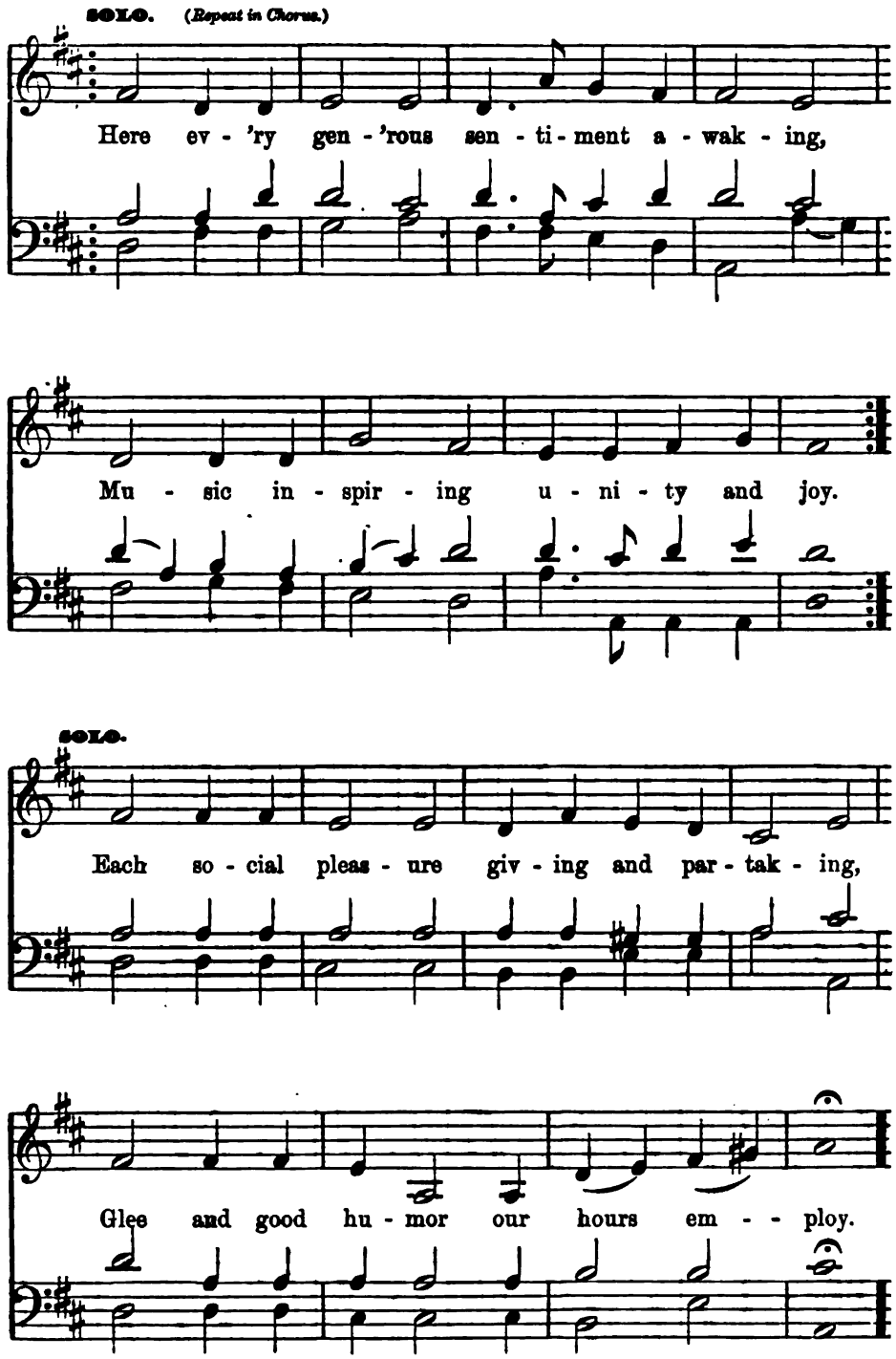


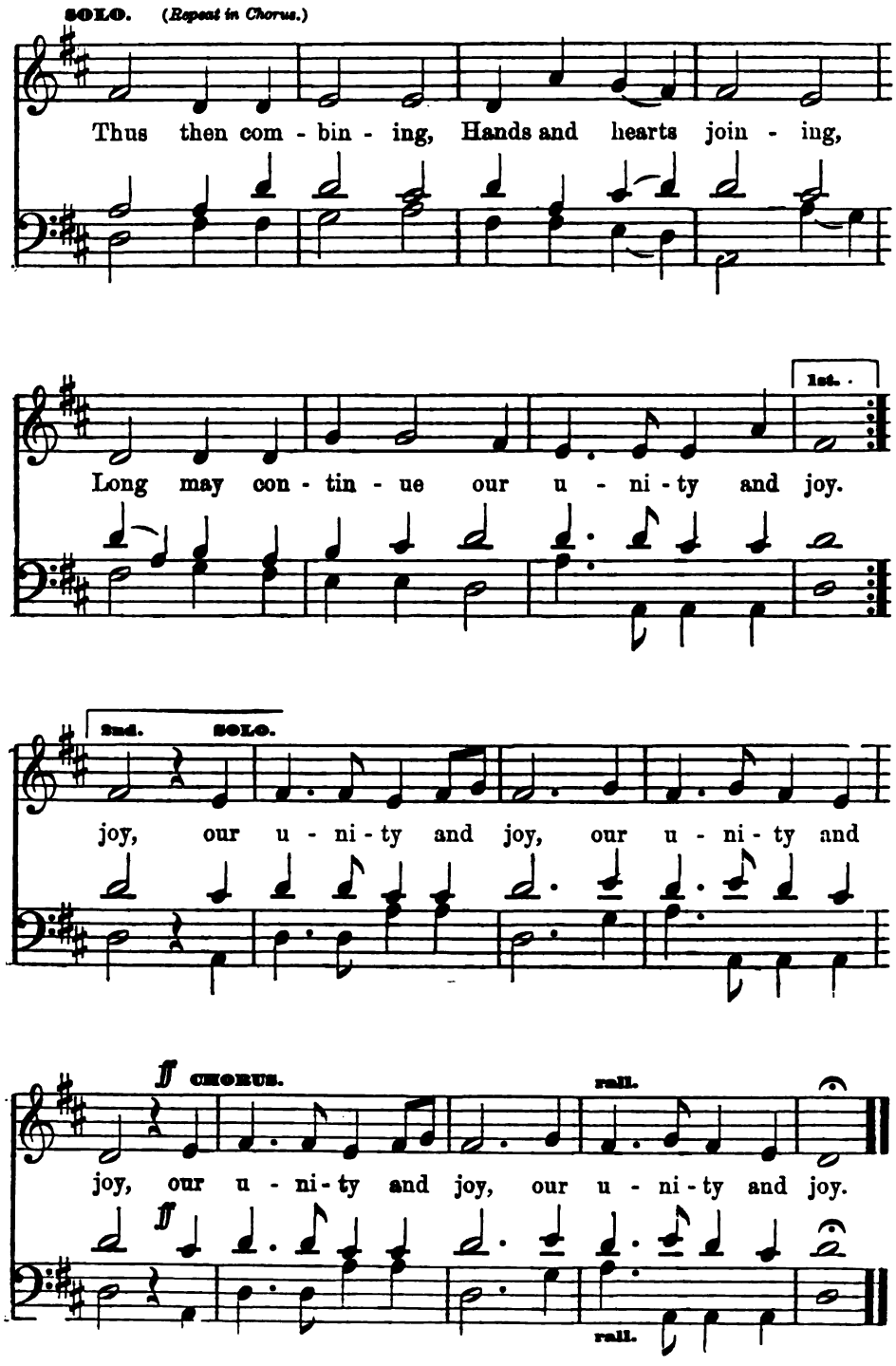
GLORIOUS APOLLO.

Composed by S. WEBER.

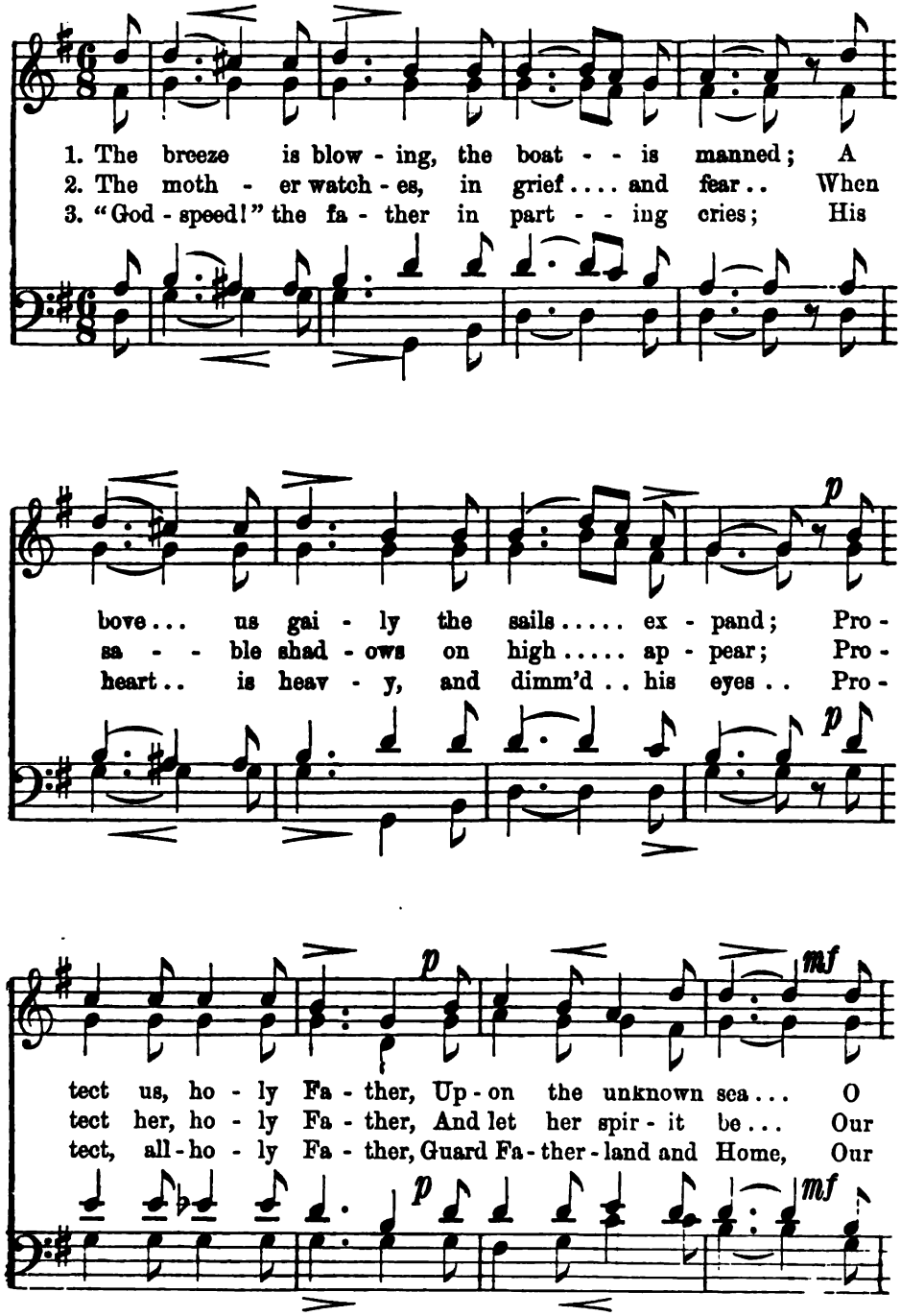


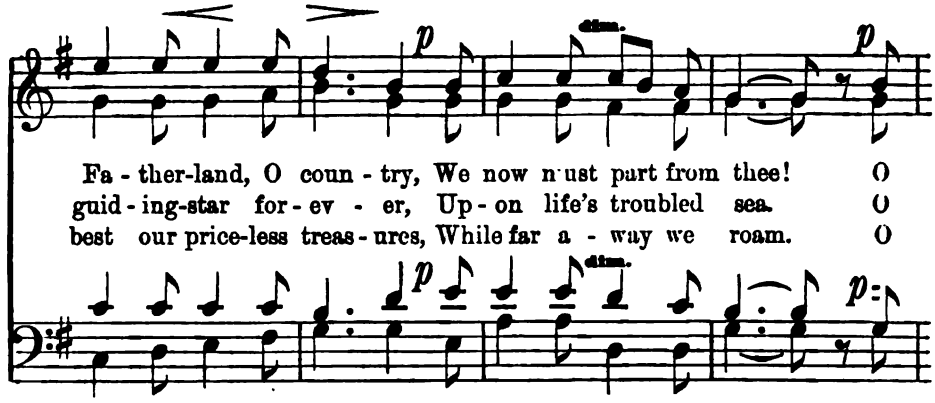

hith - er to shield us, While we ourselves such a structure might raise.
SOLO. (Repeat in Chorus.)
Thus then com-bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing, Sing we, in
1st.
2nd.
SOLO.
har - mo- ny, A - pol - lo's praise. praise. A - pol - lo's praise, A -
f
pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise, A - pol - lo's praise.
f

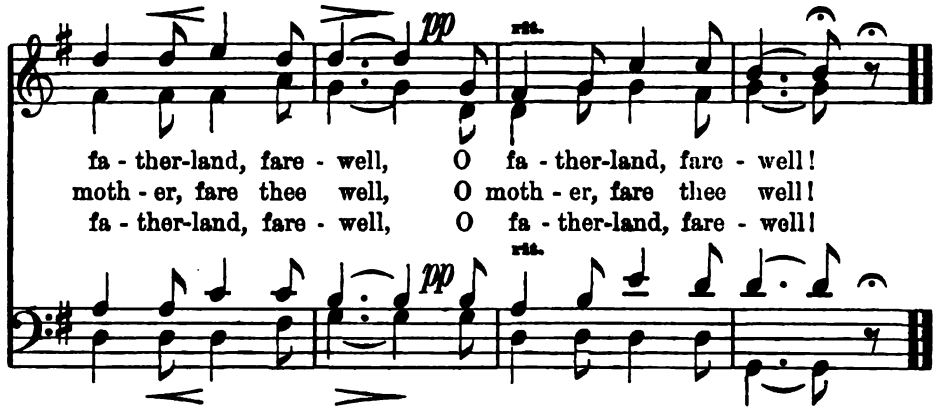

SOLO. (Repeat in Chorus.)
Here ev - 'ry gen - 'rous sen - ti - ment a - wak - ing,
Mu - sic in - spir - ing u - ni - ty and joy.
SOLO.
Each so - cial pleas - ure giv - ing and par - tak - ing,
Glee and good hu - mor our hours em - - ploy.


SOLO. (Repeat in Chorus.)
Thus then com - bin - ing, Hands and hearts join - ing,
1st.
Long may con - tin - ue our u - ni - ty and joy.
2nd. SOLO.
joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and
ff CHORUS.
rall.
joy, our u - ni - ty and joy, our u - ni - ty and joy.
rall.

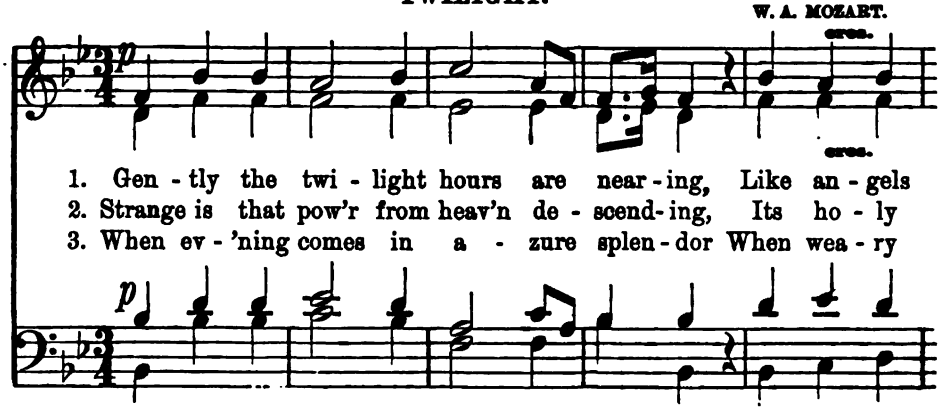
A SAILOR'S SONG.

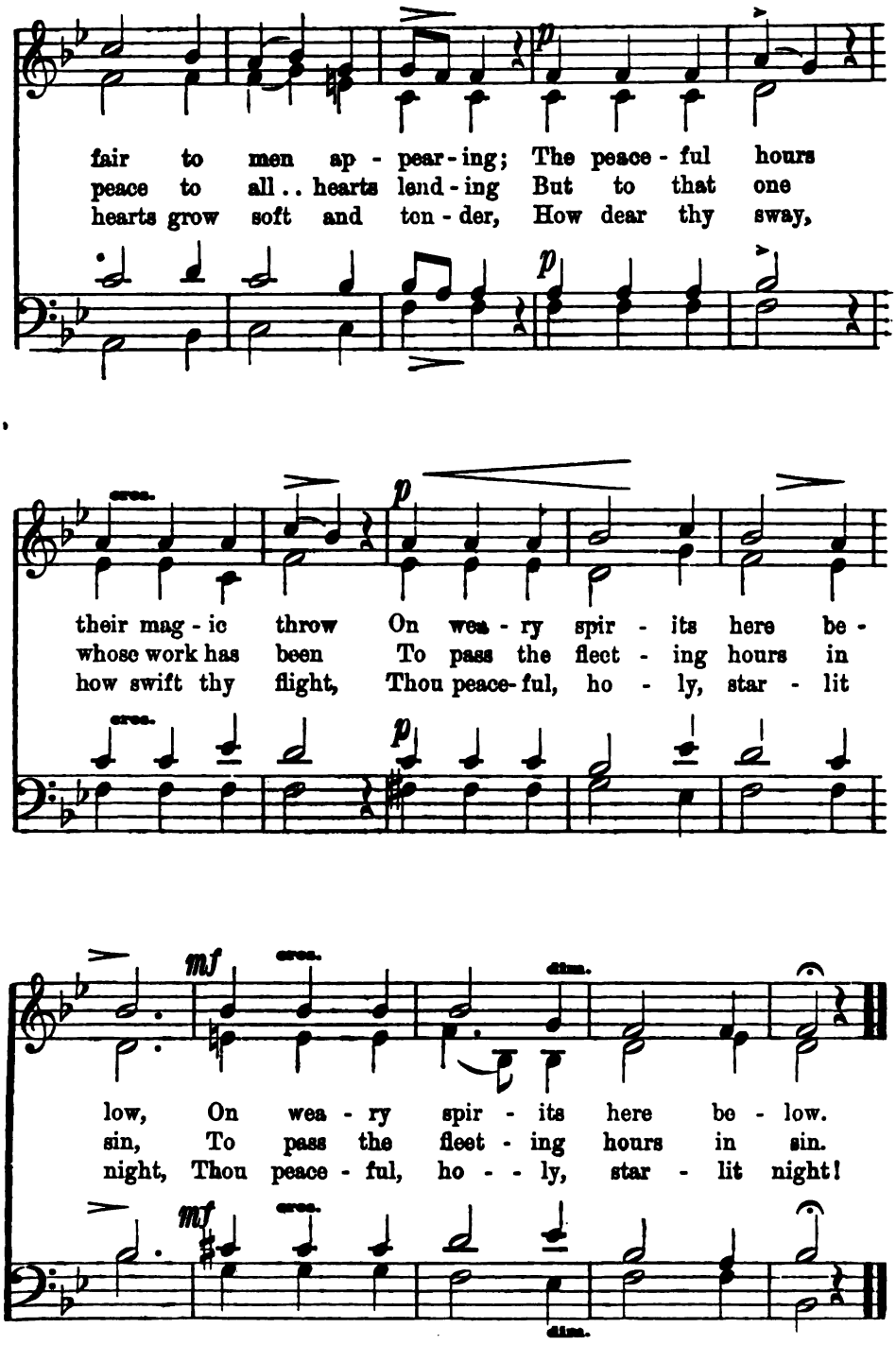



Fa - ther-land, O coun - try, We now must part from thee! O
guid - ing-star for - ev - er, Up - on life's troubled sea. O
best our price-less treas - ures, While far a - way we roam. O


fa - ther-land, fare - well, O fa - ther-land, fare - well!
moth - er, fare thee well, O moth - er, fare thee well!
fa - ther-land, fare - well, O fa - ther-land, fare - well!

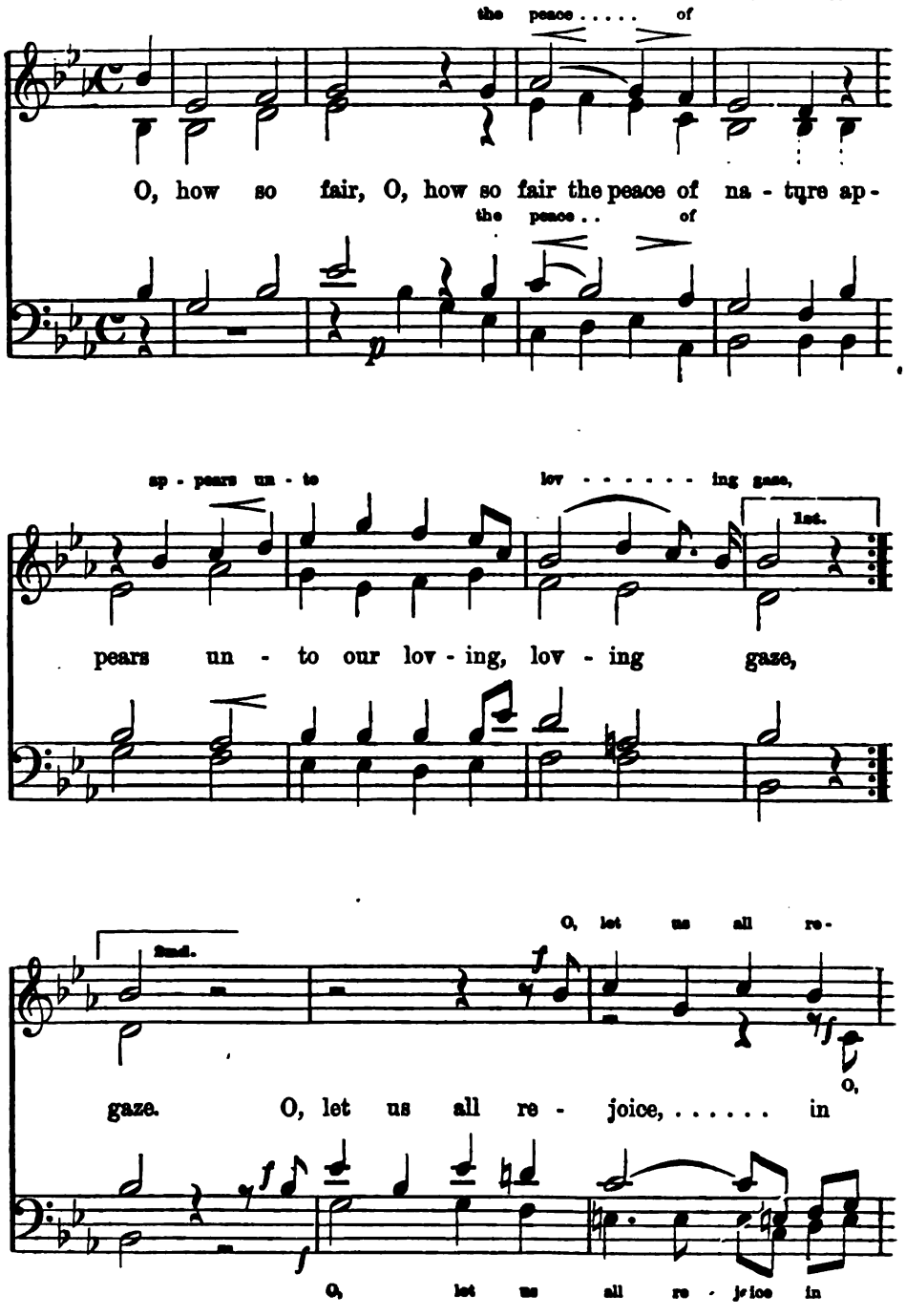
TWILIGHT.

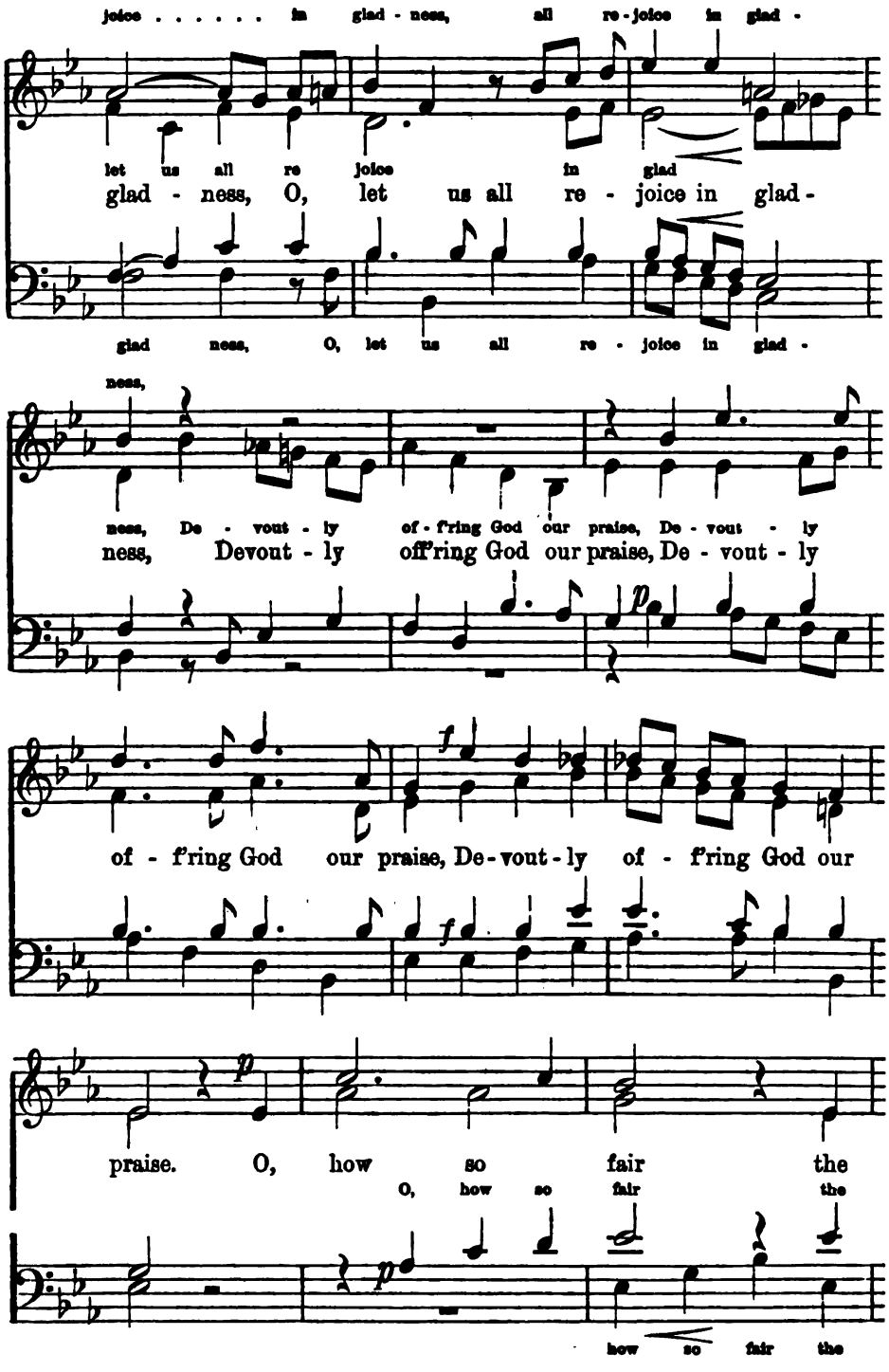

W. A. MOZART.
1. Gen - tly the twi - light hours are near - ing, Like an - gels
2. Strange is that pow'r from heav'n de - scend - ing, Its ho - ly
3. When ev - 'ning comes in a - zure splen - dor When wea - ry

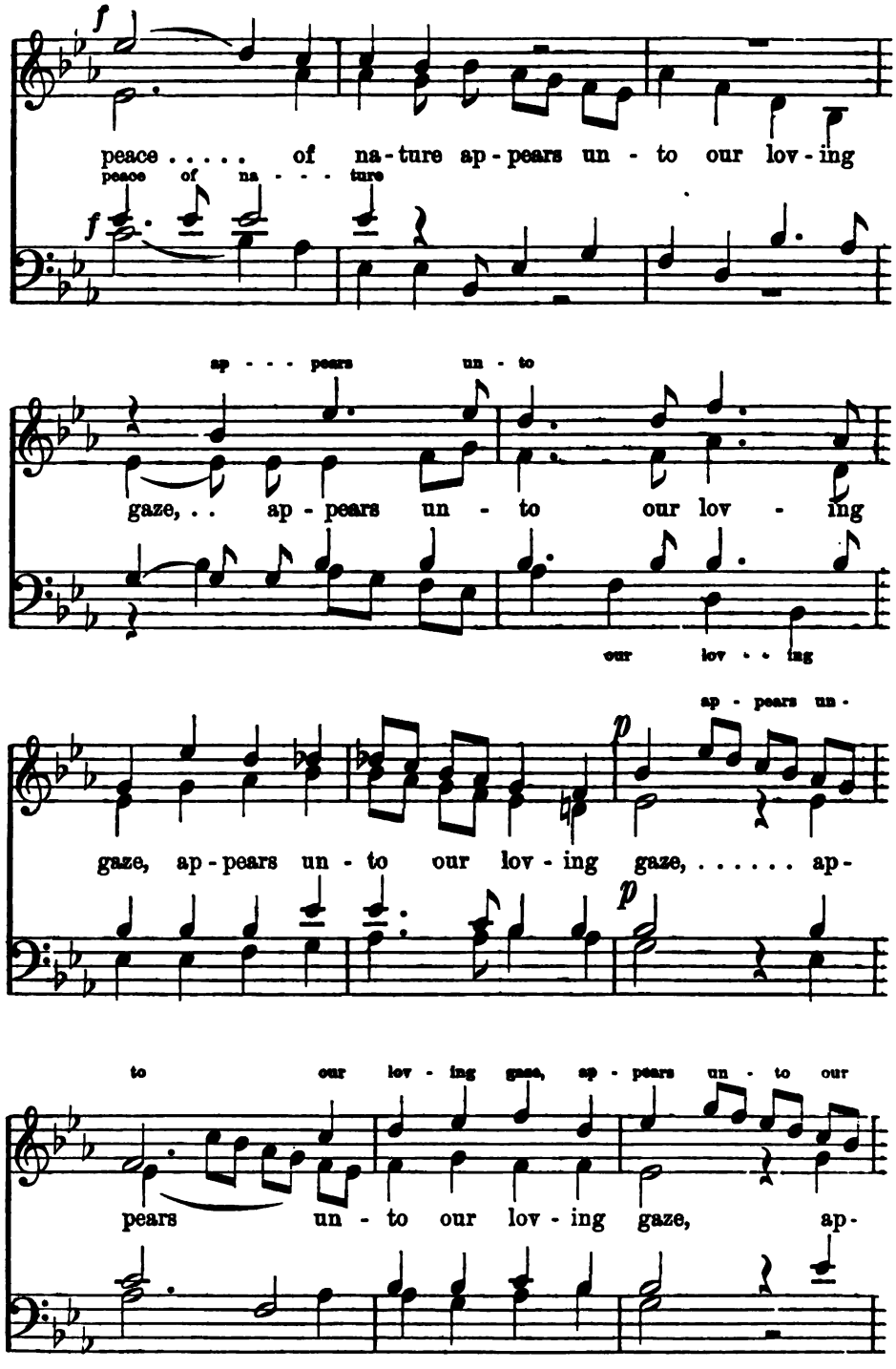

fair to men ap - pear-ing; The peace - ful hours
peace to all .. hearts land - ing But to that one
hearts grow soft and ten - der, How dear thy sway,
their mag - ic throw On wea - ry spir - its here be -
whose work has been To pass the fleet - ing hours in
how swift thy flight, Thou peace-ful, ho - ly, star - lit
low, On wea - ry spir - its here be - low.
sin, To pass the fleet - ing hours in sin.
night, Thou peace - ful, ho - - ly, star - lit night!

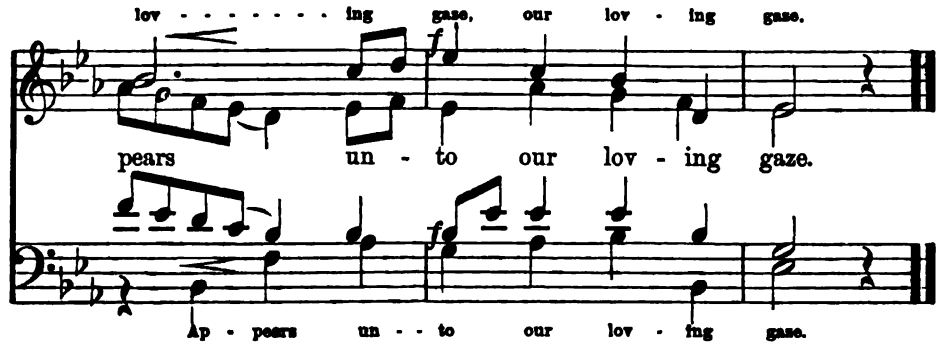
O, HOW SO FAIR THE PEACE OF NATURE!

A. ROMBERG.



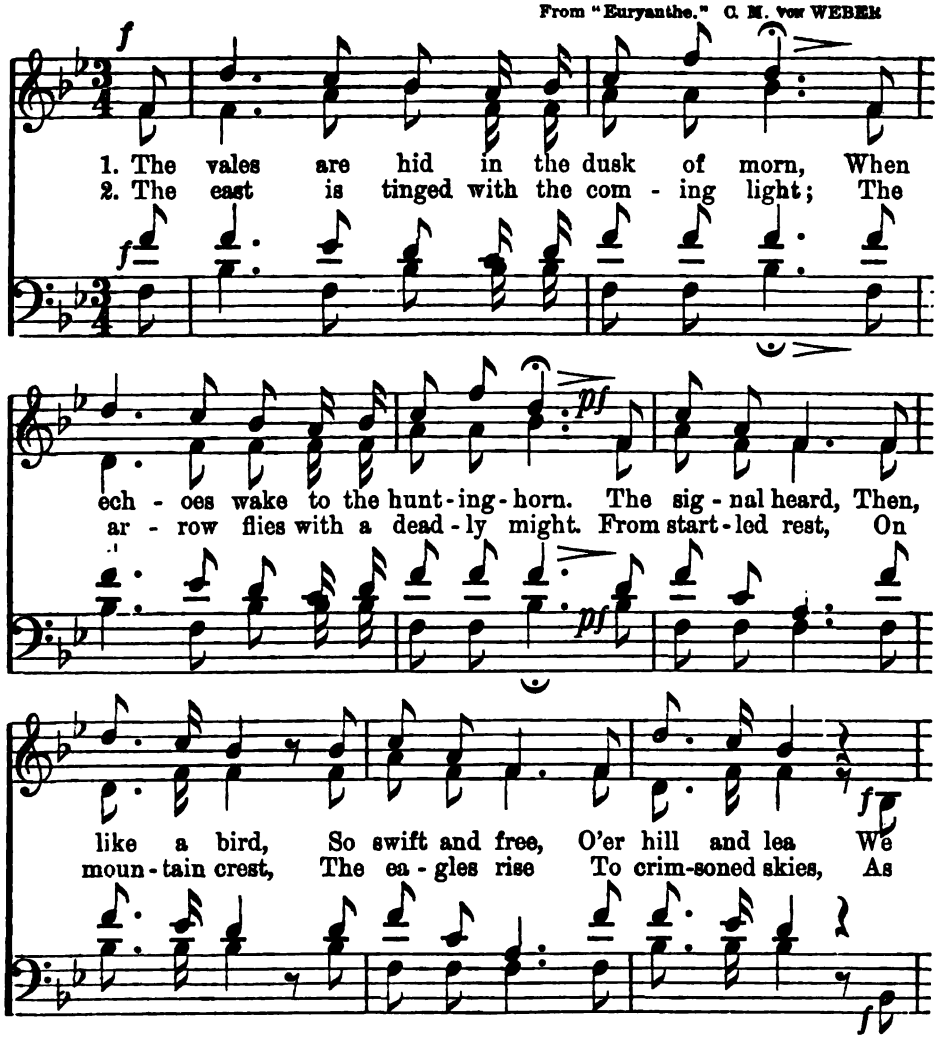

joice . . . . . in glad - ness, all re - joice in glad -
let us all re joice in glad
glad - ness, O, let us all re - joice in glad -
glad ness, O, let us all re - joice in glad -
ness,
ness, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our praise, De - vout - ly
ness, Devout - ly off'ring God our praise, De - vout - ly
of - f'ring God our praise, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our
praise. O, how so fair the
O, how so fair the
how so fair the

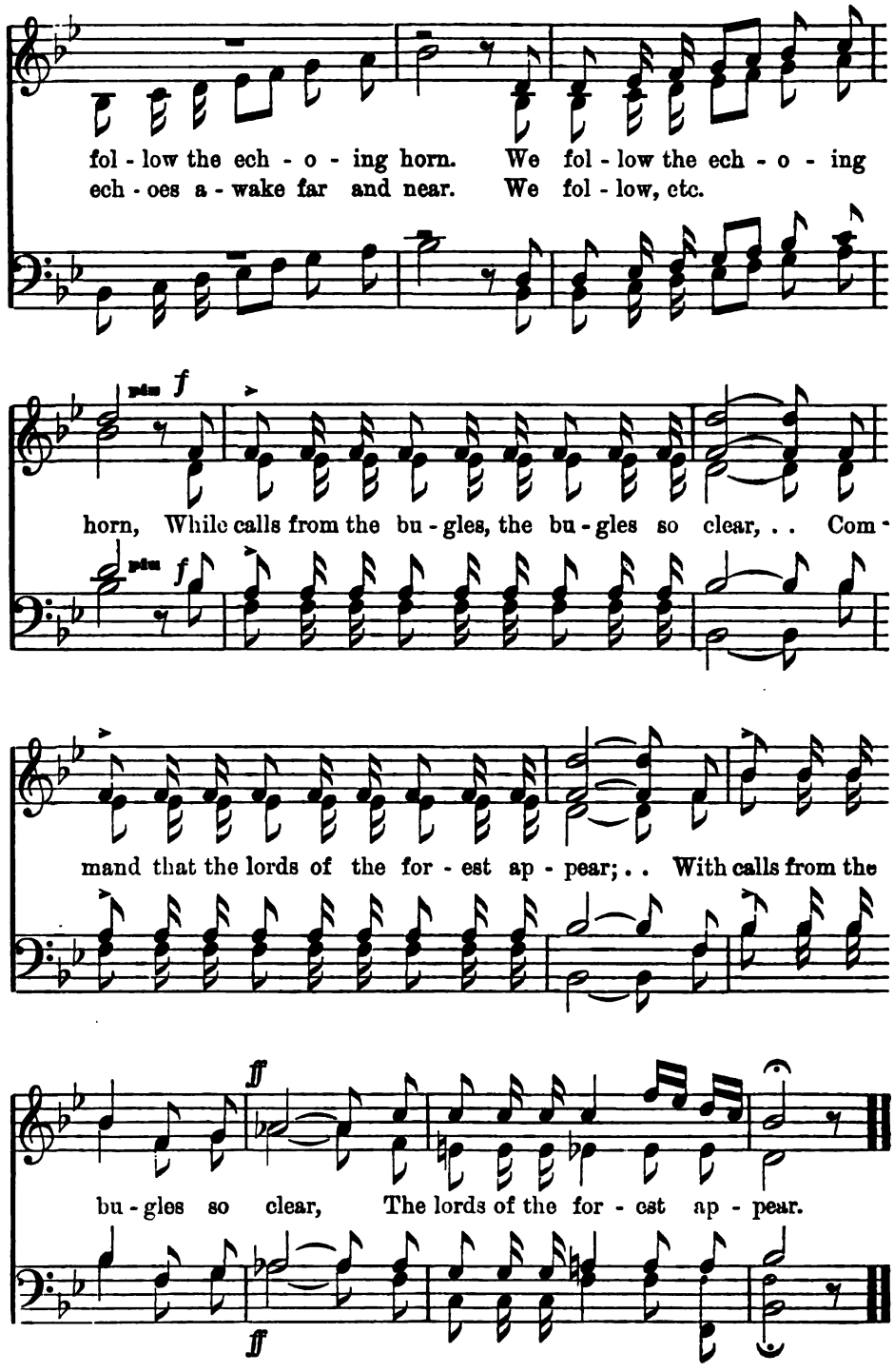

peace . . . . . of na-ture ap-pears un-to our lov-ing
peace of na . . . ture
ap . . . pears un-to
gaze, . . ap-pears un-to our lov-ing
our lov . . ing
ap-pears un-
gaze, ap-pears un-to our lov-ing gaze, ... ap-
to our lov-ing gaze, ap-pears un-to our
pears un-to our lov-ing gaze, ap-



HUNTING CHORUS.

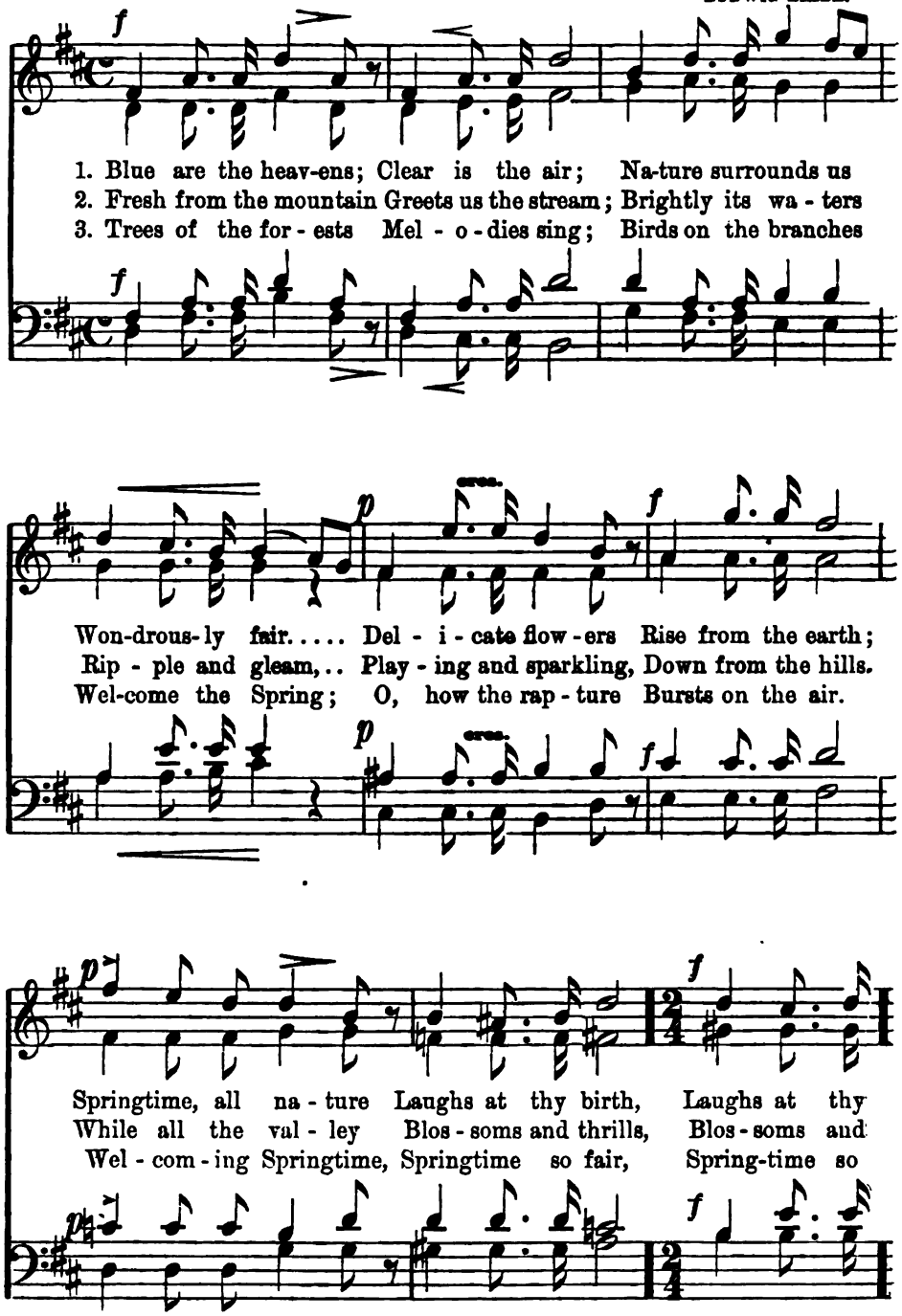
From "Euryanthe." C. M. von WEBER.

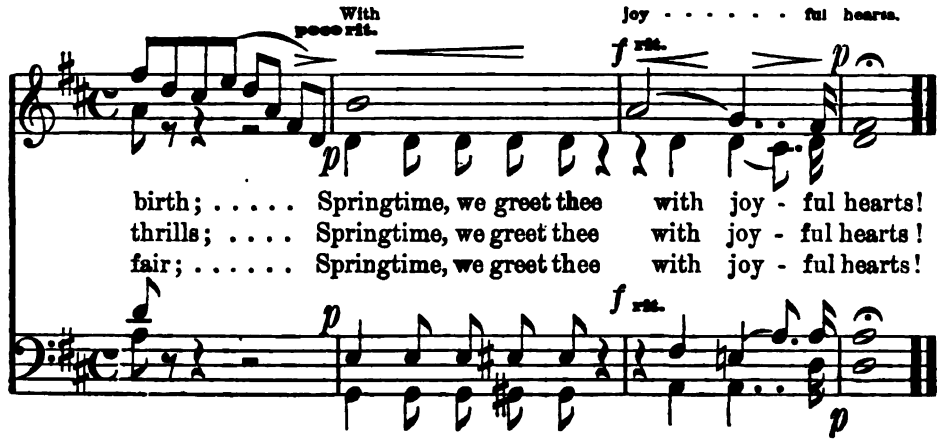



fol - low the ech - o - ing horn. We fol - low the ech - o - ing
ech - oes a - wake far and near. We fol - low, etc.
horn, While calls from the bu - gles, the bu - gles so clear, . . Com -
mand that the lords of the for - est ap - pear; . . With calls from the
bu - gles so clear, The lords of the for - est ap - pear.

SPRINGTIME.

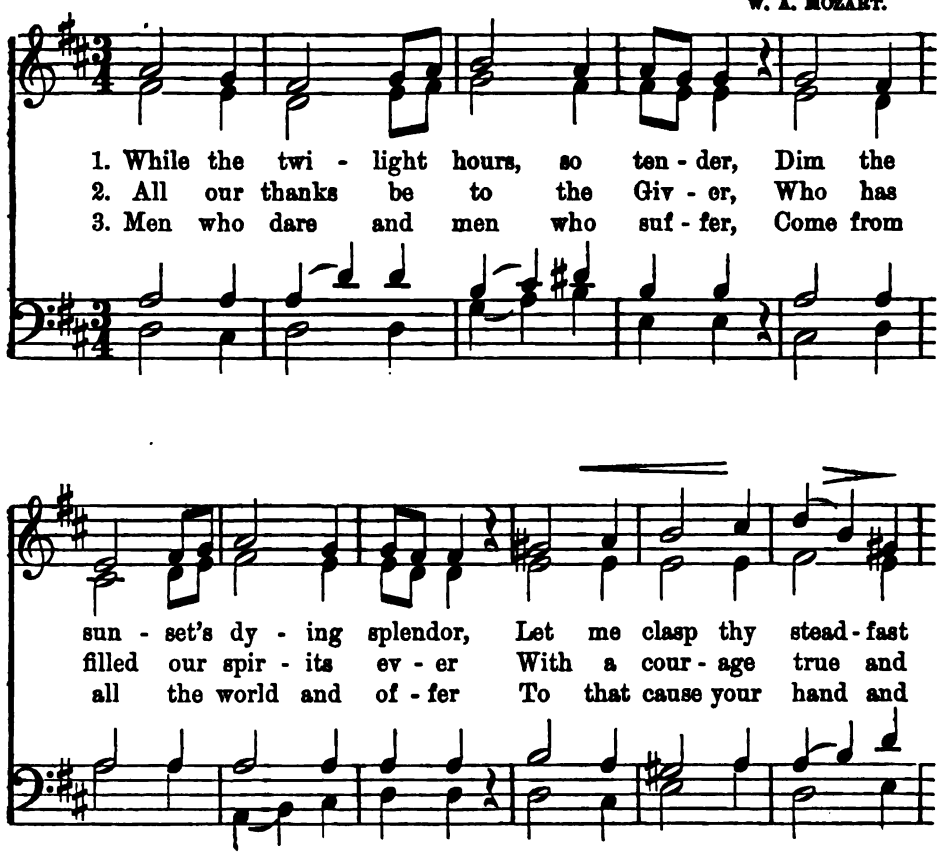
LUDWIG LIEBE.

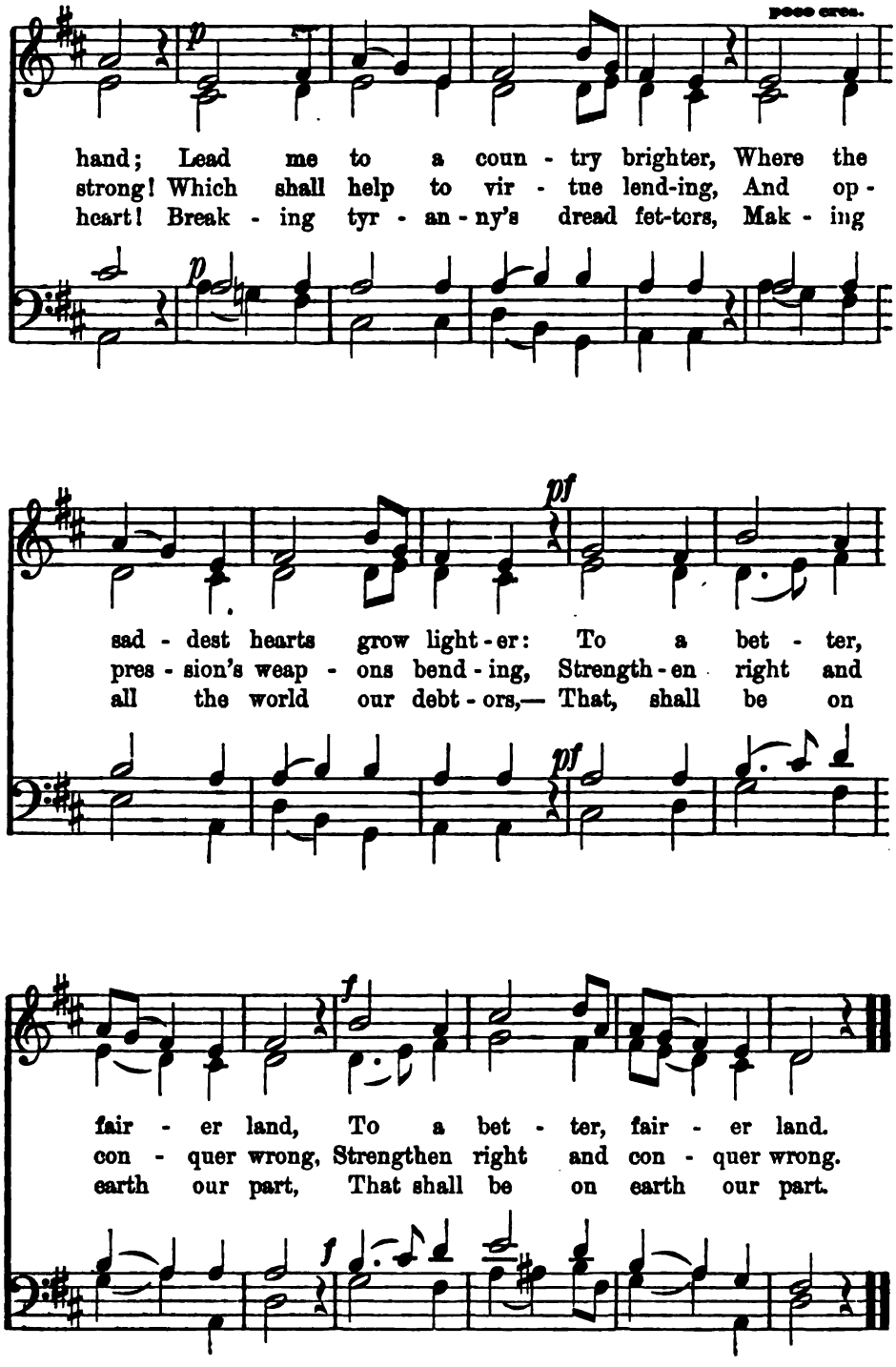




SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

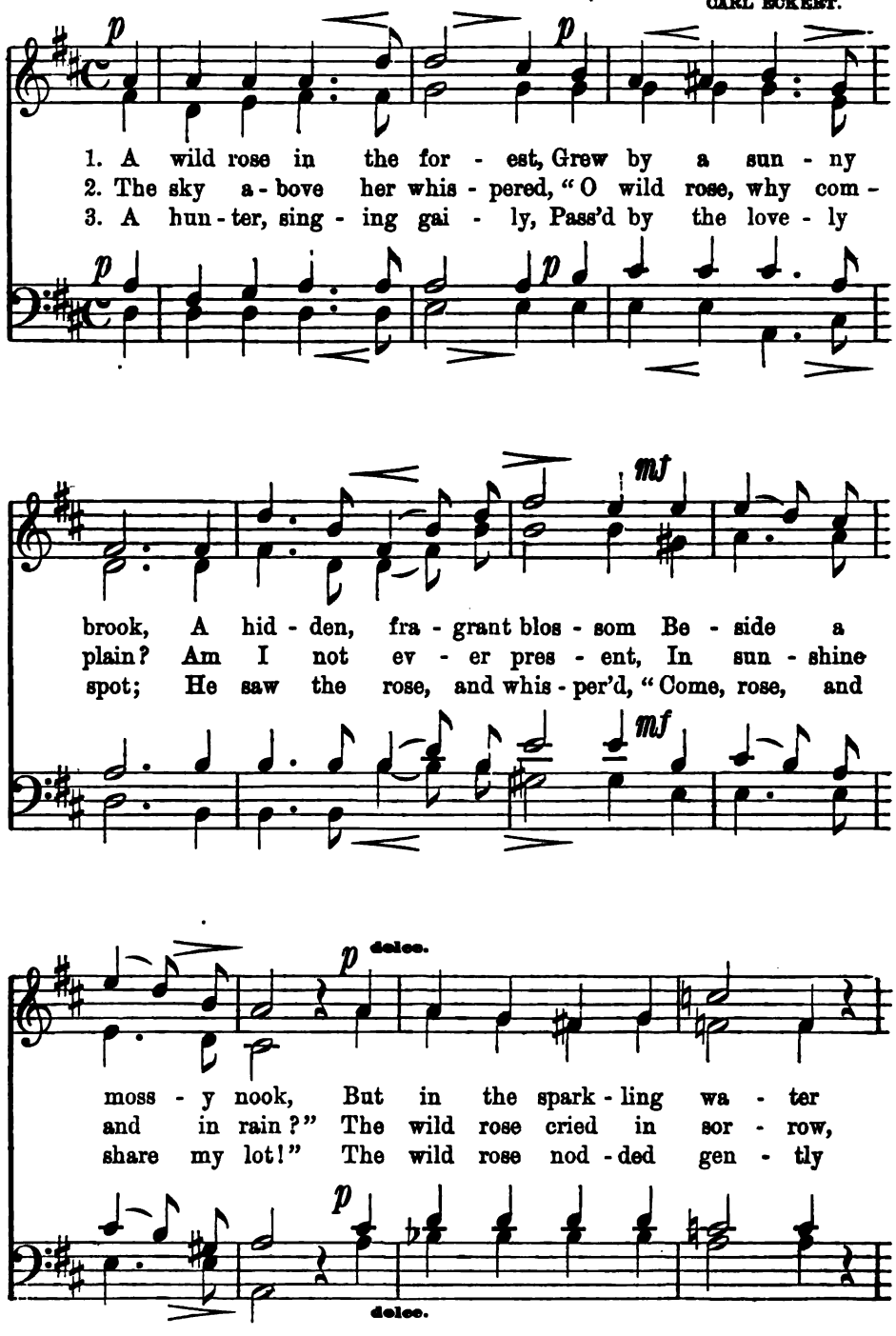
W. A. MOZART.

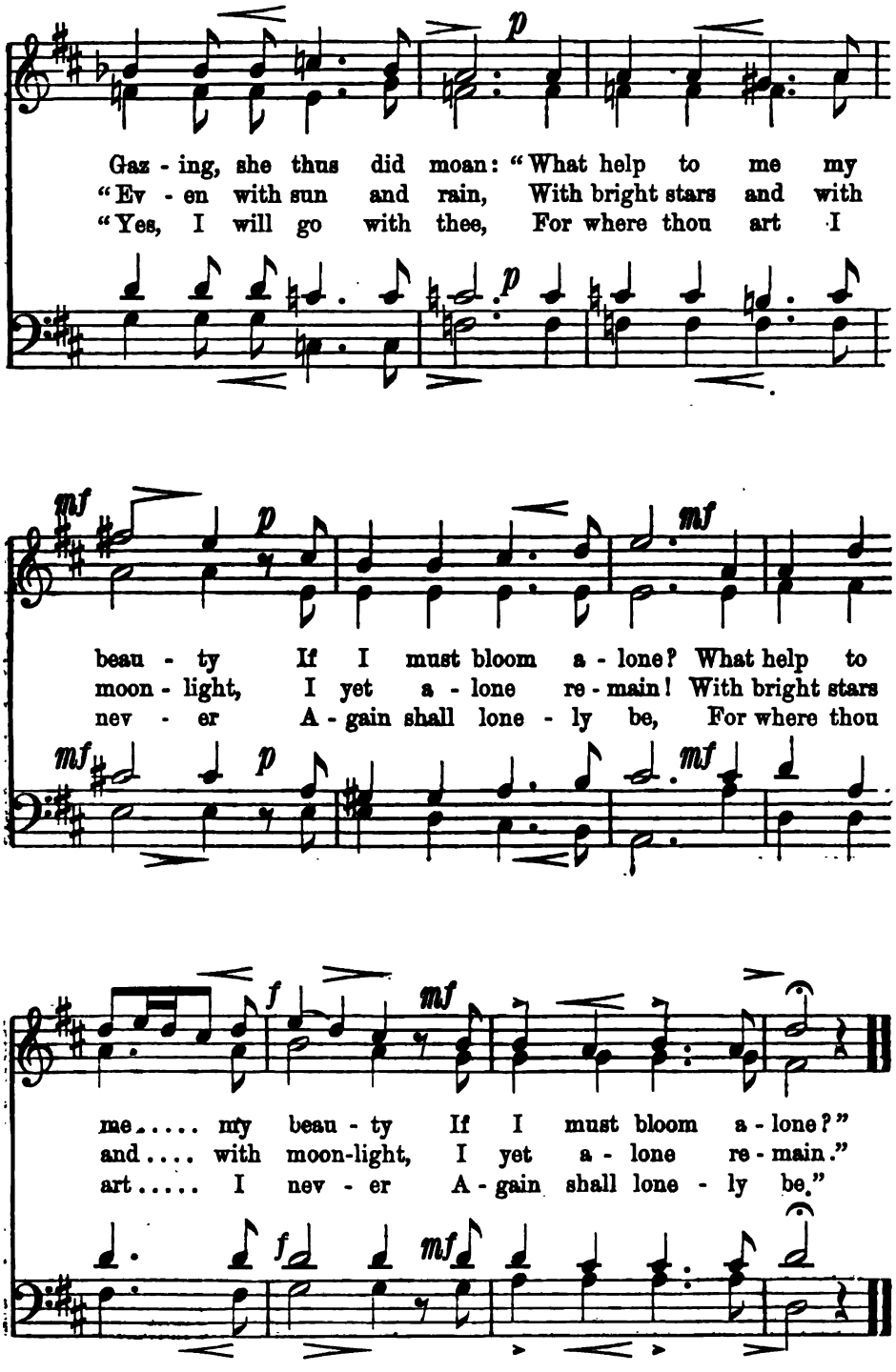



pese cres.
hand; Lead me to a coun - try brighter, Where the
strong! Which shall help to vir - tue lend-ing, And op -
heart! Break - ing tyr - an - ny's dread fet-ters, Mak - ing
sad - dest hearts grow light - er: To a bet - ter,
pres - sion's weap - ons bend - ing, Strength - en right and
all the world our debt - ors,— That, shall be on
fair - er land, To a bet - ter, fair - er land.
con - quer wrong, Strengthen right and con - quer wrong.
earth our part, That shall be on earth our part.

THE ROSE.

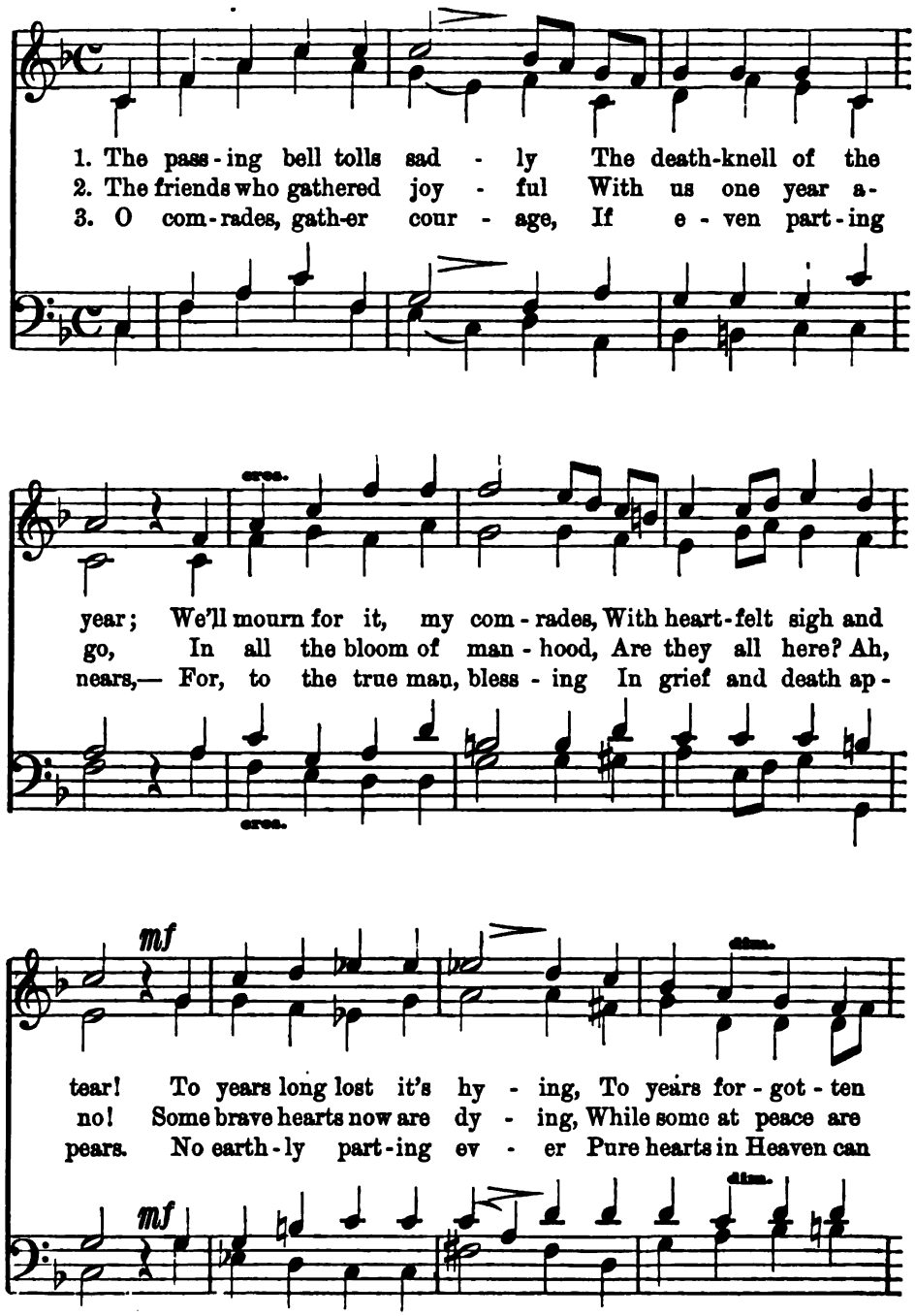
CARL ECKERT.

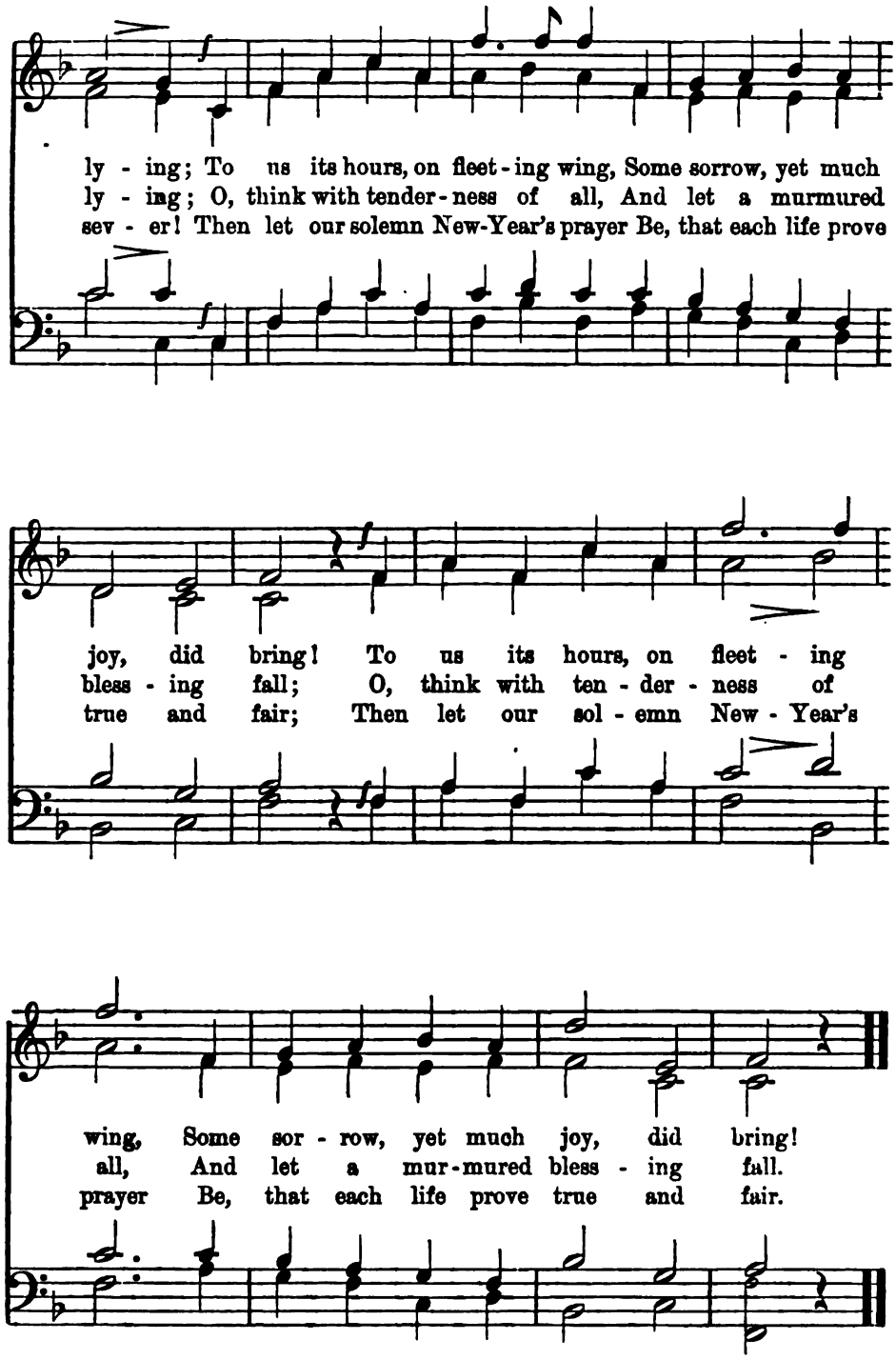



Gaz - ing, she thus did moan: "What help to me my
"Ev - en with sun and rain, With bright stars and with
"Yes, I will go with thee, For where thou art I
beau - ty If I must bloom a - lone? What help to
moon - light, I yet a - lone re - main! With bright stars
nev - er A - gain shall lone - ly be, For where thou
me..... my beau - ty If I must bloom a - lone?"
and.... with moon-light, I yet a - lone re - main."
art..... I nev - er A - gain shall lone - ly be."

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

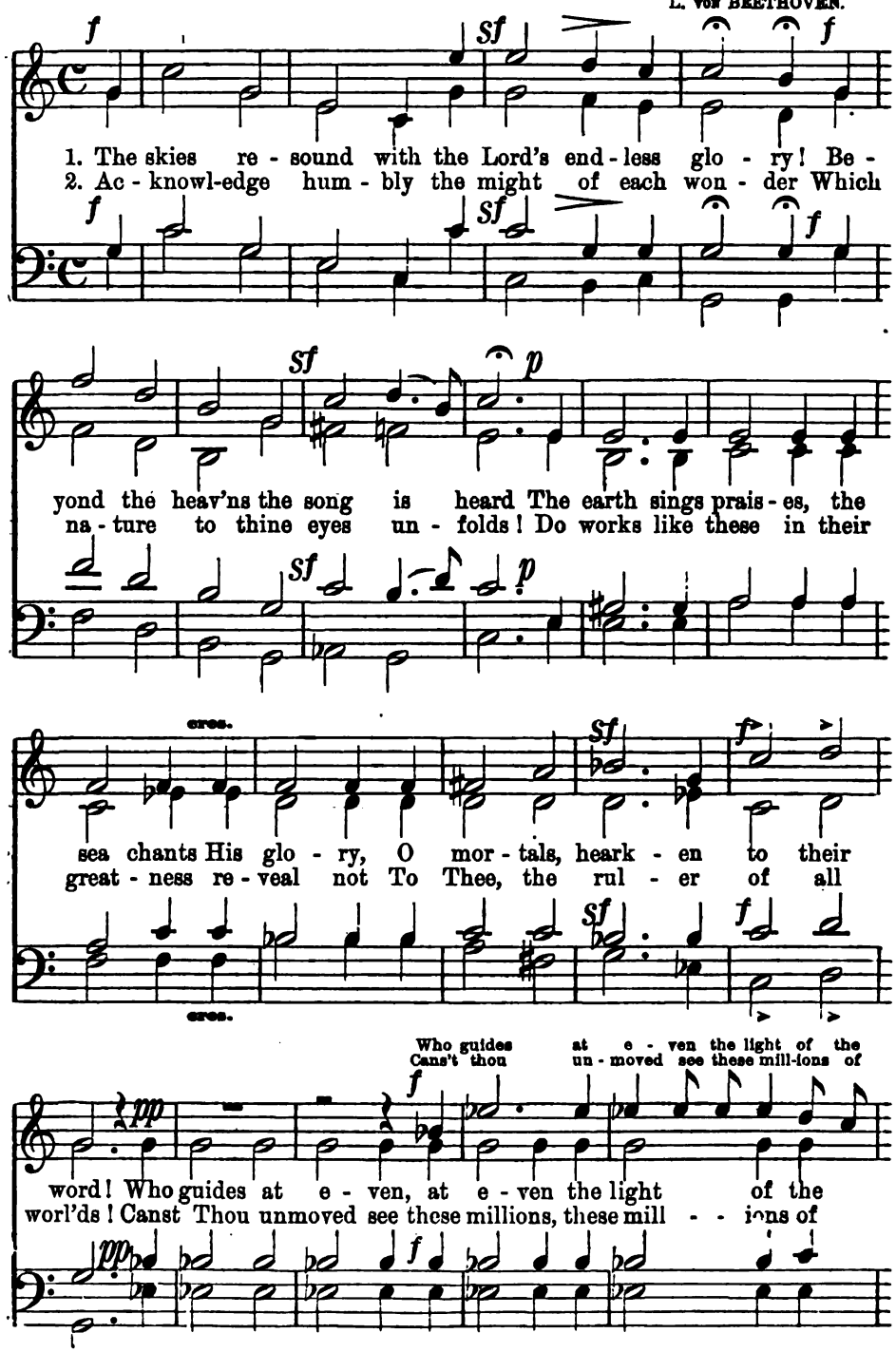
J. A. P. SCHULZ.

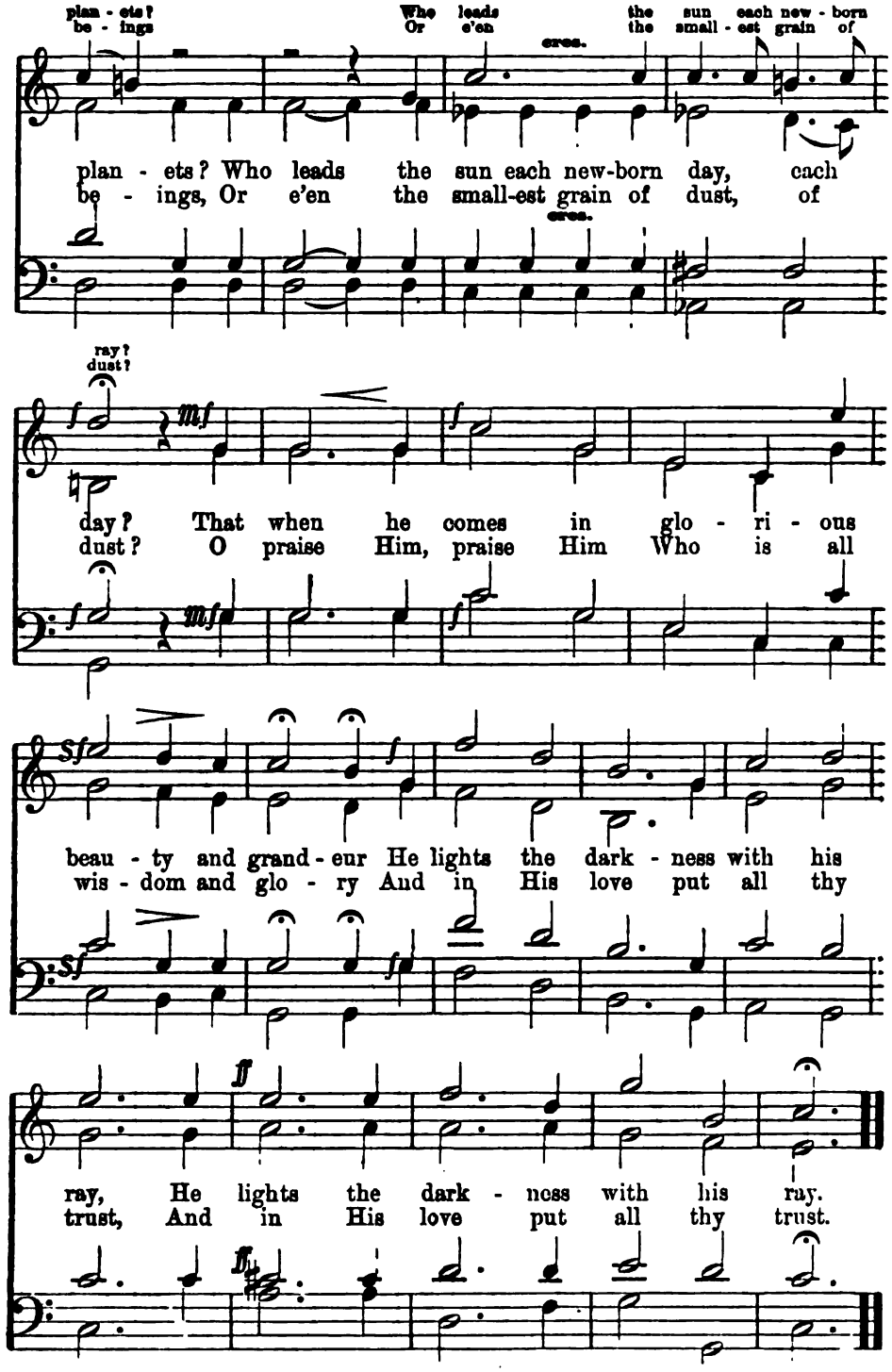



ly - ing; To us its hours, on fleet - ing wing, Some sorrow, yet much
ly - ing; O, think with tender - ness of all, And let a murmured
sev - er! Then let our solemn New-Year's prayer Be, that each life prove
joy, did bring! To us its hours, on fleet - ing
bless - ing fall; O, think with ten - der - ness of
true and fair; Then let our sol - emn New - Year's
wing, Some sor - row, yet much joy, did bring!
all, And let a mur - mured bless - ing fall.
prayer Be, that each life prove true and fair.

THE SKIES RESOUND.

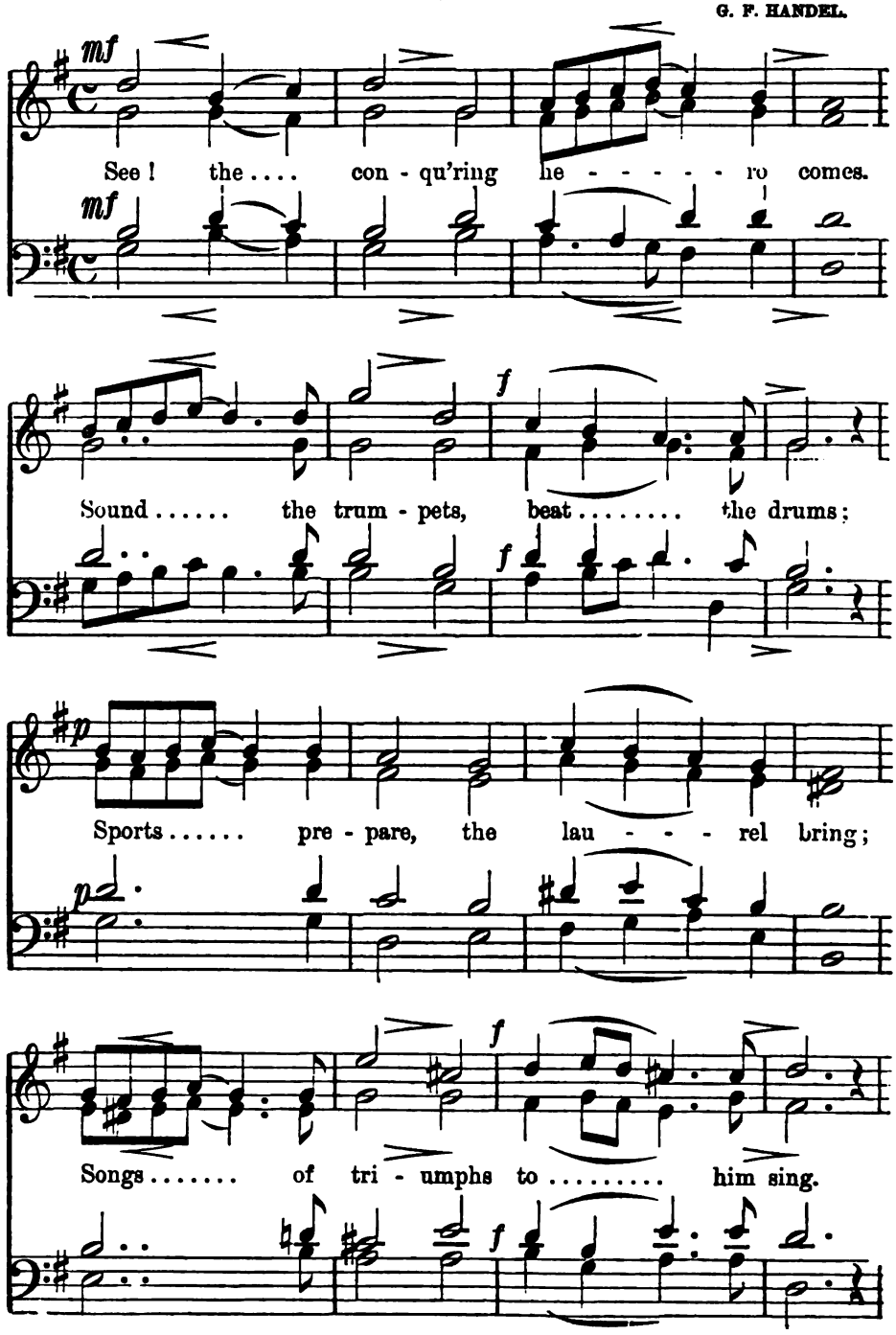
L. von BEETHOVEN.

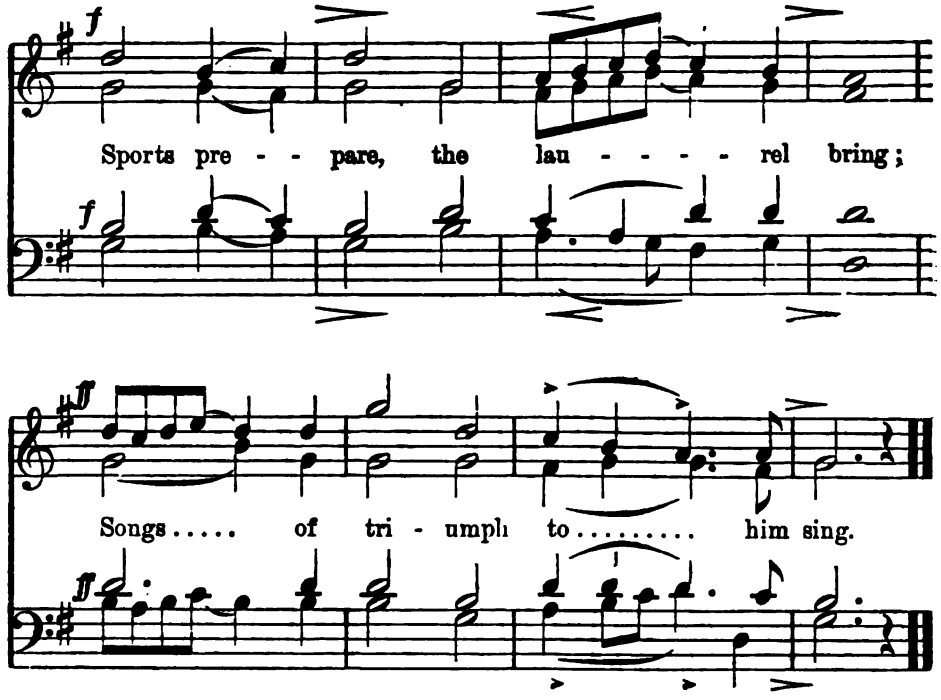



plan - ets? Who leads the sun each new-born day, each
be - ings, Or e'en the small-est grain of dust, of
cres.
ray?
dust?
day? That when he comes in glo - ri - ous
dust? O praise Him, praise Him Who is all
beau - ty and grand - eur He lights the dark - ness with his
wis - dom and glo - ry And in His love put all thy
ray, He lights the dark - ness with his ray.
trust, And in His love put all thy trust.

SEE! THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

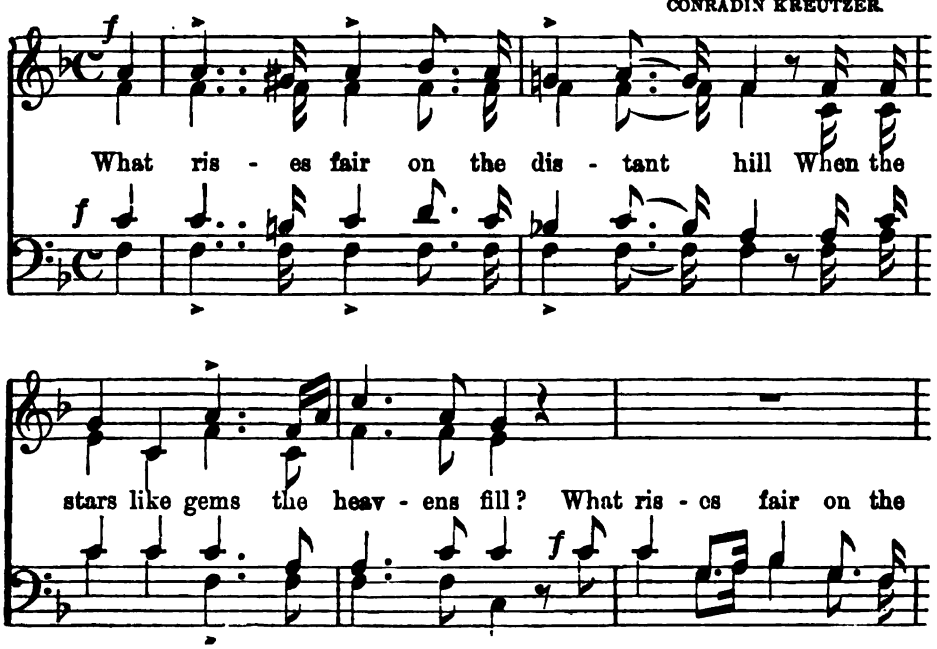
G. F. HANDEL.

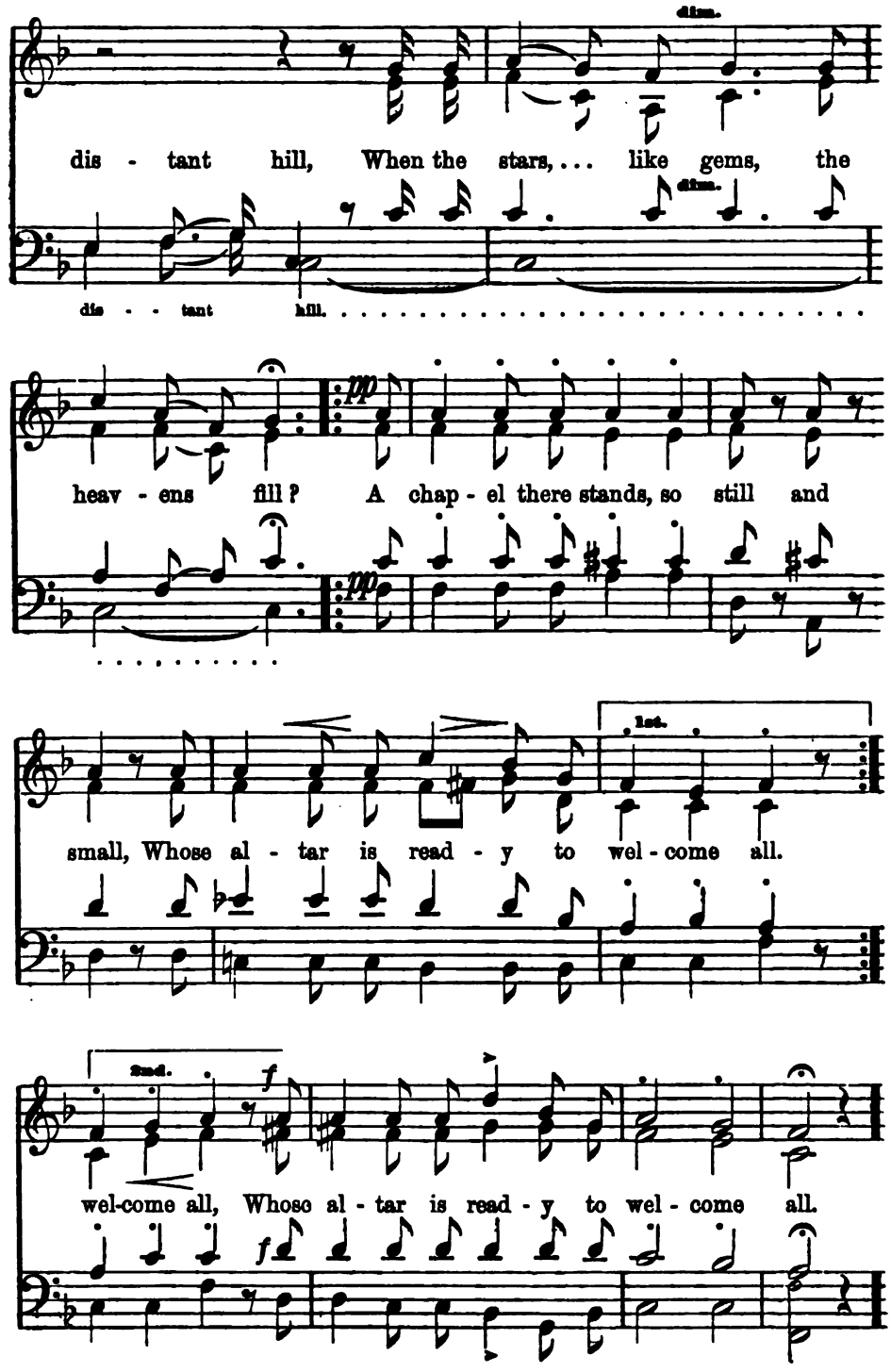


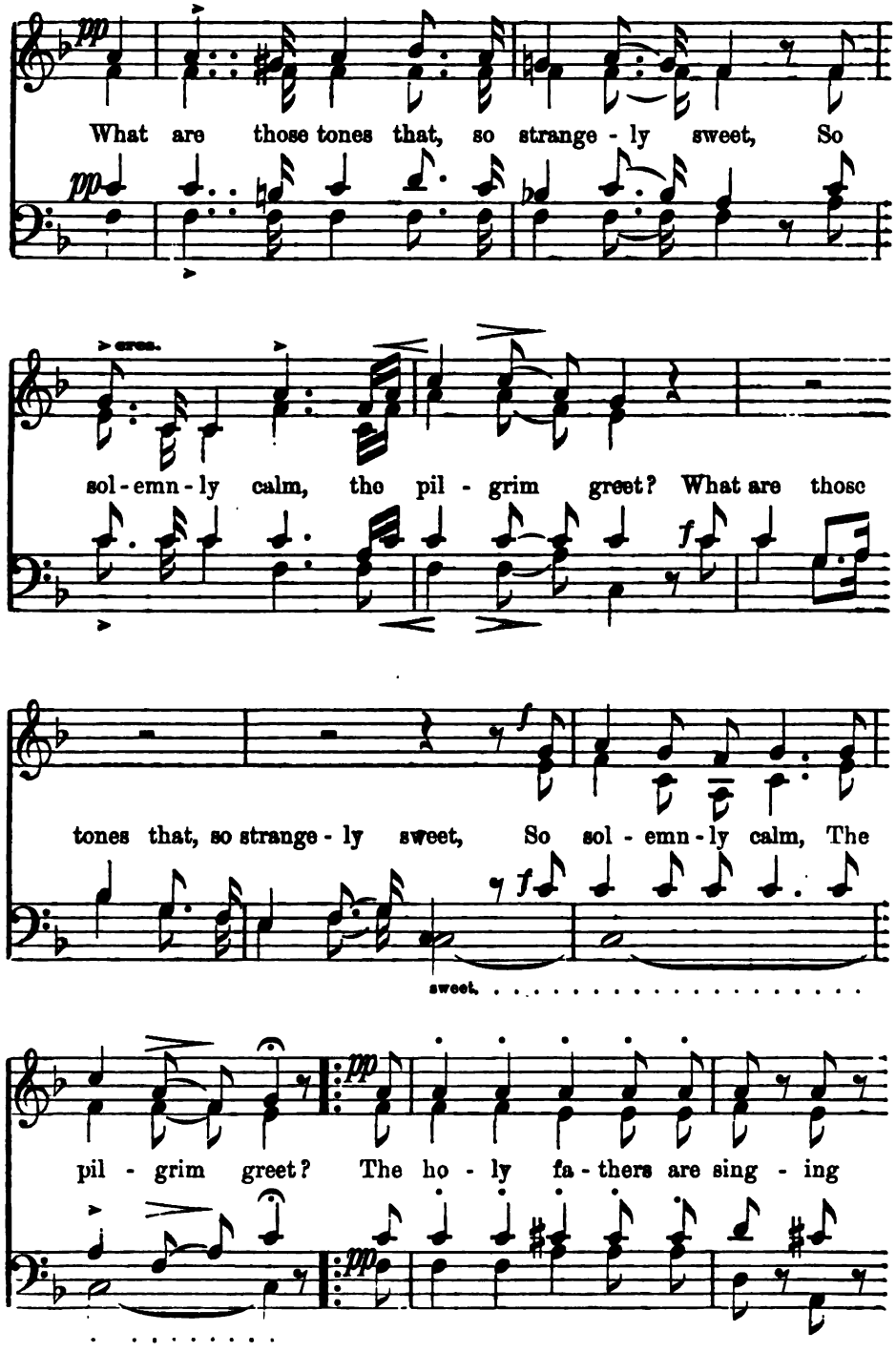


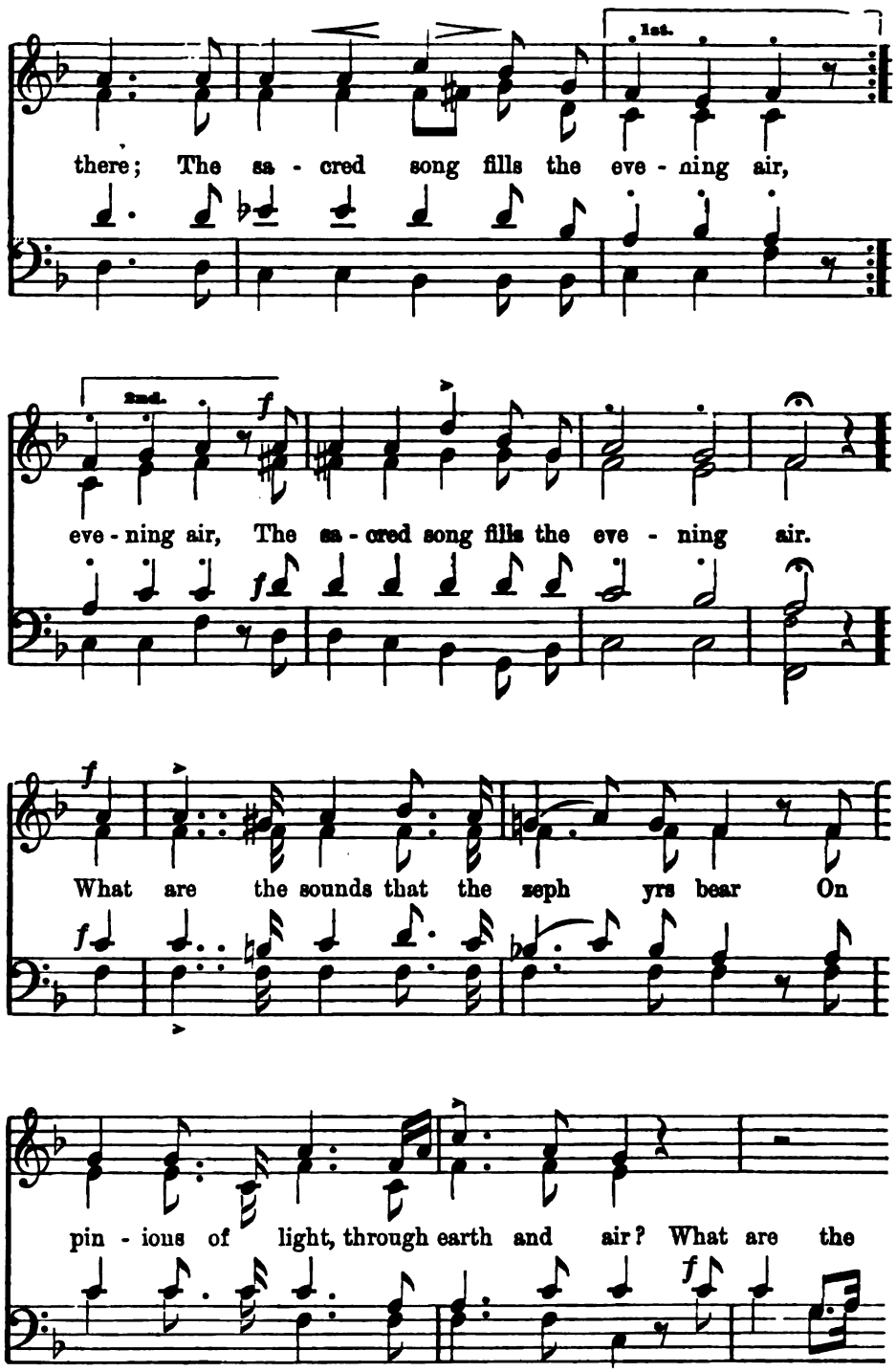
THE CHAPEL.

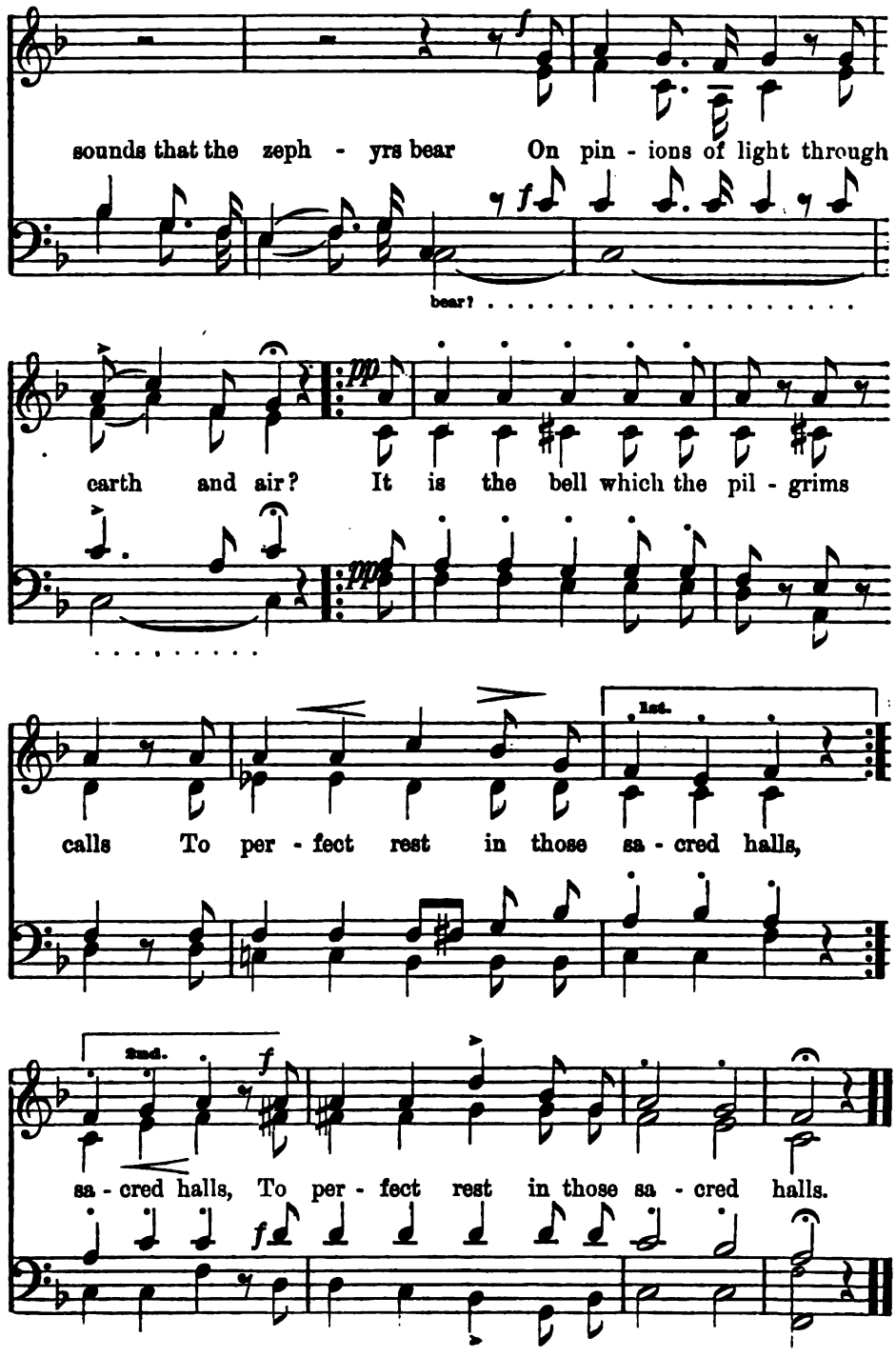
CONRADIN KREUTZER.



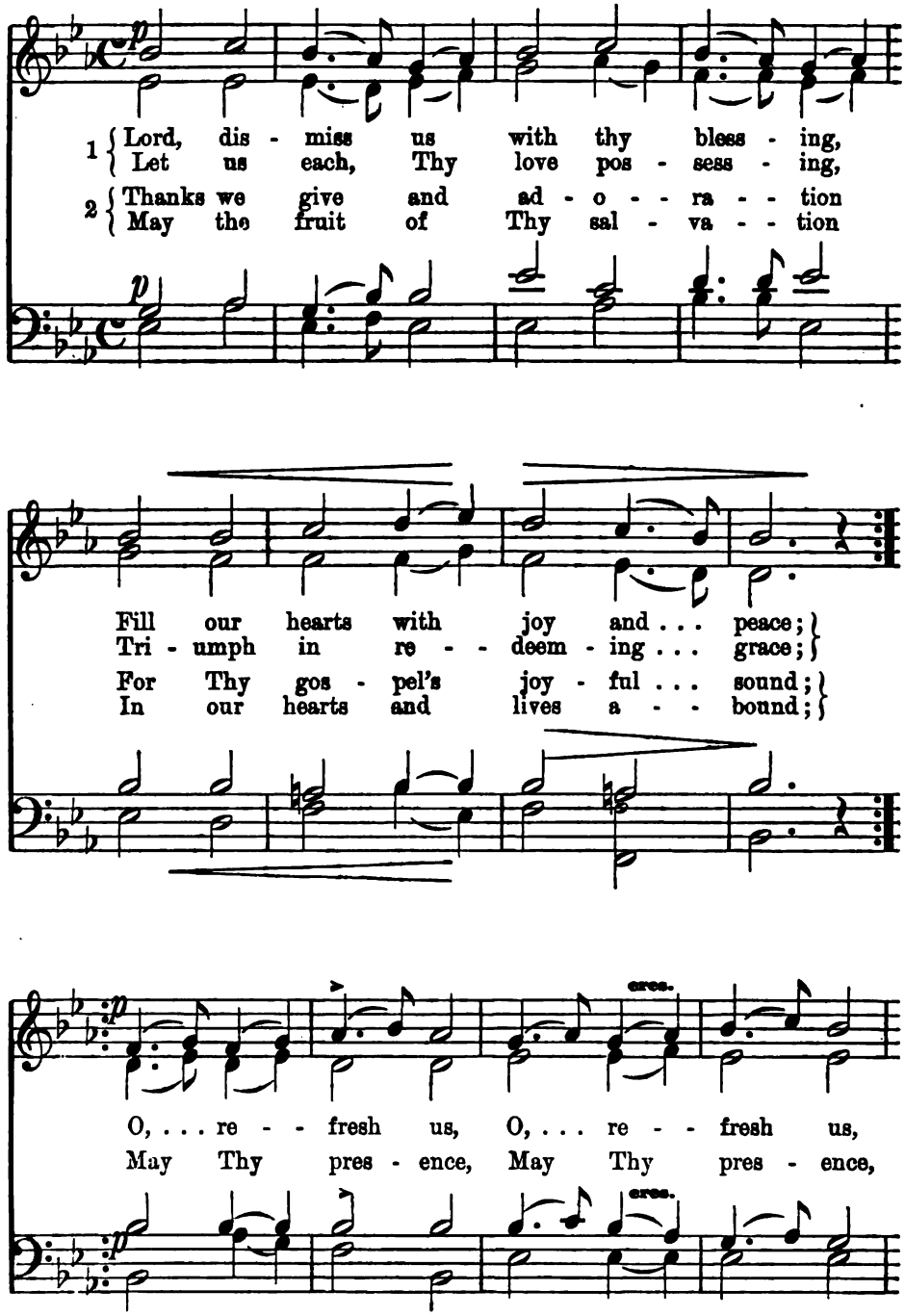

dim.
dis - tant hill, When the stars, . . . like gems, the
dis - - tant hill.
dim.
heav - ens fill? A chap - el there stands, so still and
small, Whose al - tar is read - y to wel - come all.
1st.
wel-come all, Whose al - tar is read - y to wel - come all.
2nd.

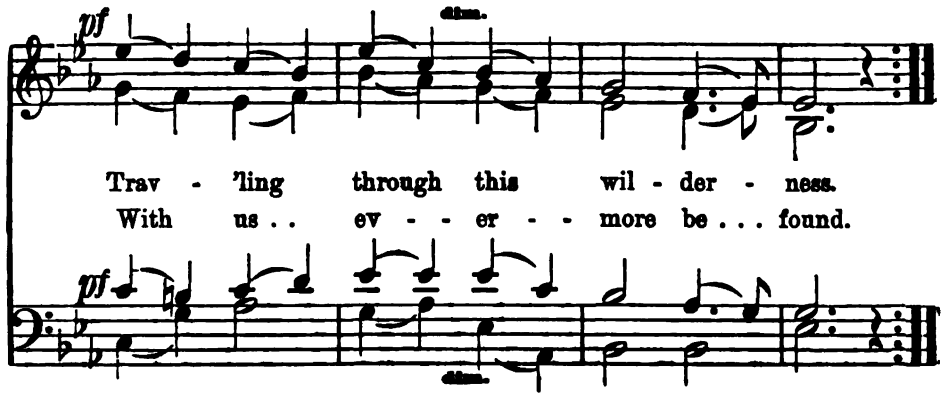

What are those tones that, so strange - ly sweet, So
sol - emn - ly calm, the pil - grim greet? What are those
tones that, so strange - ly sweet, So sol - emn - ly calm, The
sweet.
pil - grim greet? The ho - ly fa - thers are sing - ing


1st.
there; The sa - cred song fills the eve - ning air,
2nd.
f
eve - ning air, The sa - cred song fills the eve - ning air.
f
What are the sounds that the zeph yrs bear On
f
pin - ious of light, through earth and air? What are the
f


sounds that the zeph - yrs bear On pin - ions of light through
bear?
earth and air? It is the bell which the pil - grims
1st.
calls To per - fect rest in those sa - cred halls,
2nd.
sa - cred halls, To per - fect rest in those sa - cred halls.

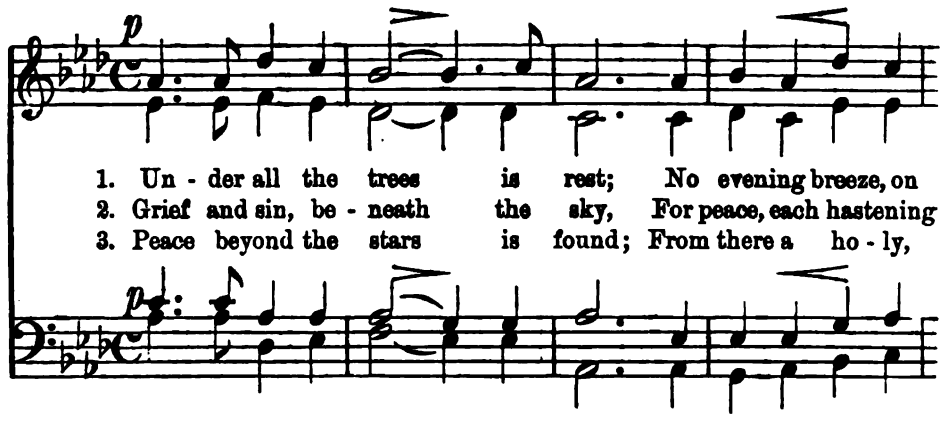
SICILIAN SONG.

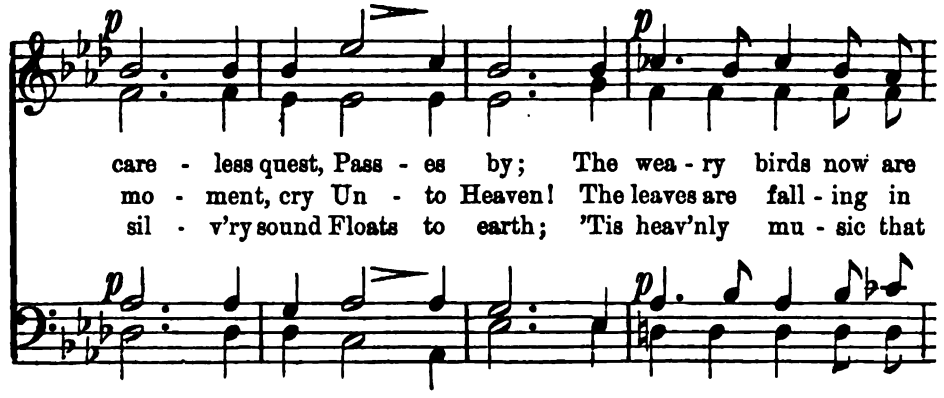


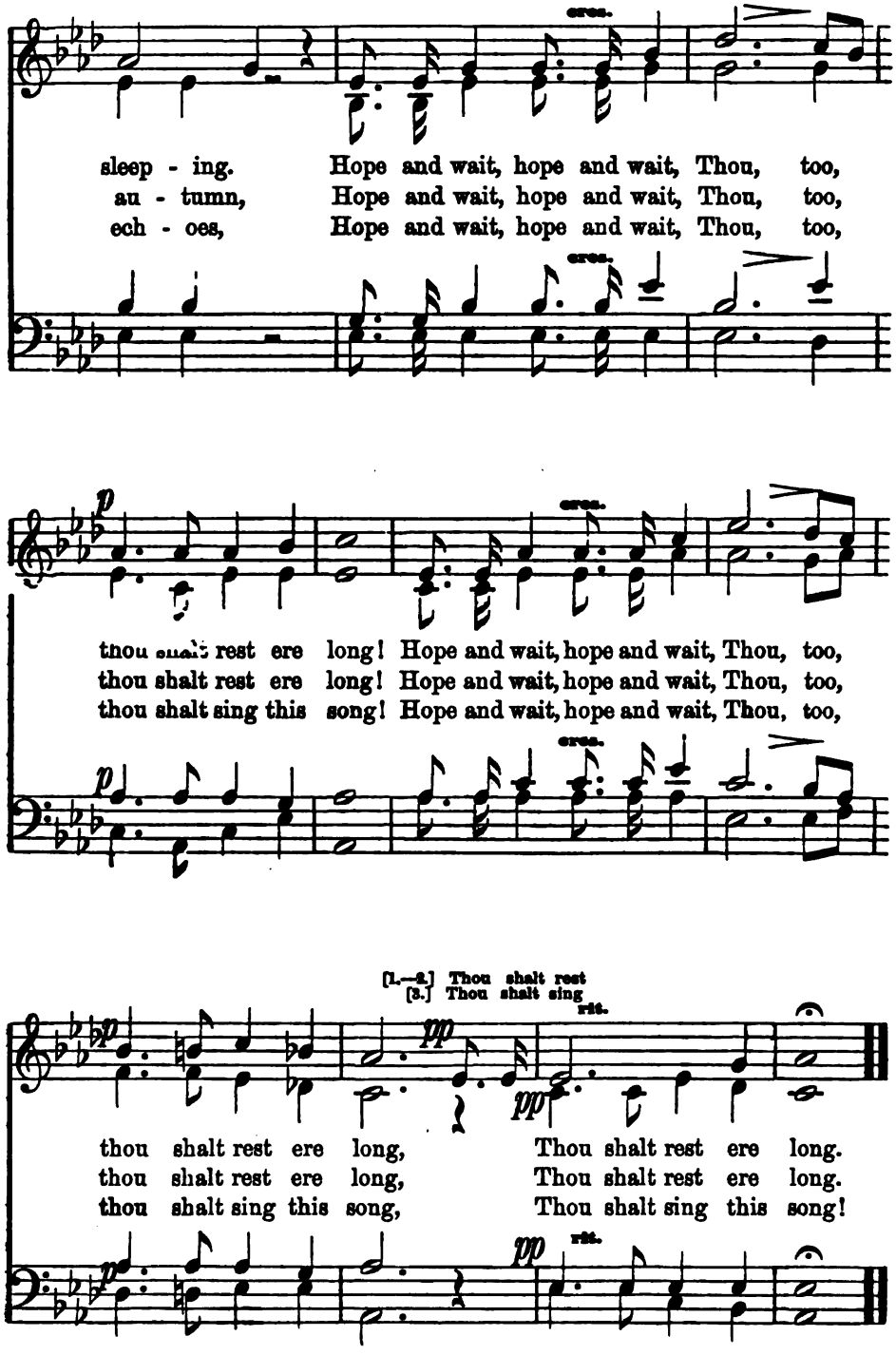


EVENING SONG.

FRANZ KUHLAU.

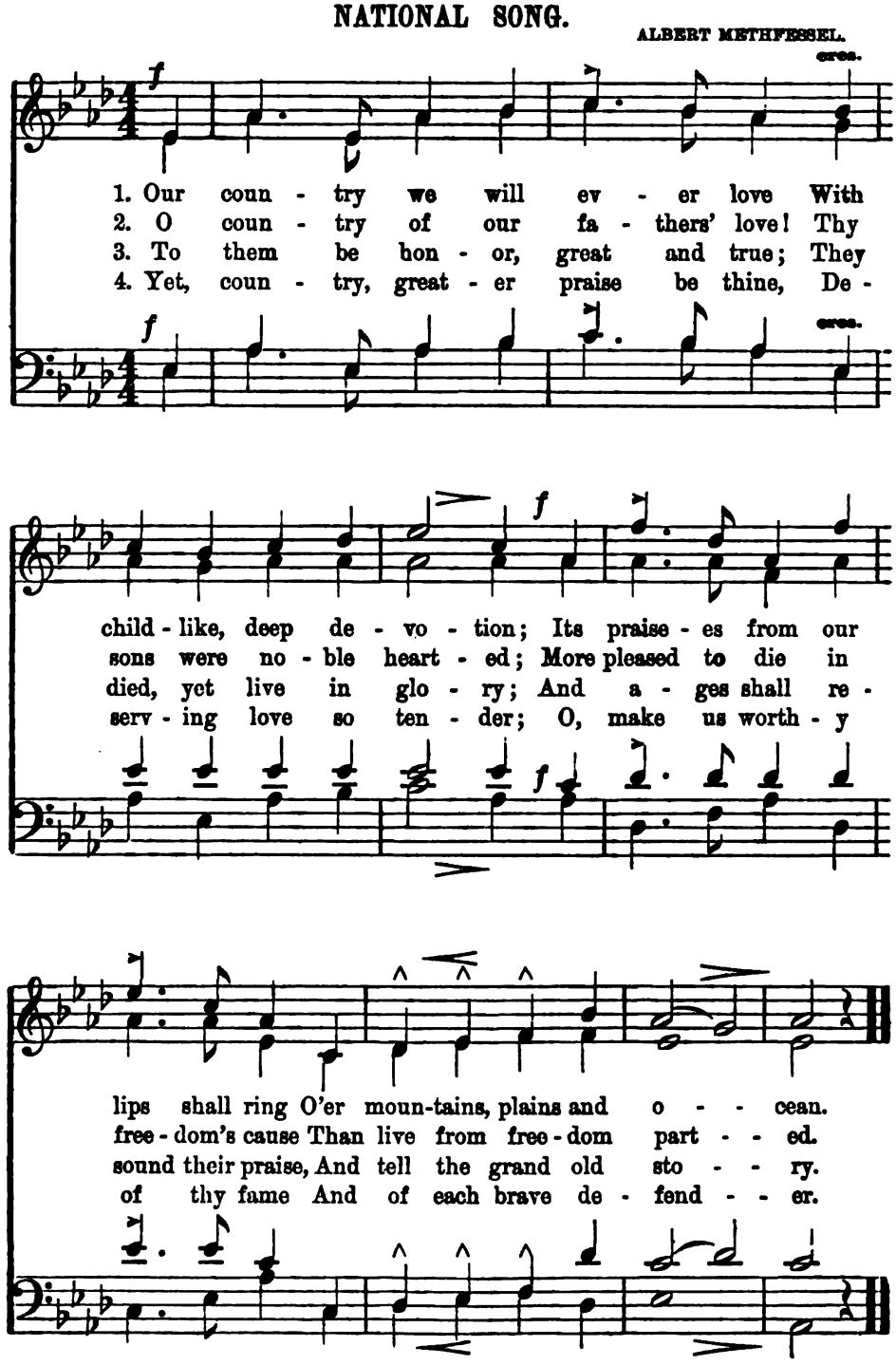





cres.
sleep - ing. Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
au - tumn, Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
ech - oes, Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
cres.
p
cres.
thou shalt rest ere long! Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
thou shalt rest ere long! Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
thou shalt sing this song! Hope and wait, hope and wait, Thou, too,
cres.
[1.—2.] Thou shalt rest
[3.] Thou shalt sing
rit.
pp
thou shalt rest ere long, Thou shalt rest ere long.
thou shalt rest ere long, Thou shalt rest ere long.
thou shalt sing this song, Thou shalt sing this song!
rit.
pp

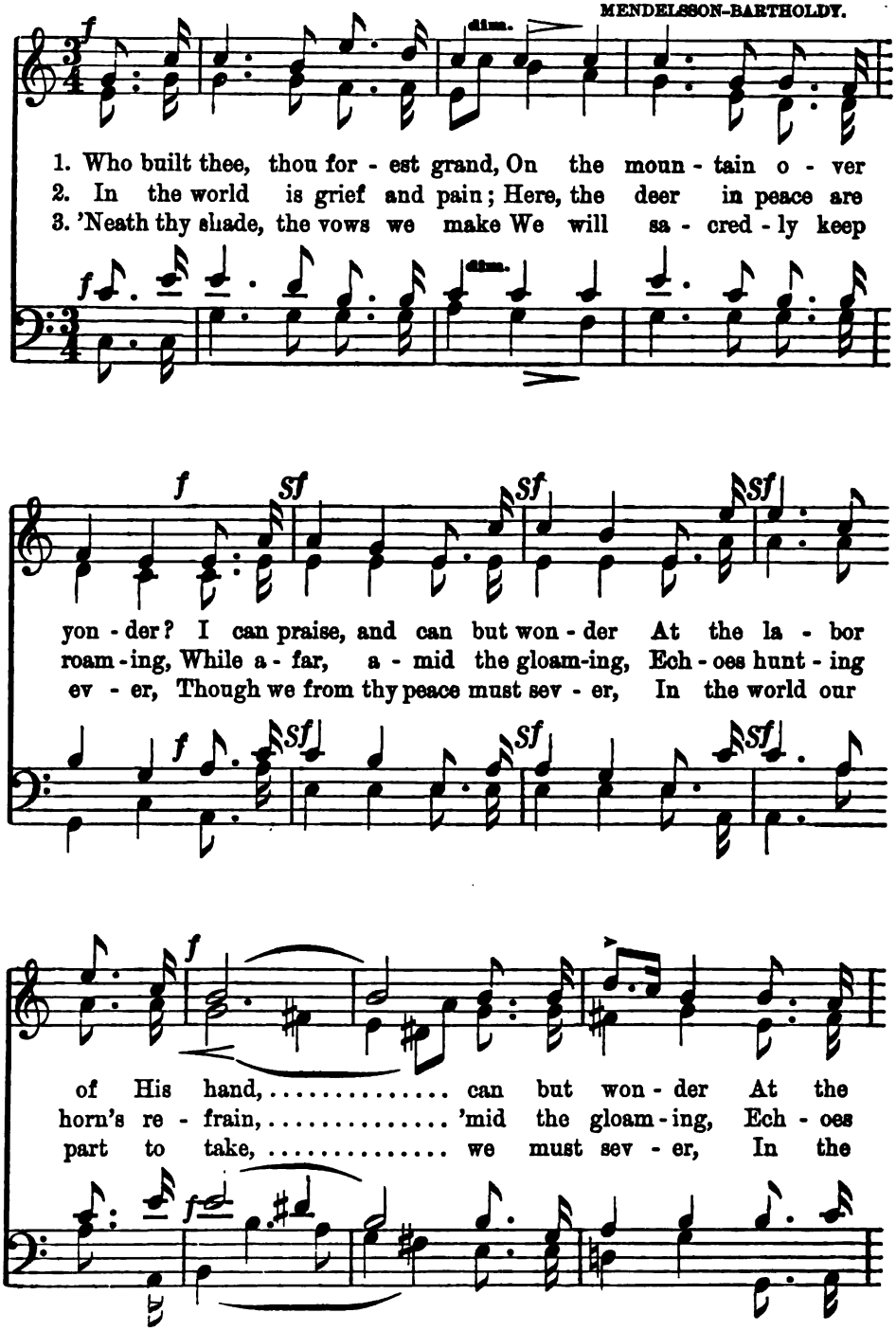
NATIONAL SONG.

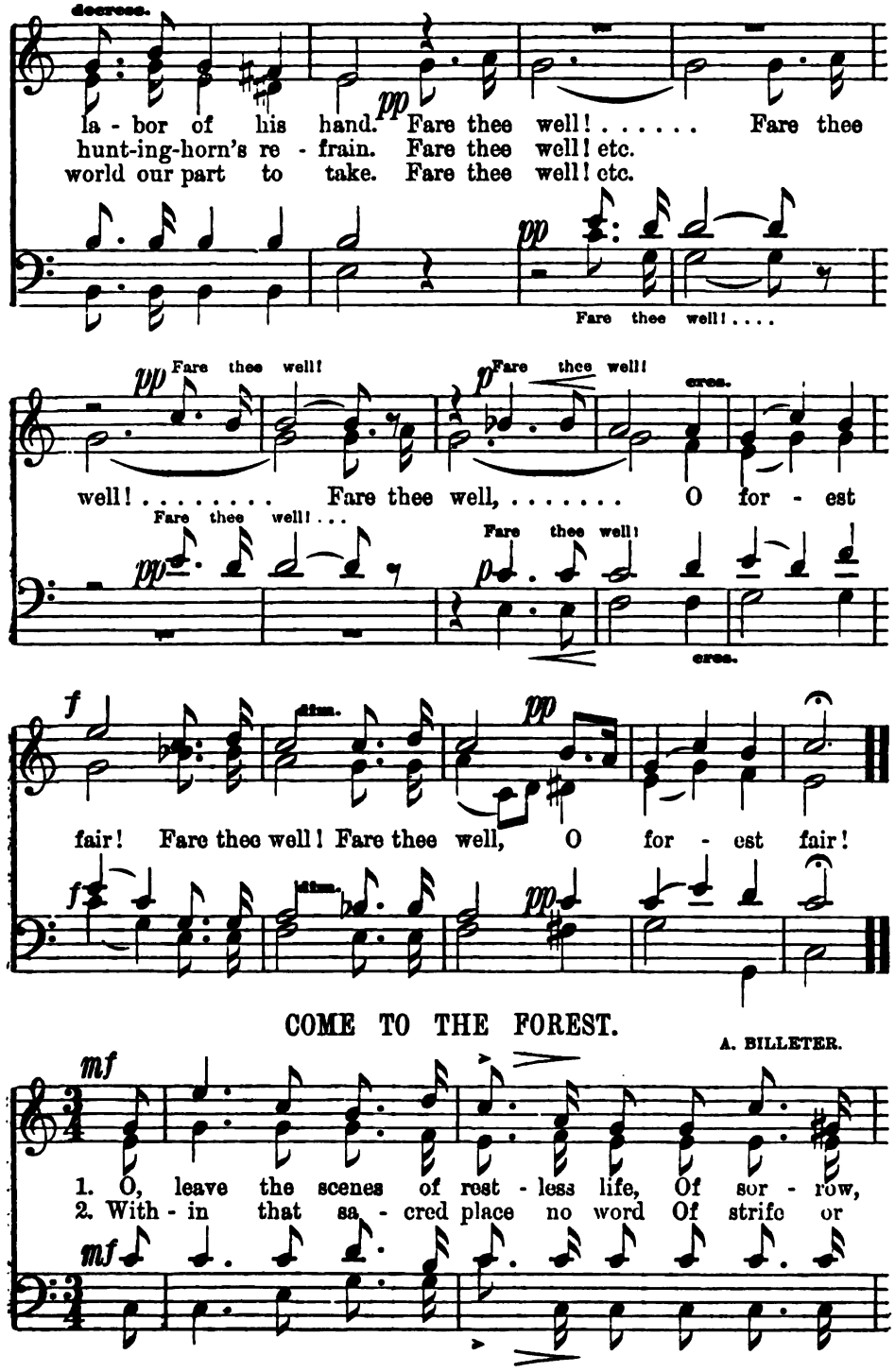
ALBERT METHFESSEL.



THE HUNTER'S FAREWELL.

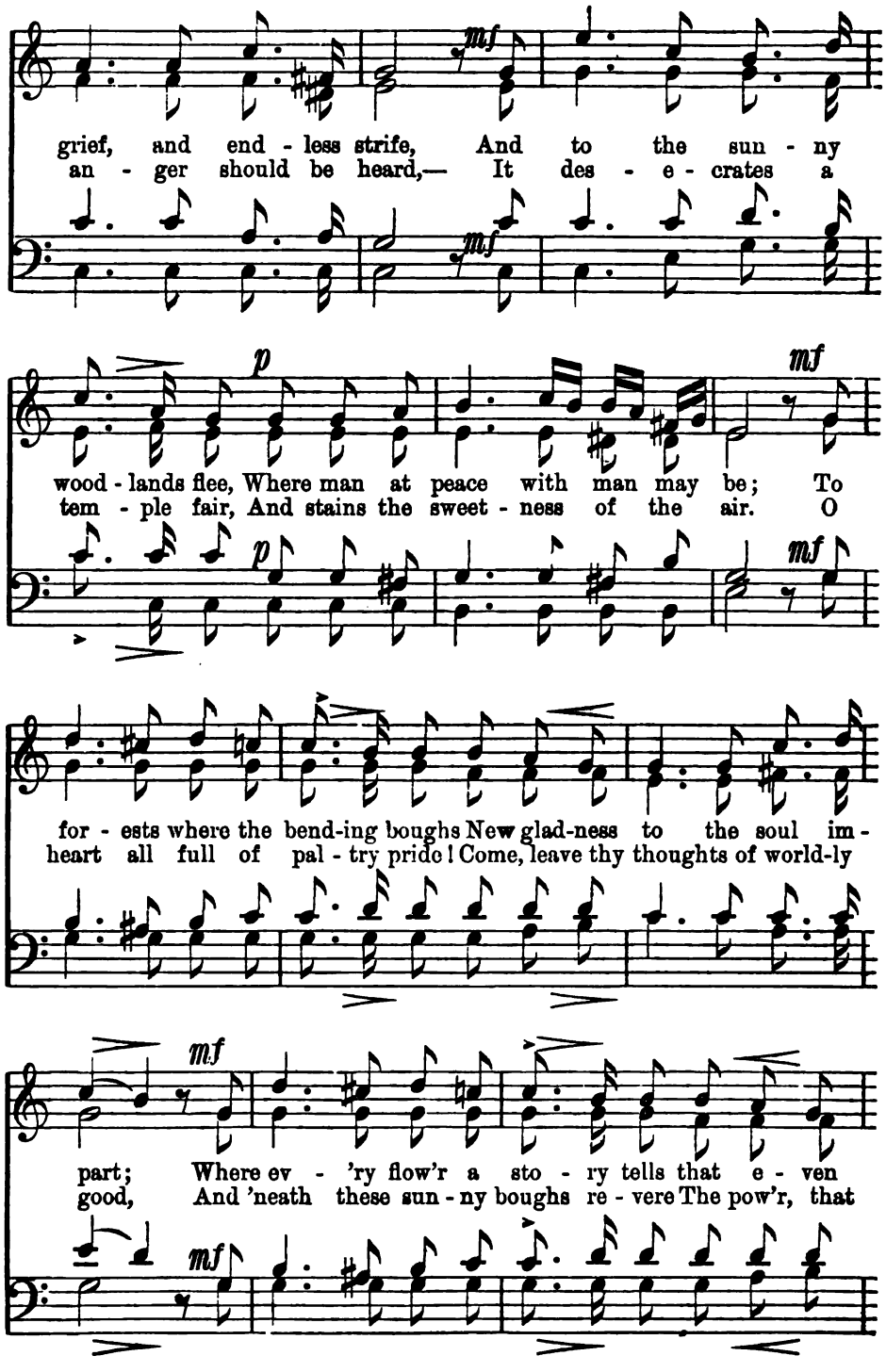
MENDELSSON-BARTHOLDY.

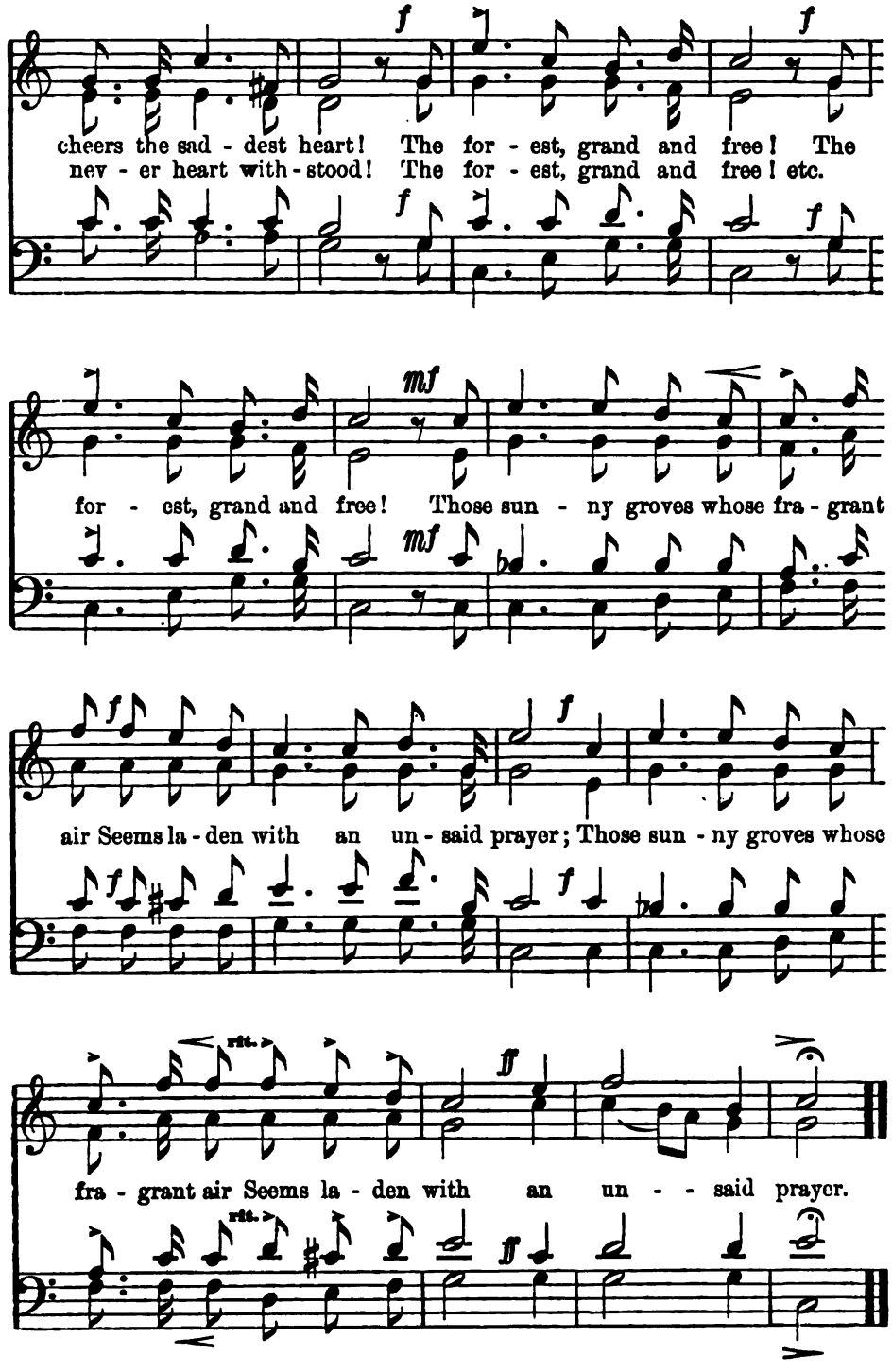




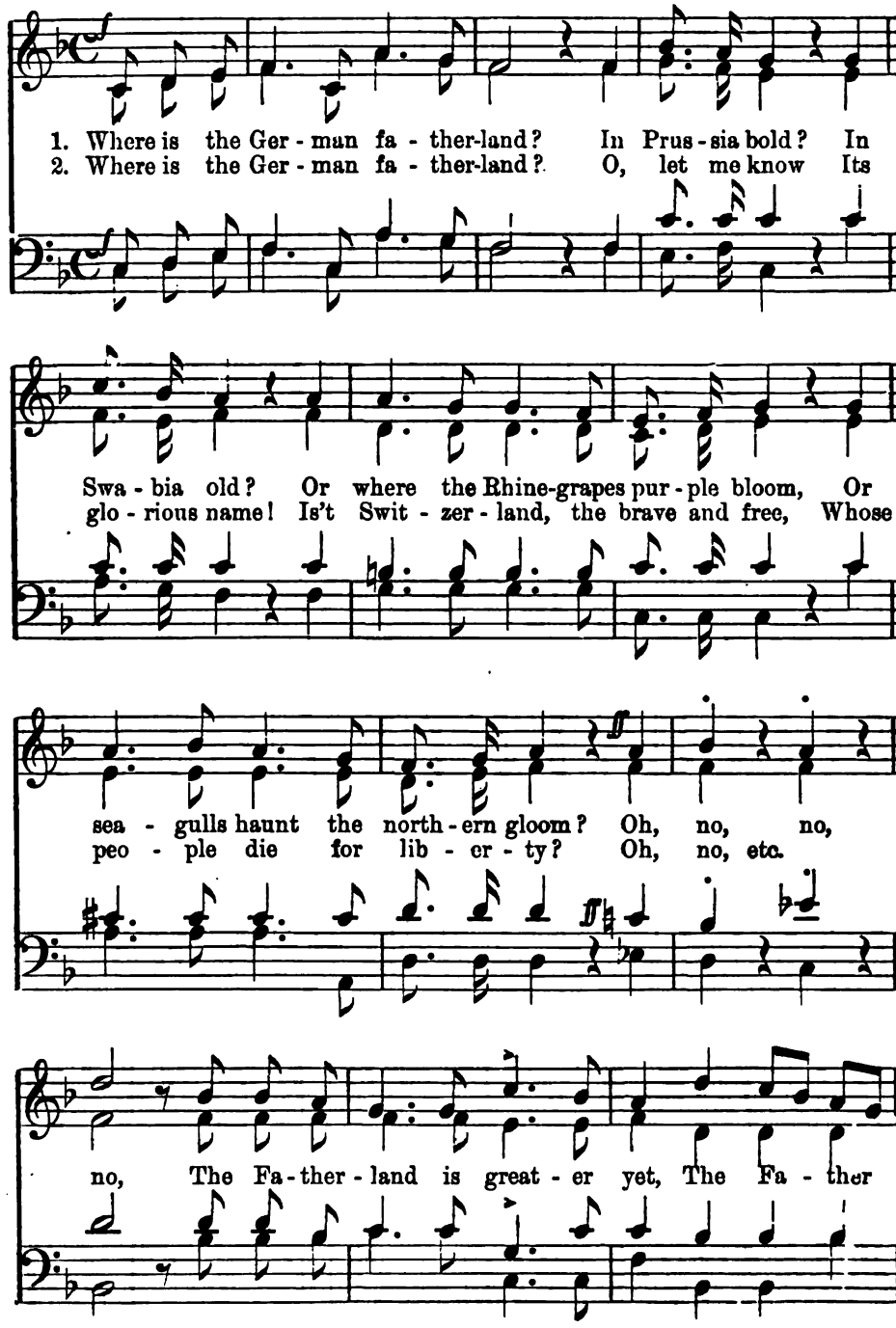
COME TO THE FOREST.

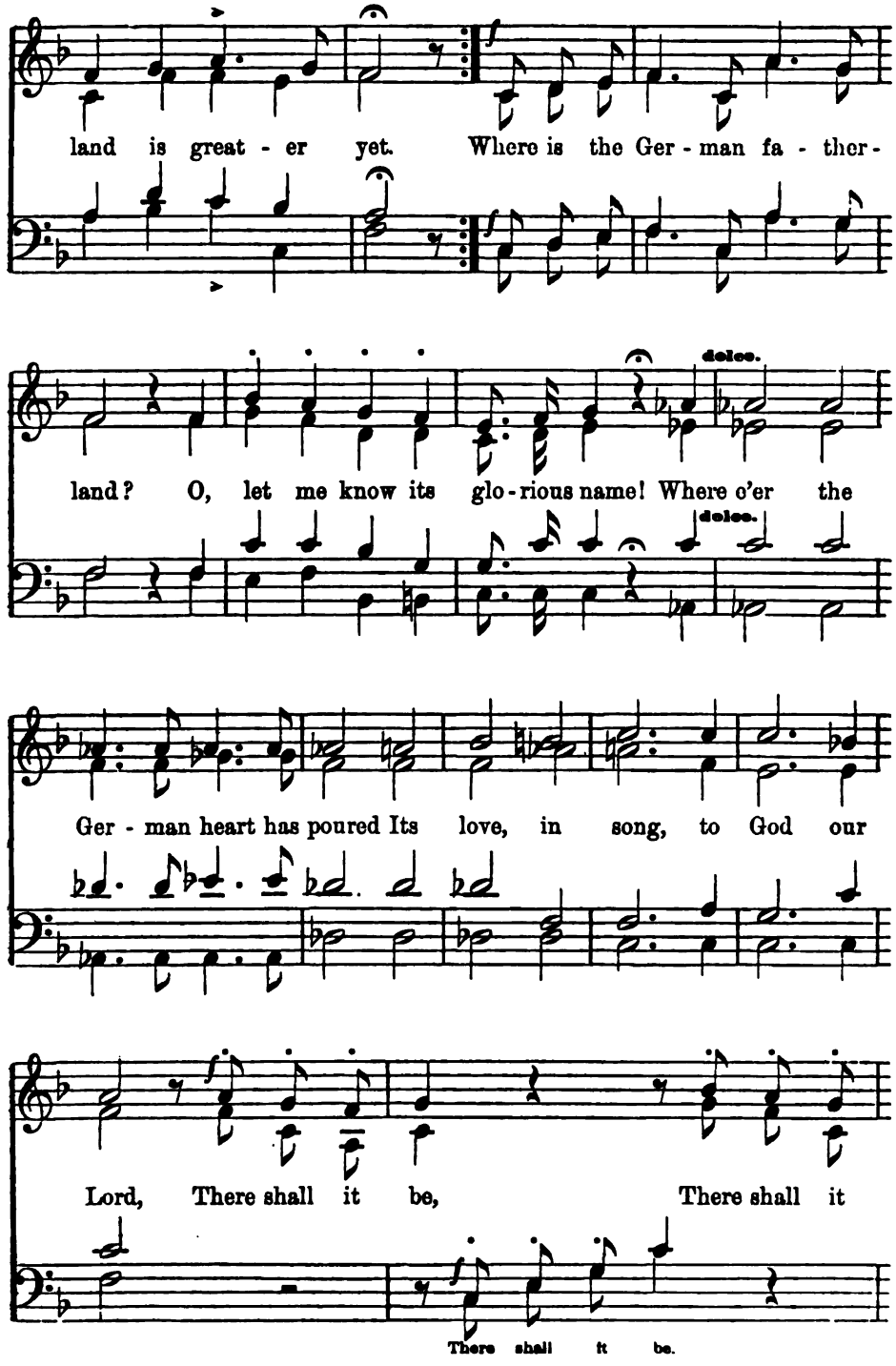
A. BILLETER.

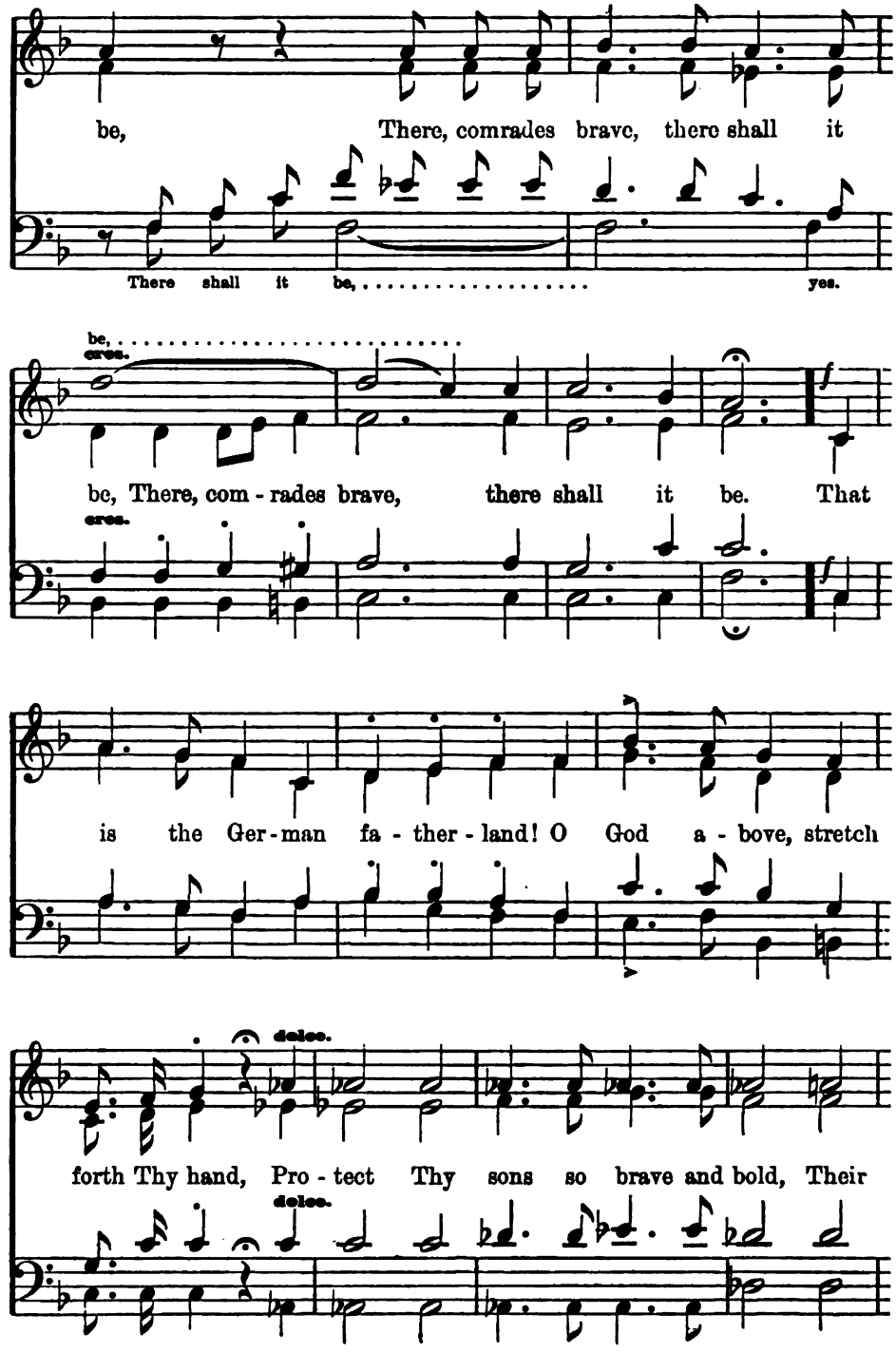

mf
grief, and end - less strife, And to the sun - ny
an - ger should be heard,— It des - e - crates a
p
mf
wood - lands flee, Where man at peace with man may be; To
tem - ple fair, And stains the sweet - ness of the air. O
for - ests where the bend-ing boughs New glad-ness to the soul im -
heart all full of pal - try pride! Come, leave thy thoughts of world-ly
mf
part; Where ev - 'ry flow'r a sto - ry tells that e - ven
good, And 'neath these sun - ny boughs re - vere The pow'r, that
mf

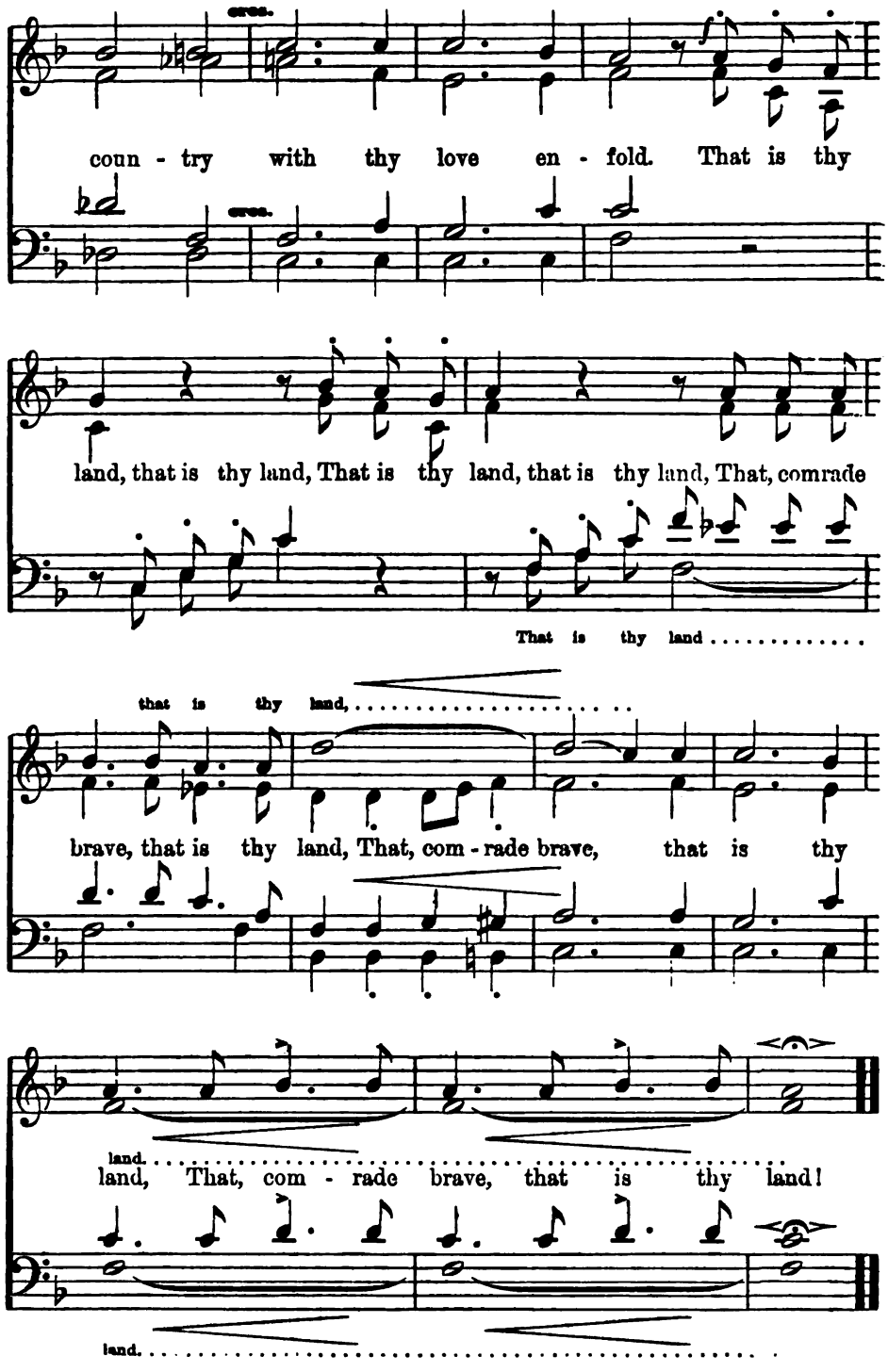

cheers the sad - dest heart! The for - est, grand and free! The
nev - er heart with - stood! The for - est, grand and free! etc.
for - est, grand and free! Those sun - ny groves whose fra - grant
air Seems la - den with an un - said prayer; Those sun - ny groves whose
fra - grant air Seems la - den with an un - - said prayer.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.



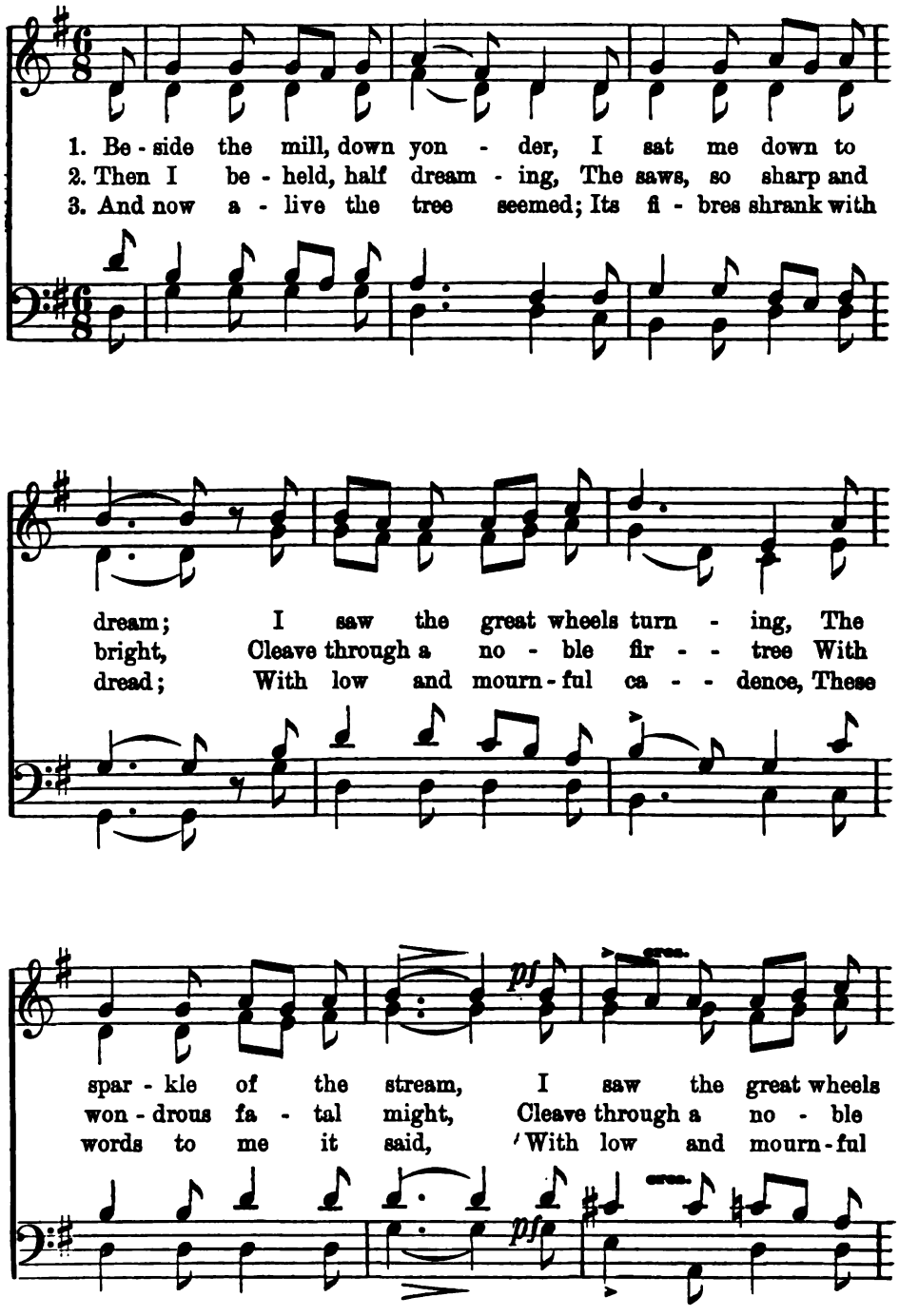

land is great - er yet. Where is the Ger - man fa - ther -
dolce.
land? O, let me know its glo - rious name! Where e'er the
dolce.
Ger - man heart has poured Its love, in song, to God our
Lord, There shall it be, There shall it
There shall it be.

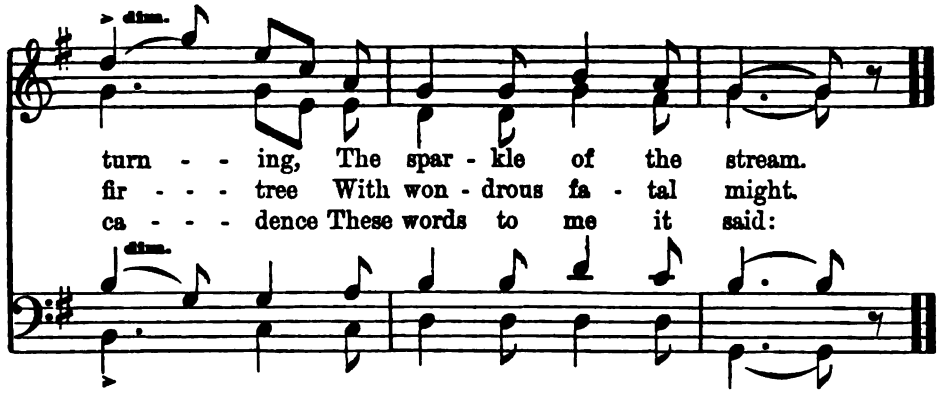

be, There, comrades brave, there shall it
There shall it be, yes.
be, cres.
be, There, com - rades brave, there shall it be. That
cres.
is the Ger - man fa - ther - land! O God a - bove, stretch
dolce.
forth Thy hand, Pro - tect Thy sons so brave and bold, Their
dolce.


coun - try with thy love en - fold. That is thy
land, that is thy land, That is thy land, that is thy land, That, comrade
That is thy land
that is thy land,
brave, that is thy land, That, com - rade brave, that is thy
land.
land, That, com - rade brave, that is thy land!
land.

THE SAW-MILL.

FRIEDR. GLUCK.





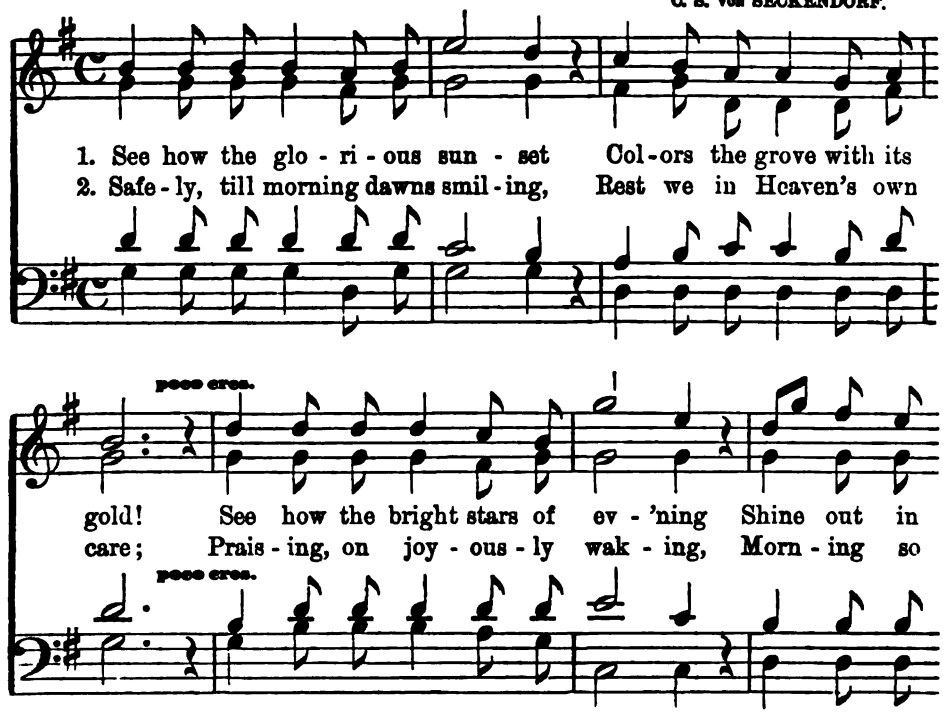
4 "Thou, wand'rer, well hast chosen
Thy time to come to me!
‖: For thee alone I suffer,
And I must die for thee! :‖

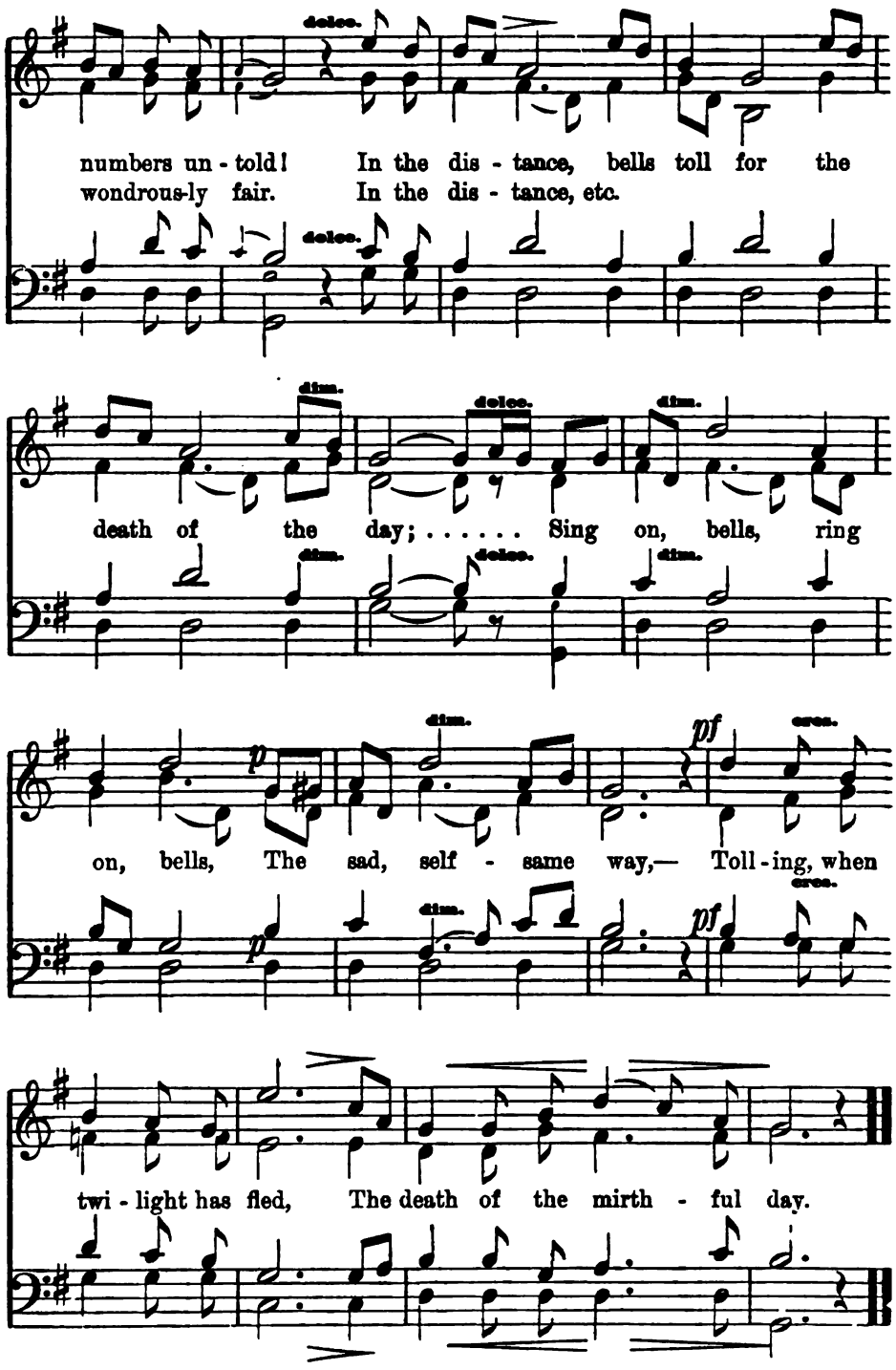
5 "For thee a cell so narrow,
Shall from my heart be made,
‖: And thy sad heart, and weary,
Within at rest be laid." :‖

6 Four planks I then heard falling;
My heart with fear was filled,—
‖: But when I fain would question,
The noisy wheels were stilled. :‖

THE EVENING-BELLS.

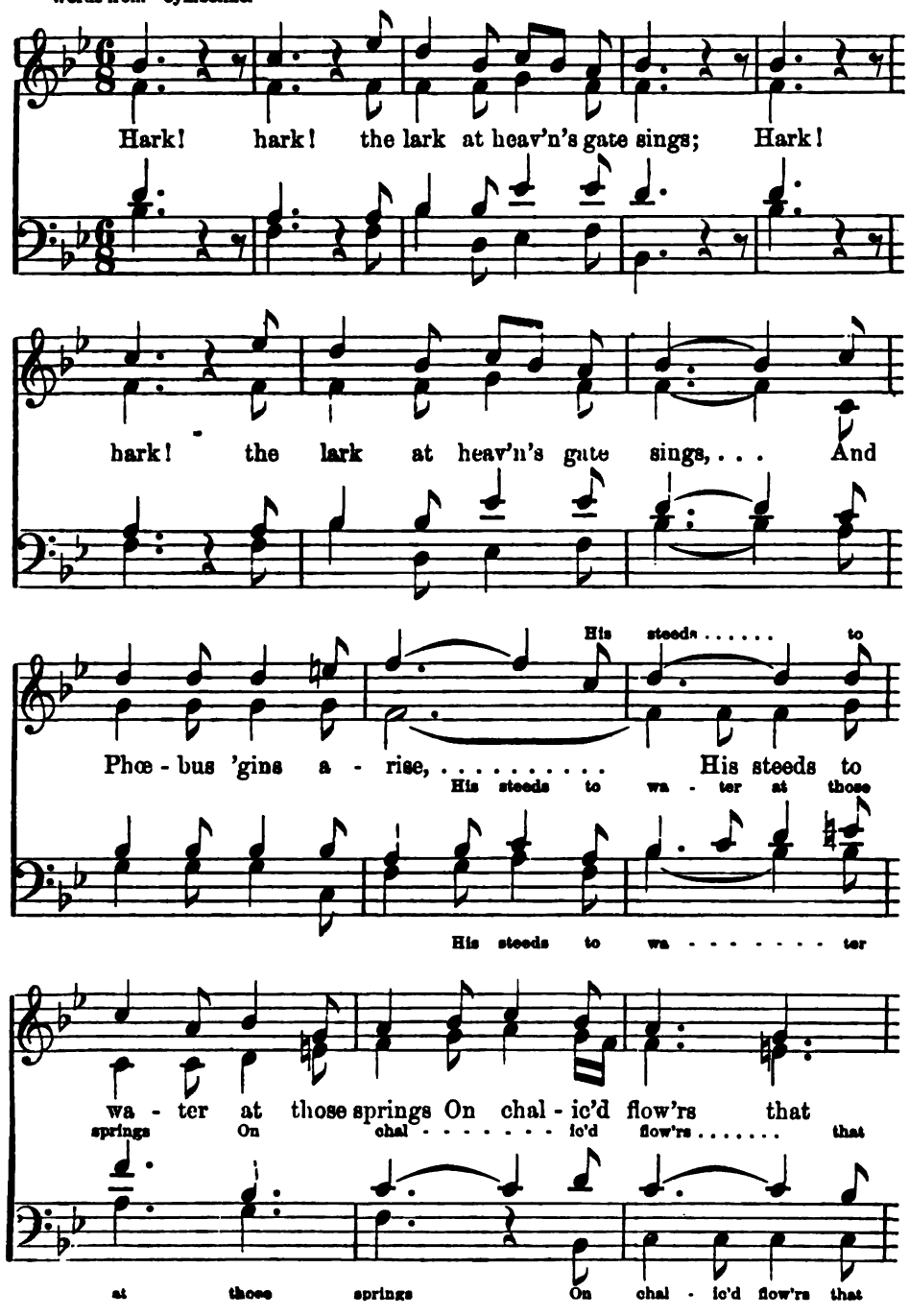
C. S. von SECKENDORF.

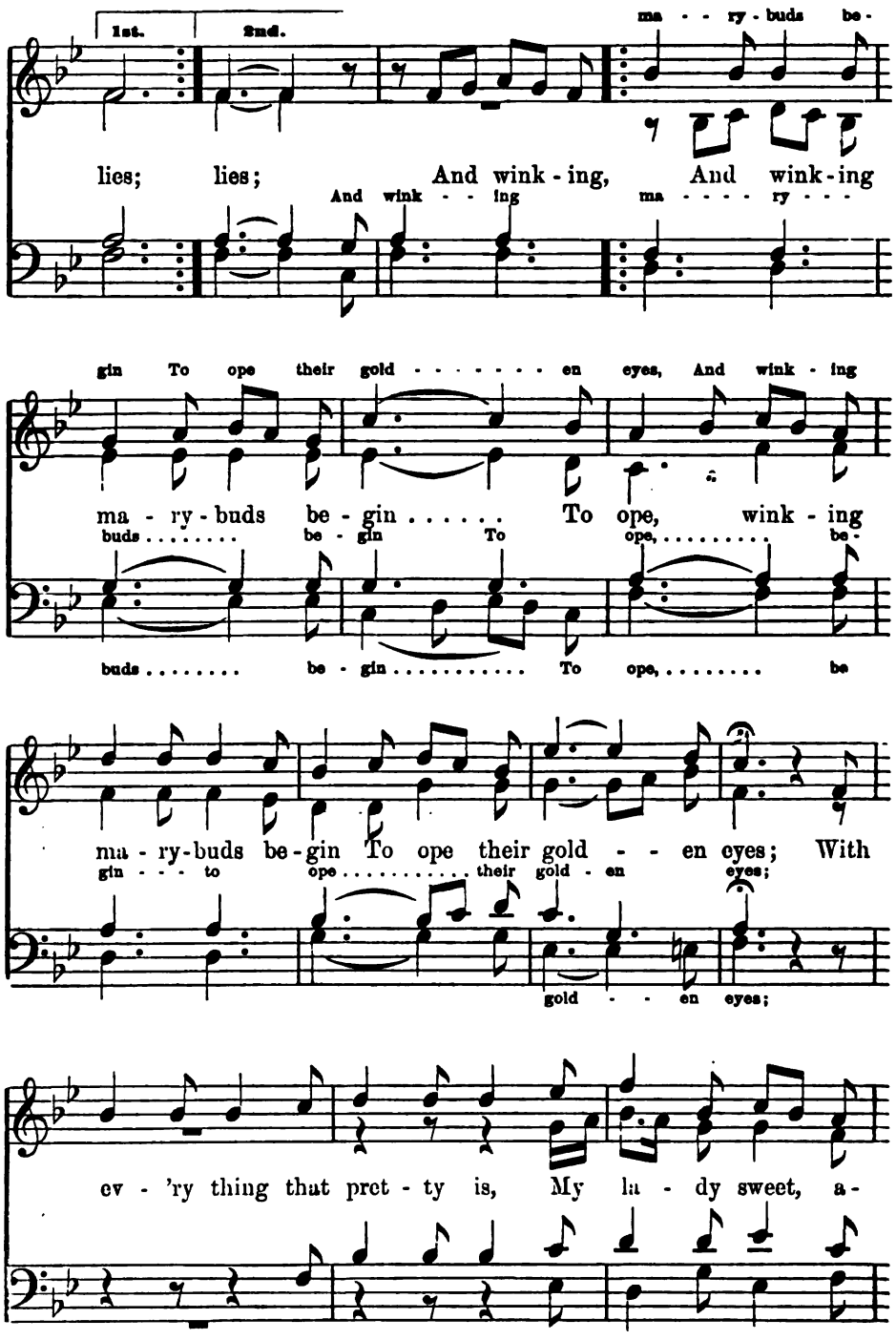


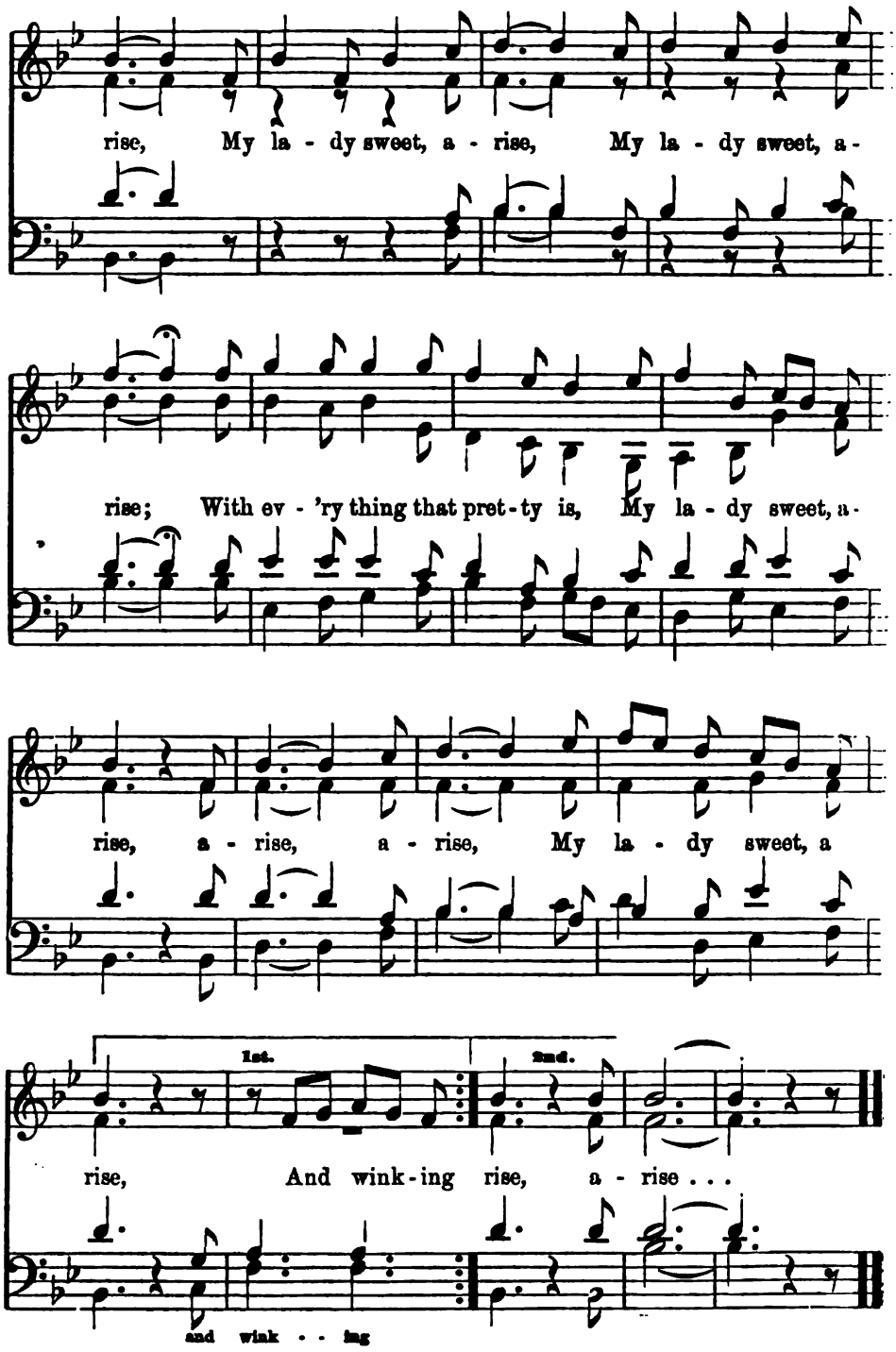

dolce.
numbers un - told! In the dis - tance, bells toll for the
wondrous-ly fair. In the dis - tance, etc.
dim.
death of the day; . . . . . Sing on, bells, ring
p
on, bells, The sad, self - same way,— Toll - ing, when
pf
cres.
twi - light has fled, The death of the mirth - ful day.

HARK, THE LARK.

Words from "Cymbeline." Glee by DR. COOKE.

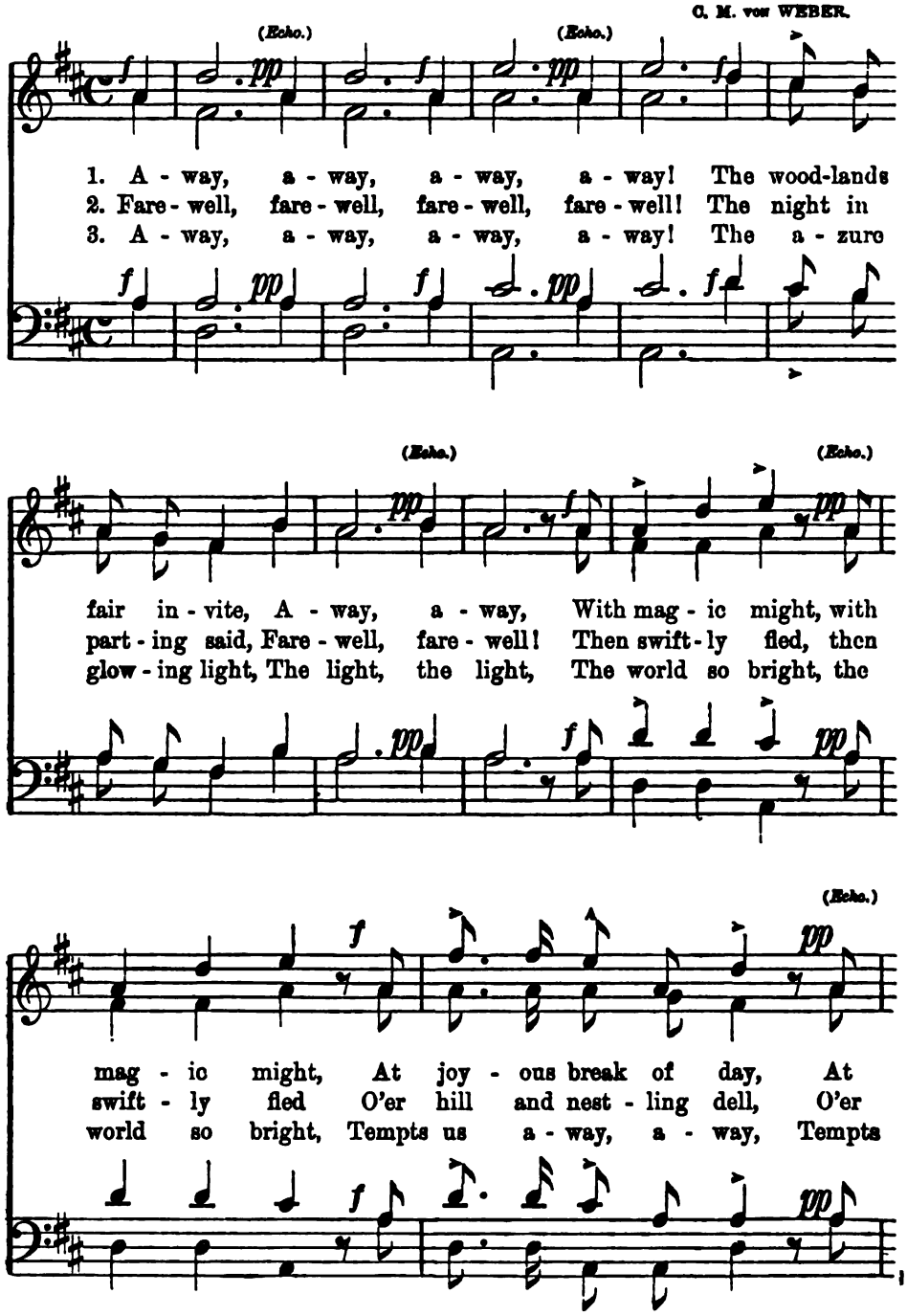


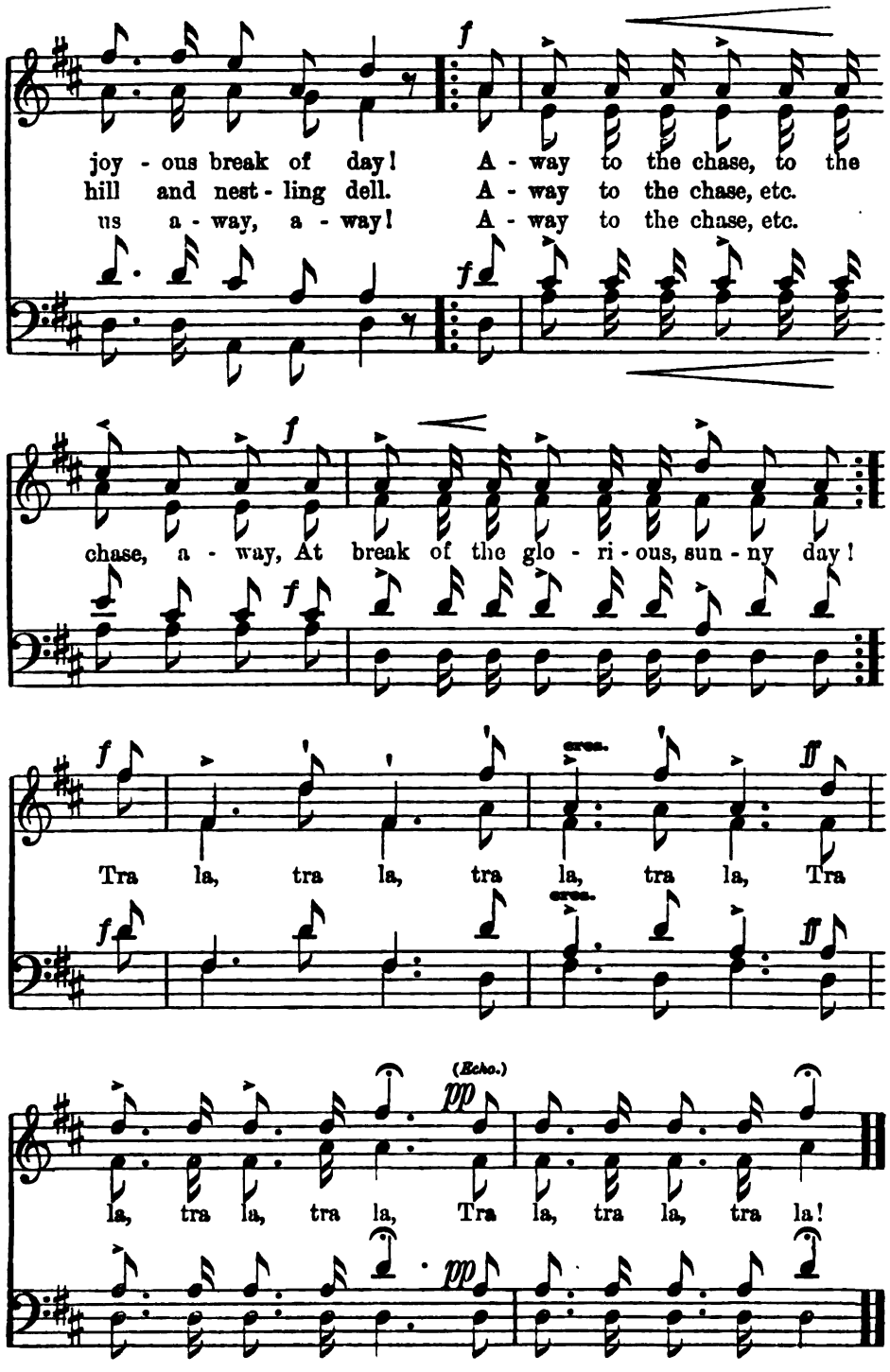

1st.
2nd.
ma - - ry - buds be -
lies; lies; And wink - ing, And wink - ing
And wink - - ing
ma - - - - ry - - -
gin To ope their gold - - - - - - - en eyes, And wink - ing
ma - ry - buds be - gin . . . . . To ope, wink - ing
buds . . . . . be - gin To ope, ... be -
buds . . . . . be - gin . . . . . To ope, ... be
ma - ry - buds be - gin To ope their gold - - en eyes; With
gin - - - to ope . . . . . their gold - en eyes;
gold - - en eyes;
ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a -


rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a -
rise; With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My la - dy sweet, a -
rise, a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a
1st.
2nd.
rise, And wink - ing rise, a - rise . . .
and wink - - ing

HUNTING SONG.

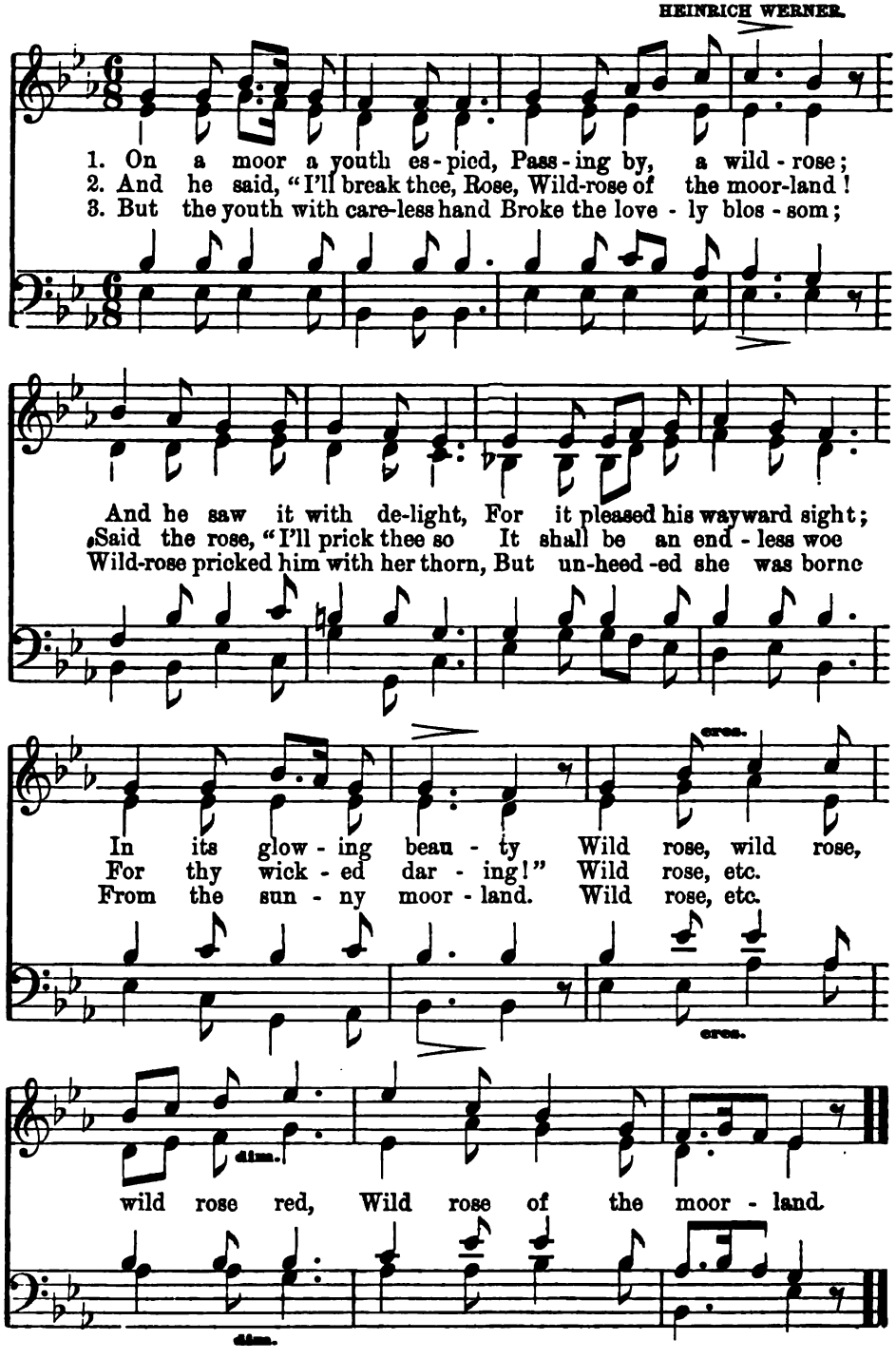
C. M. von WEBER.




joy - ous break of day! A - way to the chase, to the
hill and nest - ling dell. A - way to the chase, etc.
us a - way, a - way! A - way to the chase, etc.
chase, a - way, At break of the glo - ri - ous, sun - ny day!
Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la, Tra
(Echo.)
la, tra la, tra la, Tra la, tra la, tra la!

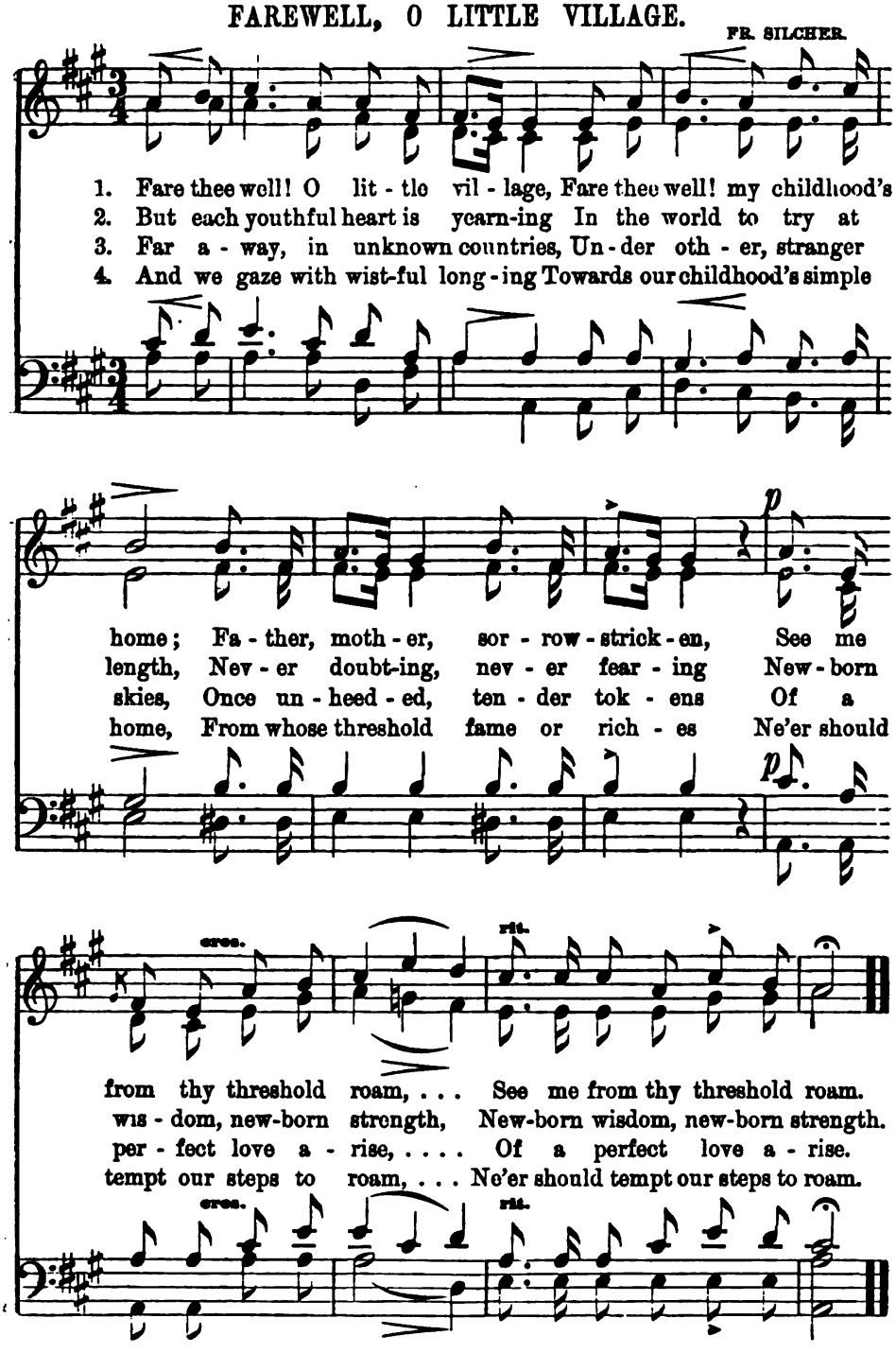
WILD ROSE OF THE MOORLAND.

HEINRICH WERNER.



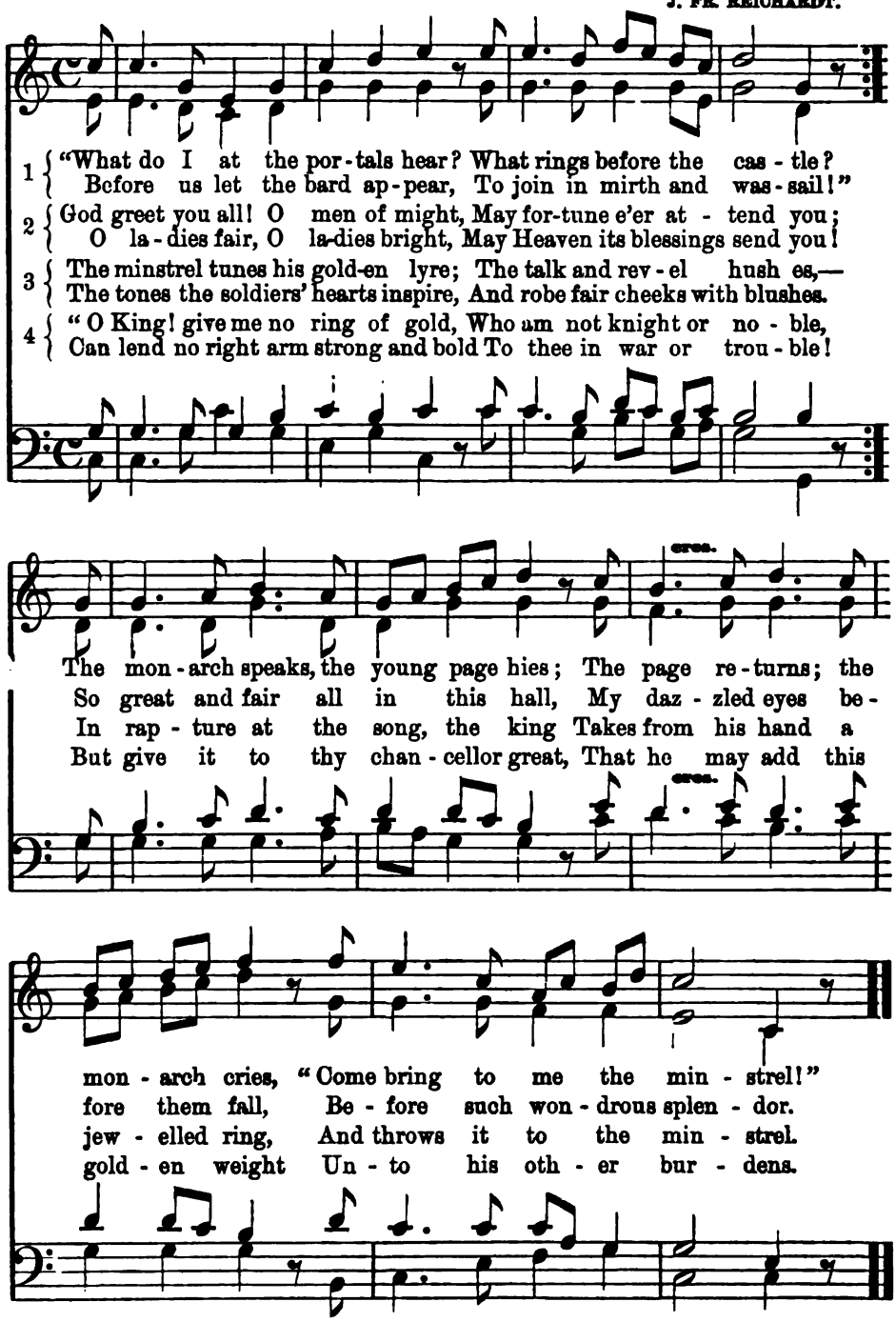
FAREWELL, O LITTLE VILLAGE.

FR. SILCHER.



THE MINSTREL.

J. FR. REICHARDT.



5.

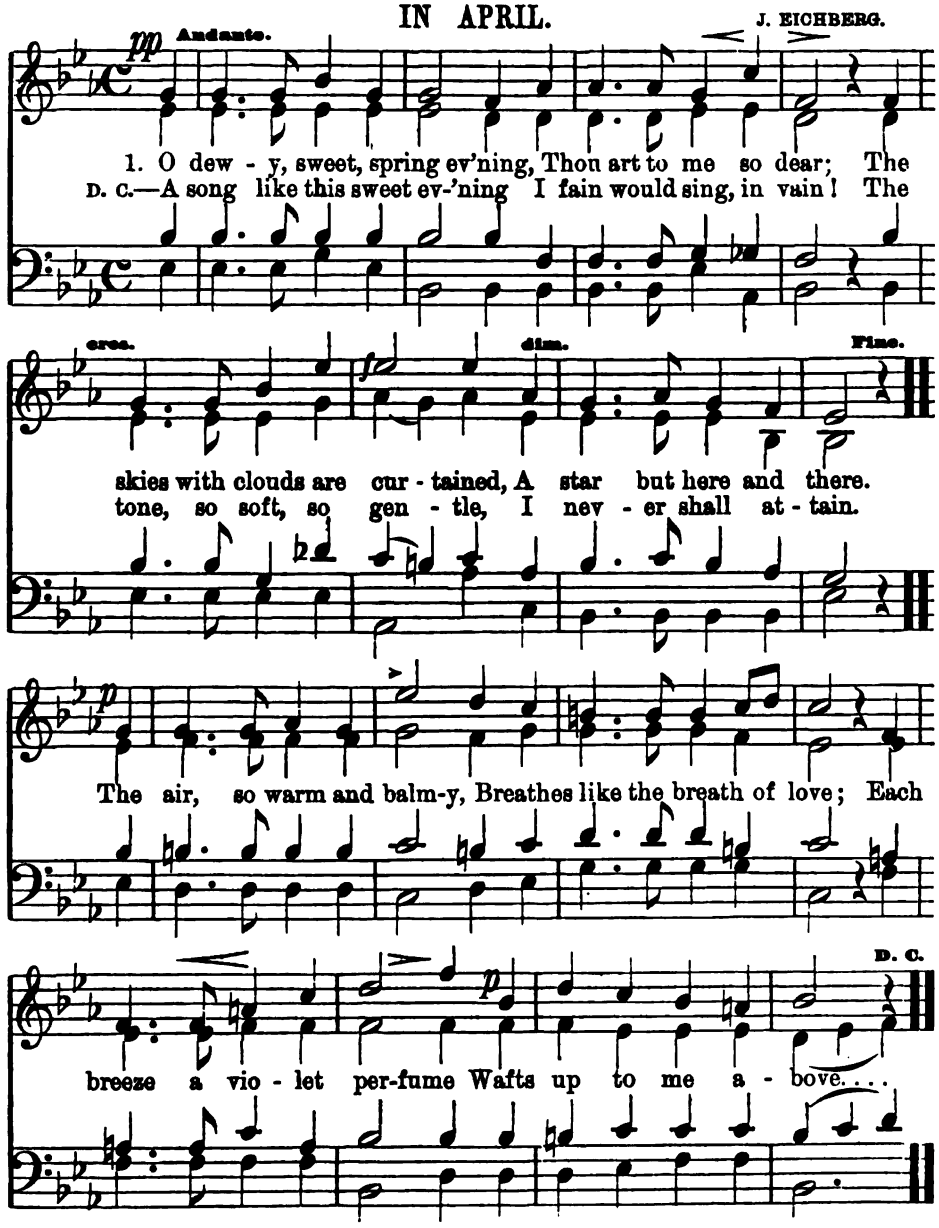
As in the wood the free bird sings,
In careless, happy measure,
So from my heart the music springs,
Untouched by golden treasure;
But if one boon I may call mine,
Then let them bring a draught of wine
To me in golden goblet!

6.

From golden cup he drank the wine:
"O draught of deepest pleasure!
O happy roof, what joy is thine,
Where giving has no measure!
If fortune always is thy prize,
Then let thy thanks to heaven arise,
As for this draught I thank thee!"

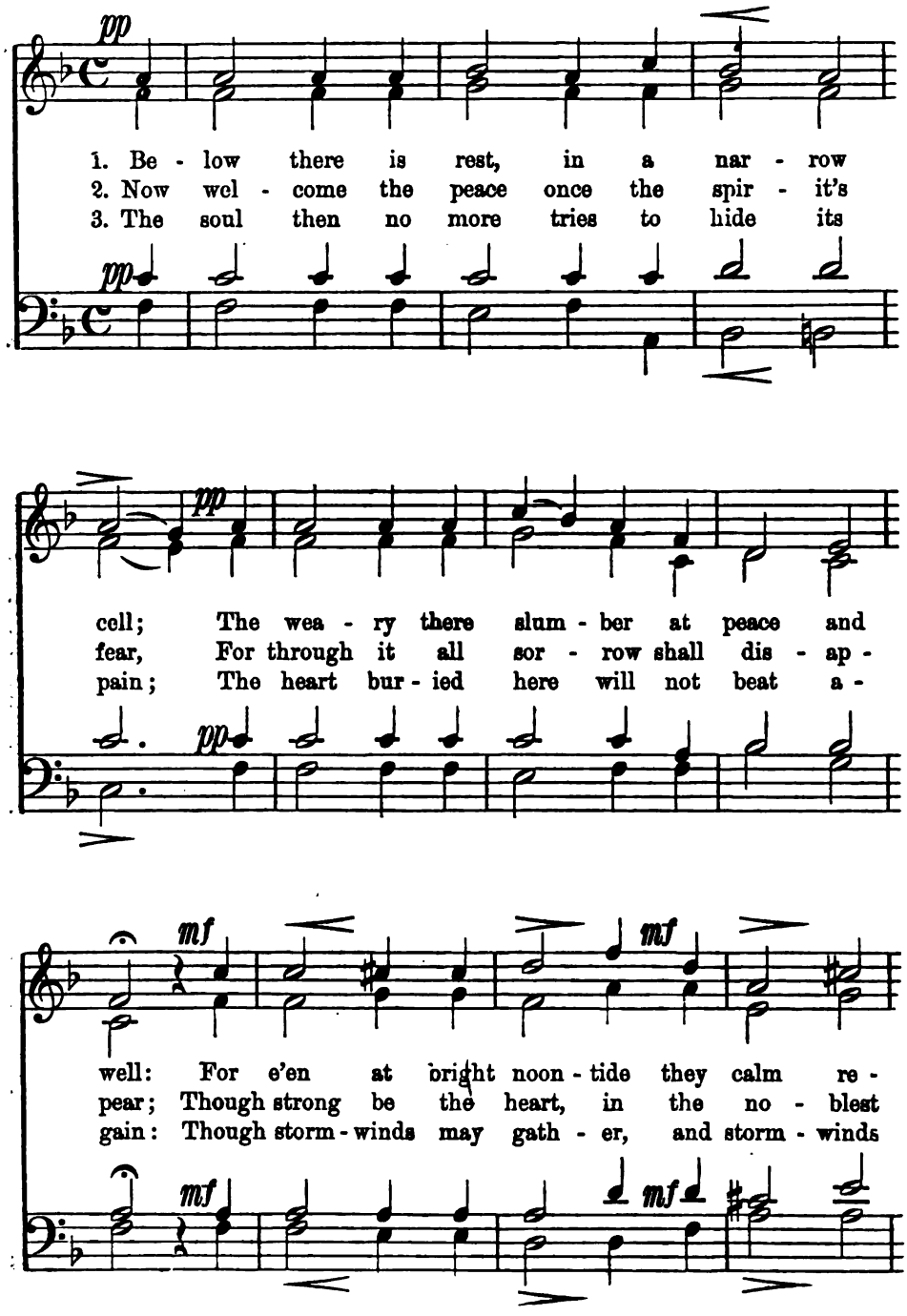
IN APRIL.

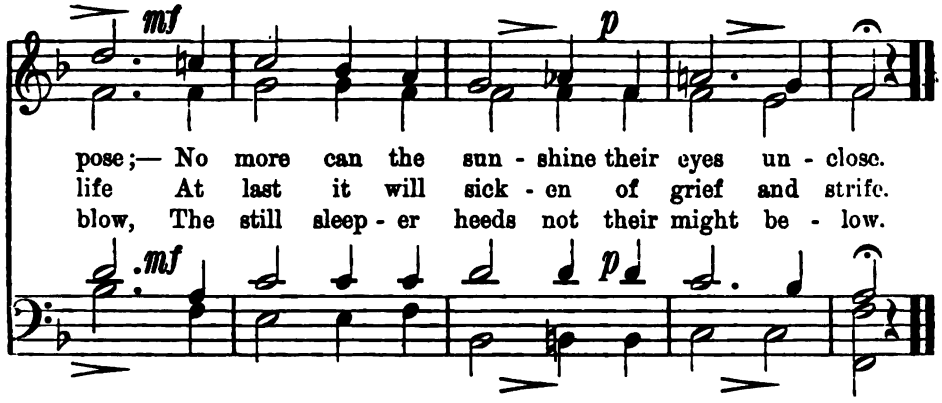
J. EICHBERG.



AT REST.

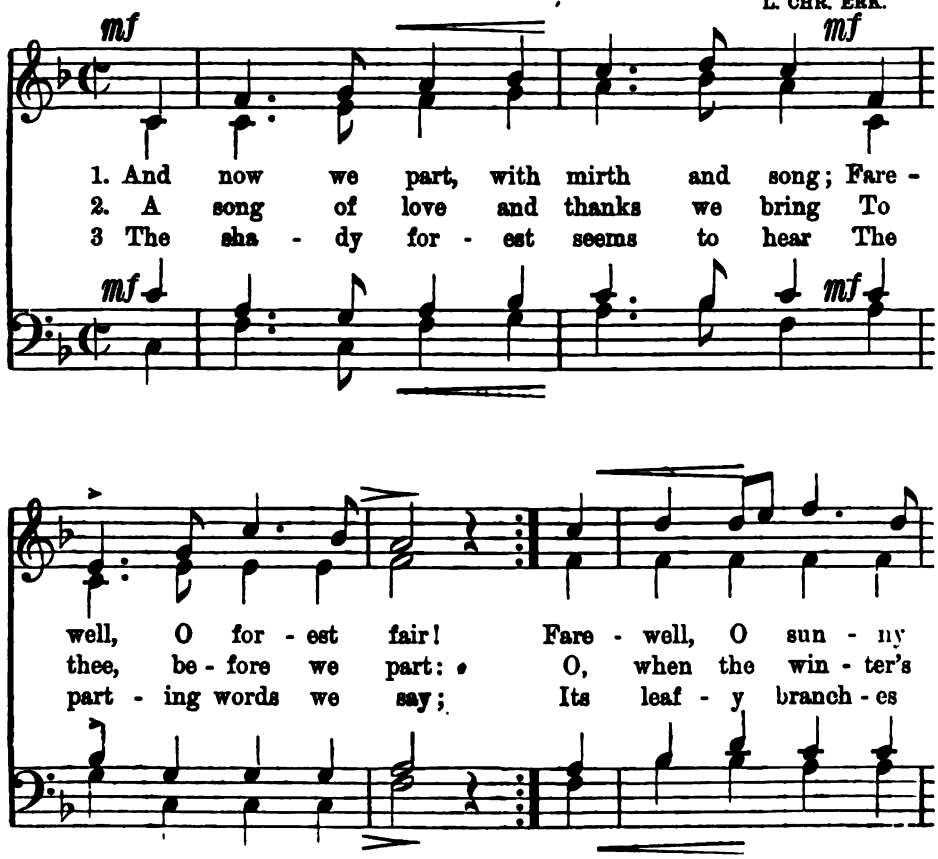
CARL KLOSS.

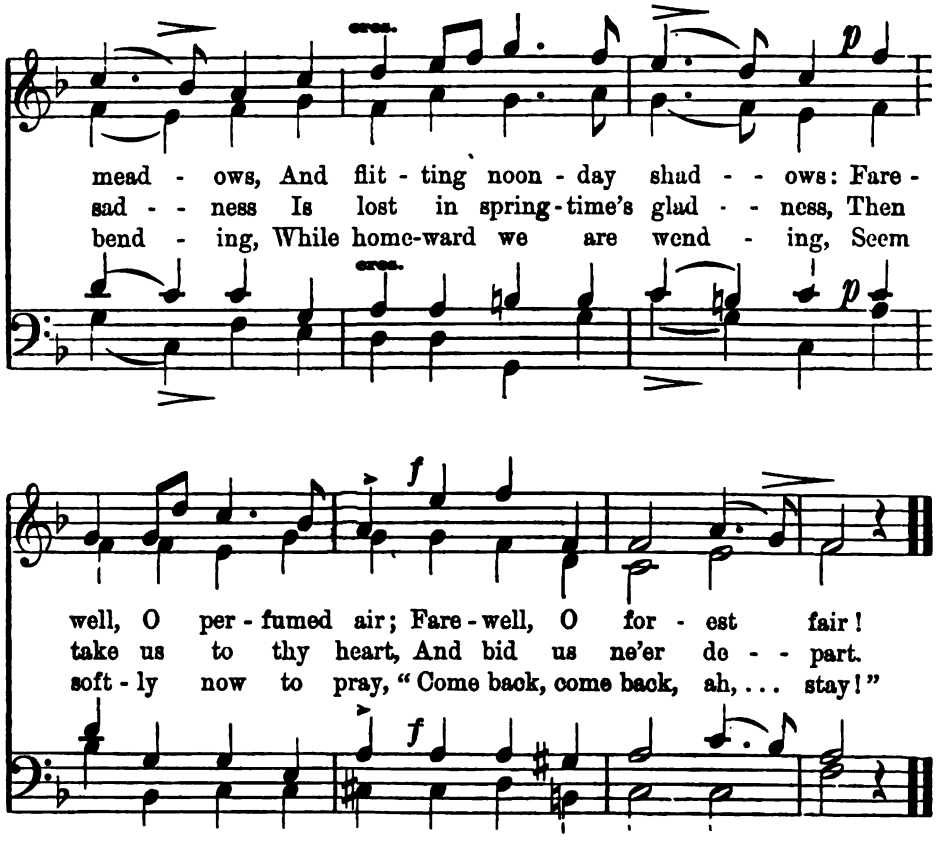




AND NOW WE PART, WITH MIRTH AND SONG.

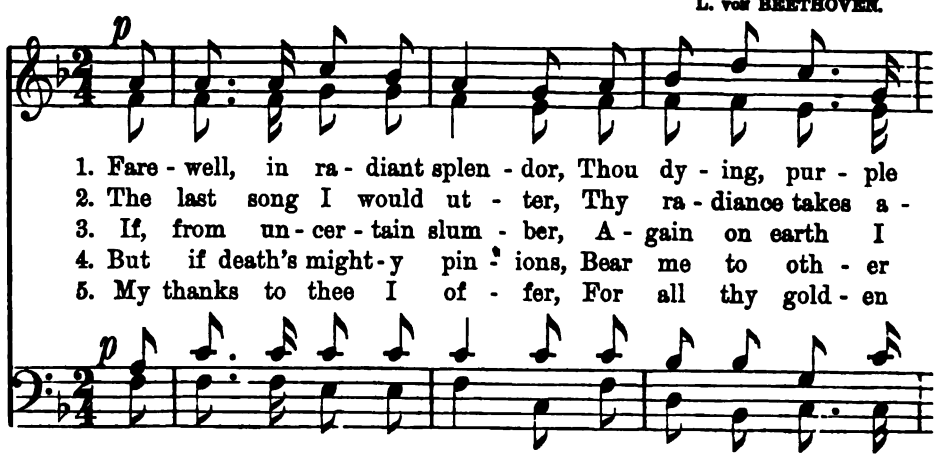
L. CHR. ERK.

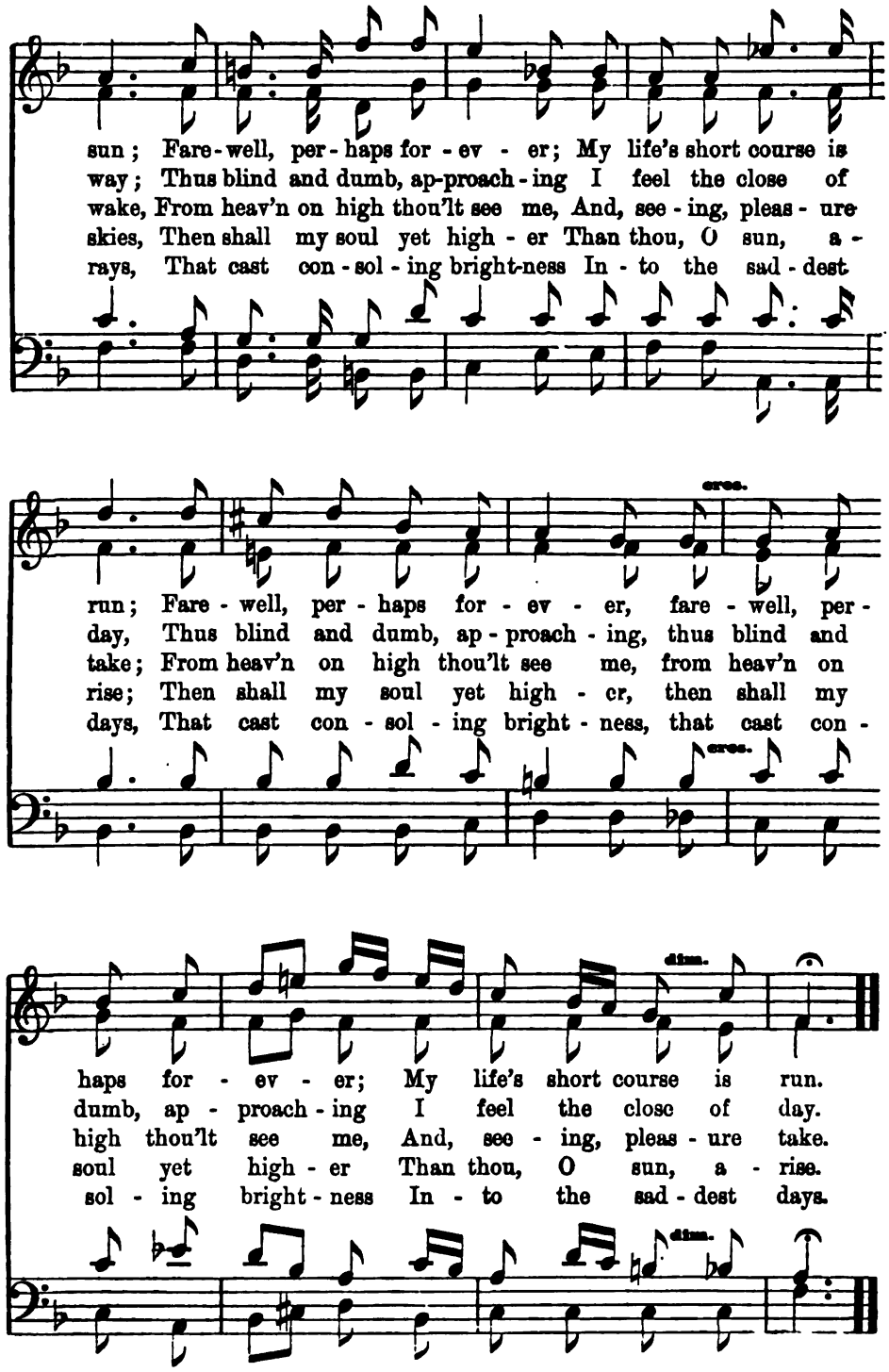




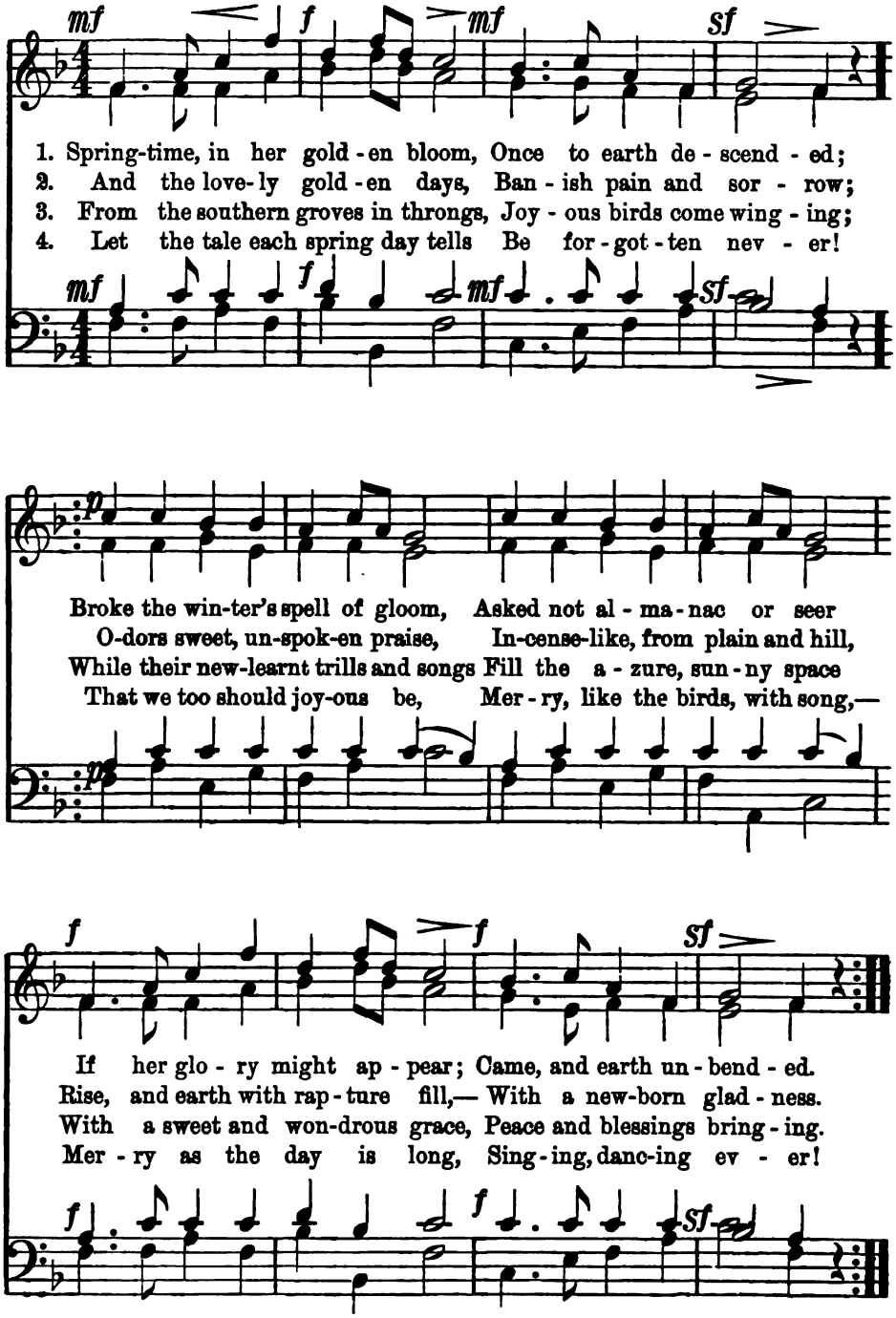
TO THE SUN.

L. von BEETHOVEN.

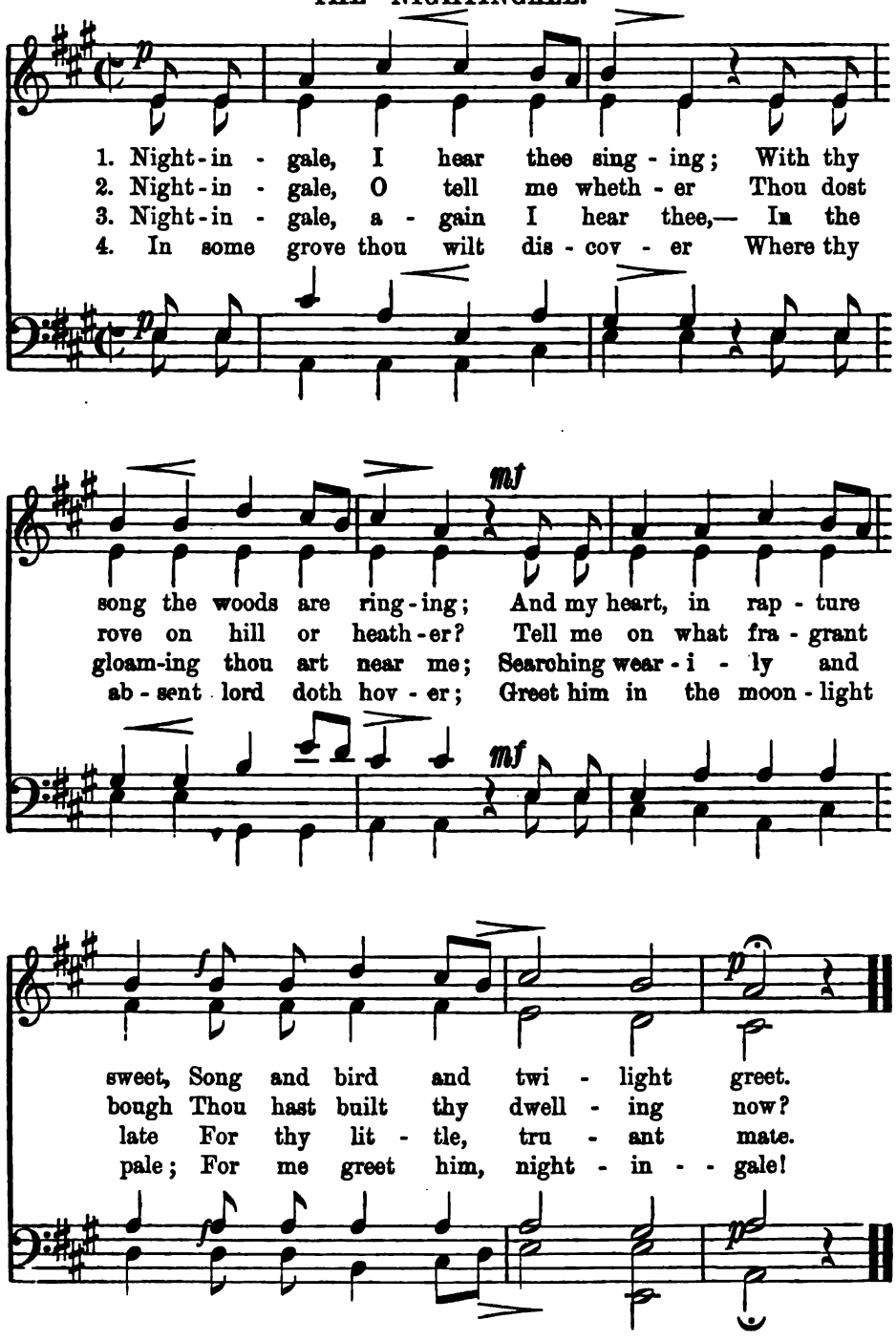



sun; Fare-well, per-haps for-ev-er; My life's short course is
way; Thus blind and dumb, ap-proach-ing I feel the close of
wake, From heav'n on high thou'lt see me, And, see-ing, pleas-ure
skies, Then shall my soul yet high-er Than thou, O sun, a-
rays, That cast con-sol-ing bright-ness In-to the sad-dest
cres.
run; Fare-well, per-haps for-ev-er, fare-well, per-
day, Thus blind and dumb, ap-proach-ing, thus blind and
take; From heav'n on high thou'lt see me, from heav'n on
rise; Then shall my soul yet high-er, then shall my
days, That cast con-sol-ing bright-ness, that cast con-
cres.
dim.
haps for-ev-er; My life's short course is run.
dumb, ap-proach-ing I feel the close of day.
high thou'lt see me, And, see-ing, pleas-ure take.
soul yet high-er Than thou, O sun, a-rise.
sol-ing bright-ness In-to the sad-dest days.
dim.

JOYOUS SPRING.

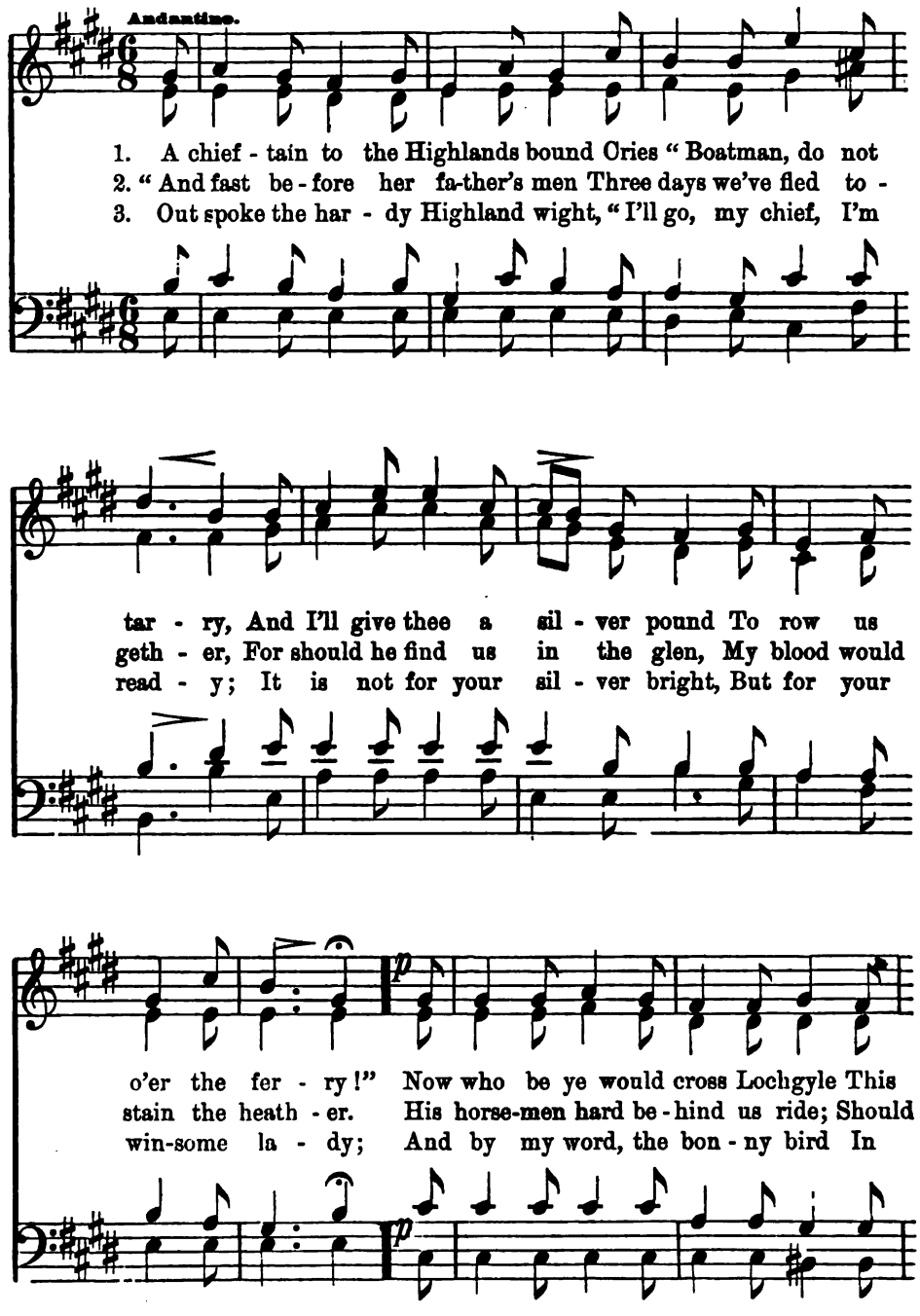


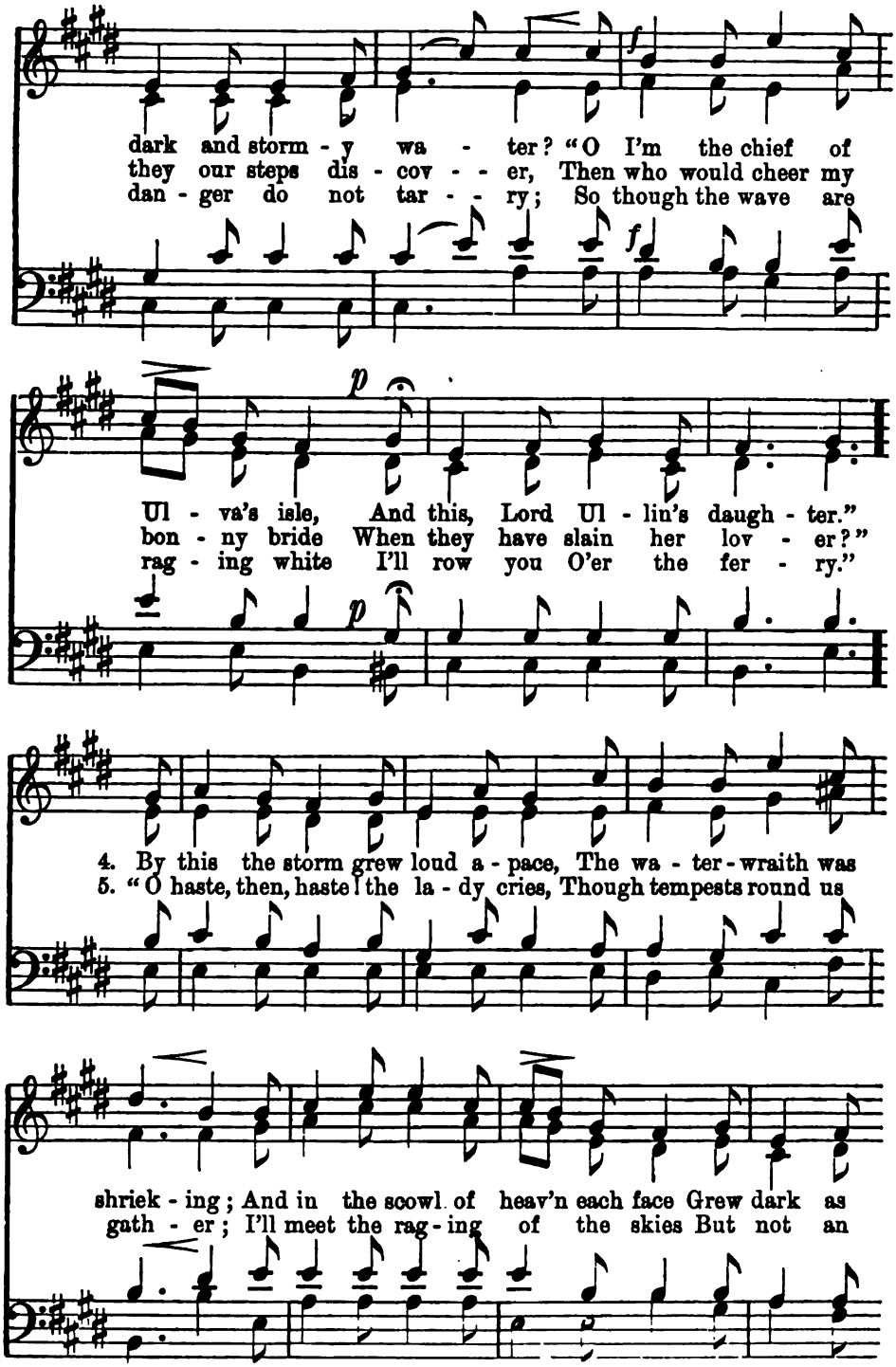
THE NIGHTINGALE.

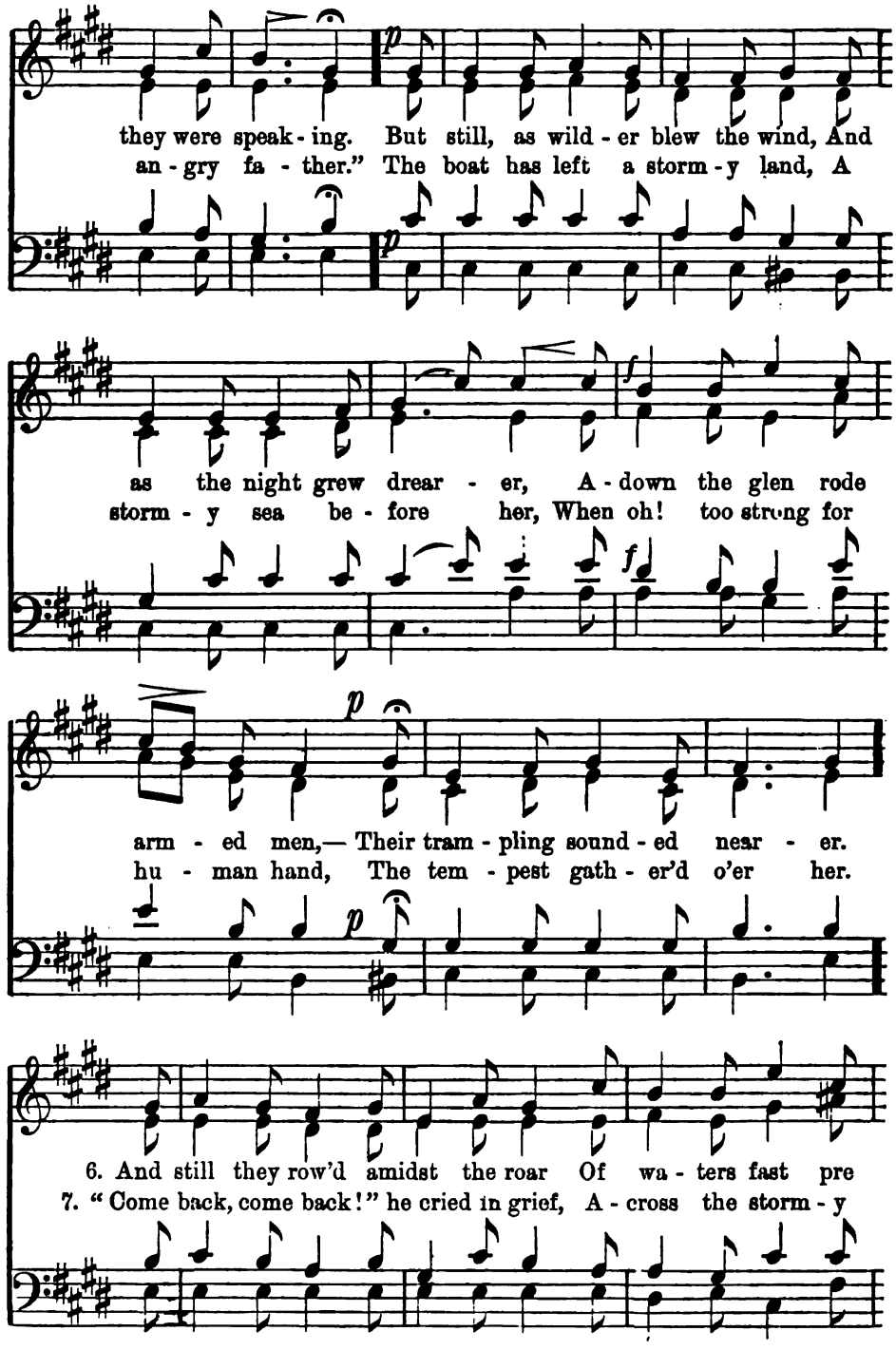


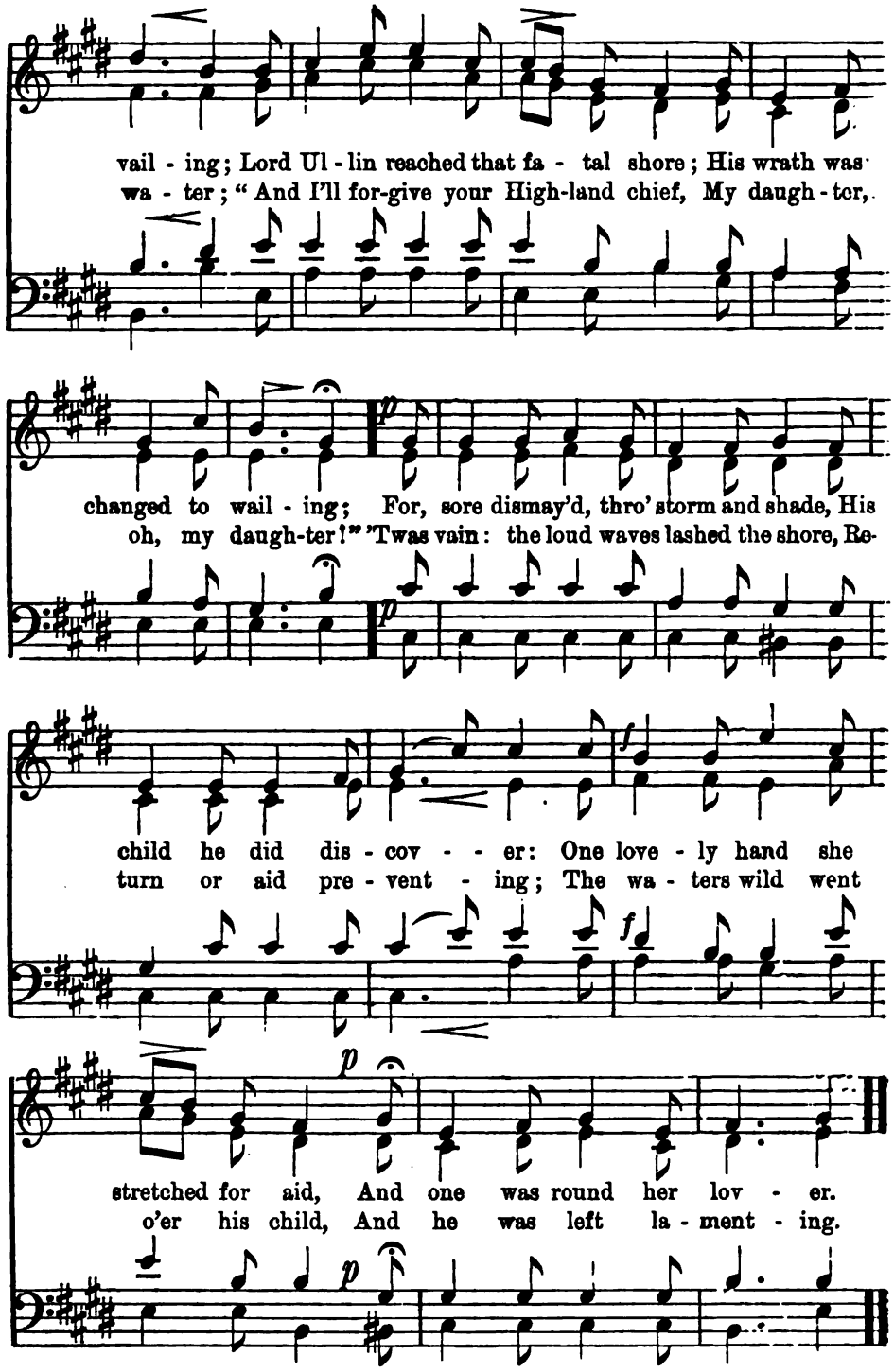
A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND.

R. L. DE PEARSALL.



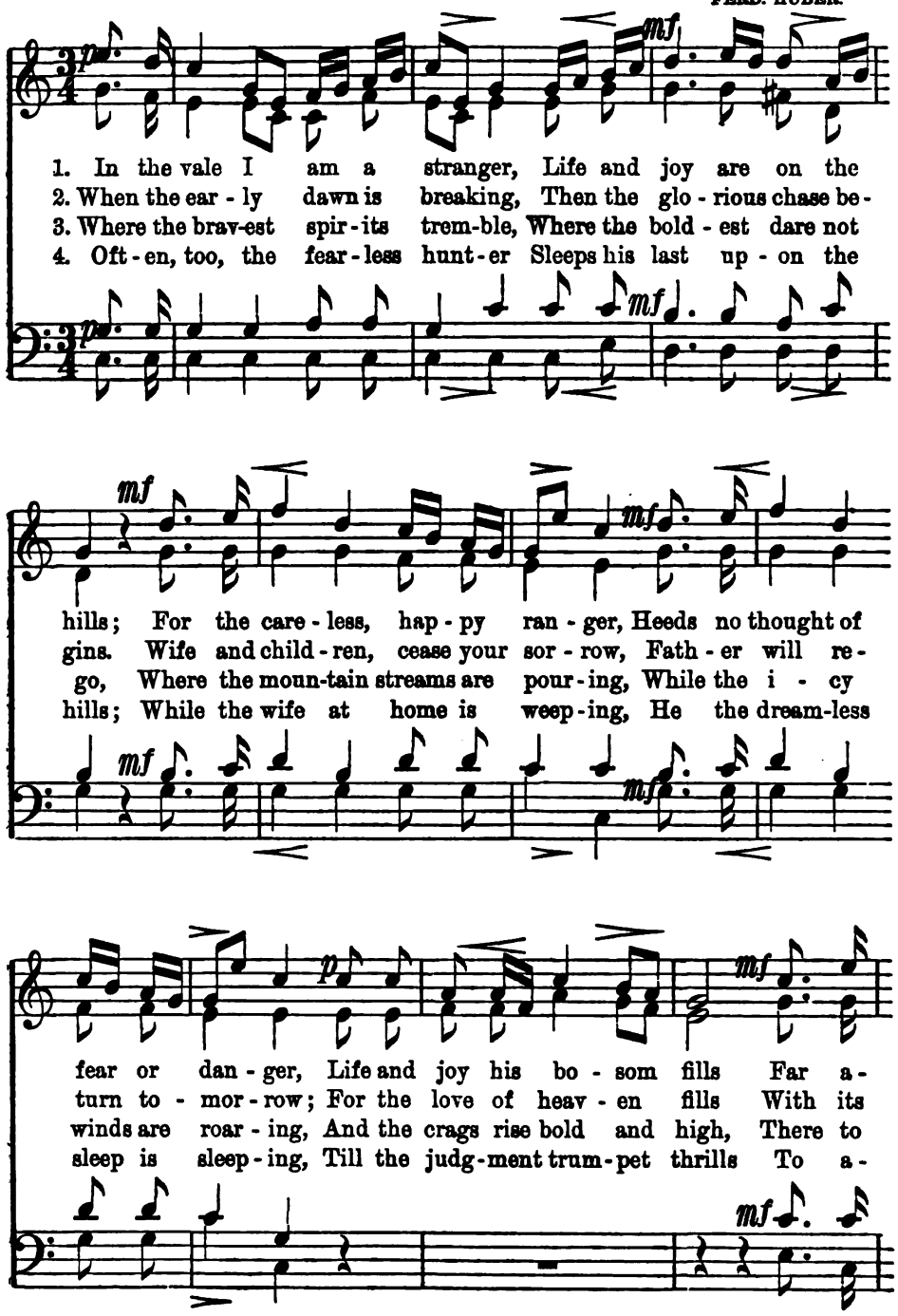

dark and storm - y wa - ter? "O I'm the chief of
they our steps dis - cov - - er, Then who would cheer my
dan - ger do not tar - - ry; So though the wave are
Ul - va's isle, And this, Lord Ul - lin's daugh - ter."
bon - ny bride When they have slain her lov - er?"
rag - ing white I'll row you O'er the fer - ry."
4. By this the storm grew loud a - pace, The wa - ter - wraith was
5. "O haste, then, haste! the la - dy cries, Though tempests round us
shriek - ing; And in the scowl of heav'n each face Grew dark as
gath - er; I'll meet the rag - ing of the skies But not an

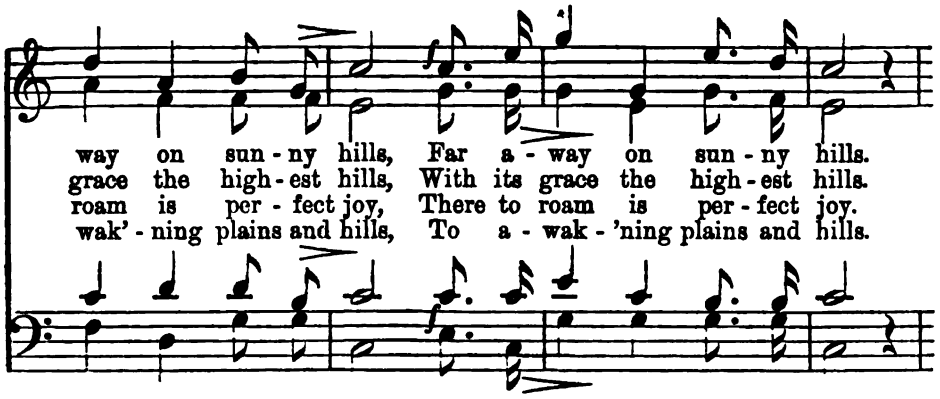

they were speak - ing. But still, as wild - er blew the wind, And
an - gry fa - ther." The boat has left a storm - y land, A
as the night grew drear - er, A - down the glen rode
storm - y sea be - fore her, When oh! too strong for
arm - ed men,— Their tram - pling sound - ed near - er.
hu - man hand, The tem - pest gath - er'd o'er her.
6. And still they row'd amidst the roar Of wa - ters fast pre
7. " Come back, come back!" he cried in grief, A - cross the storm - y

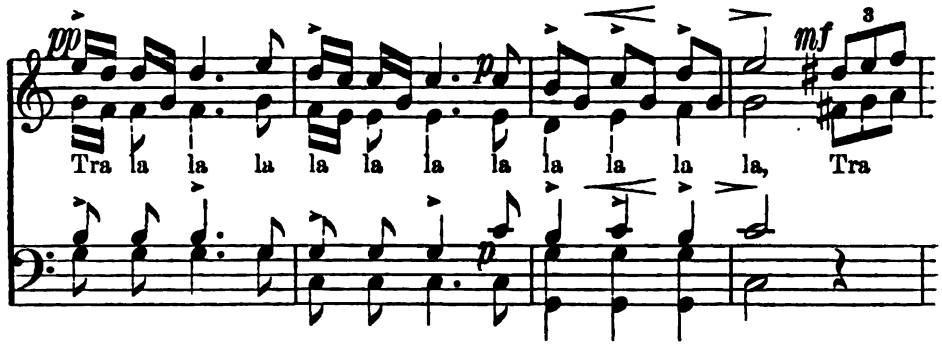

vail - ing; Lord Ul - lin reached that fa - tal shore; His wrath was
wa - ter; "And I'll for-give your High-land chief, My daugh - ter,
changed to wail - ing; For, sore dismay'd, thro' storm and shade, His
oh, my daugh-ter!" 'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore, Re-
child he did dis - cov - - er: One love - ly hand she
turn or aid pre - vent - ing; The wa - ters wild went
stretched for aid, And one was round her lov - er.
o'er his child, And he was left la - ment - ing.

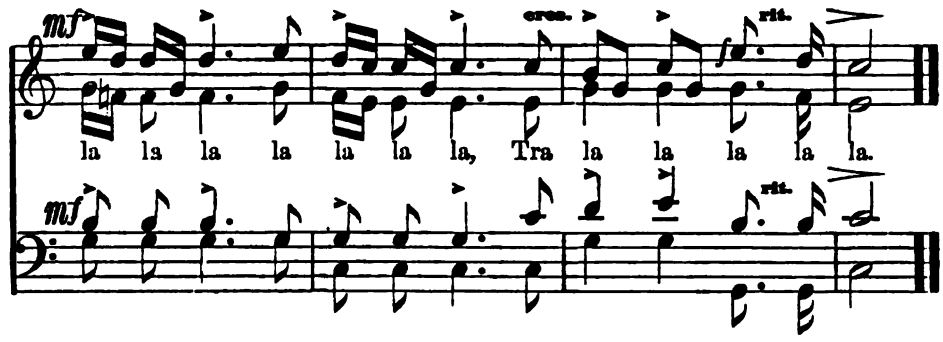
THE ALPINE HUNTER.

FERD. HUBER.



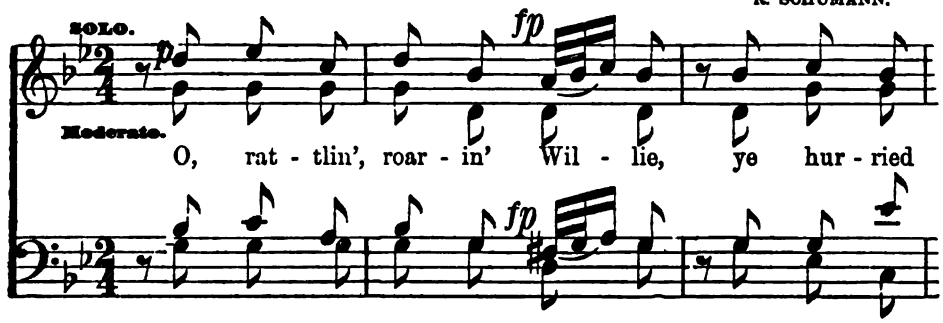


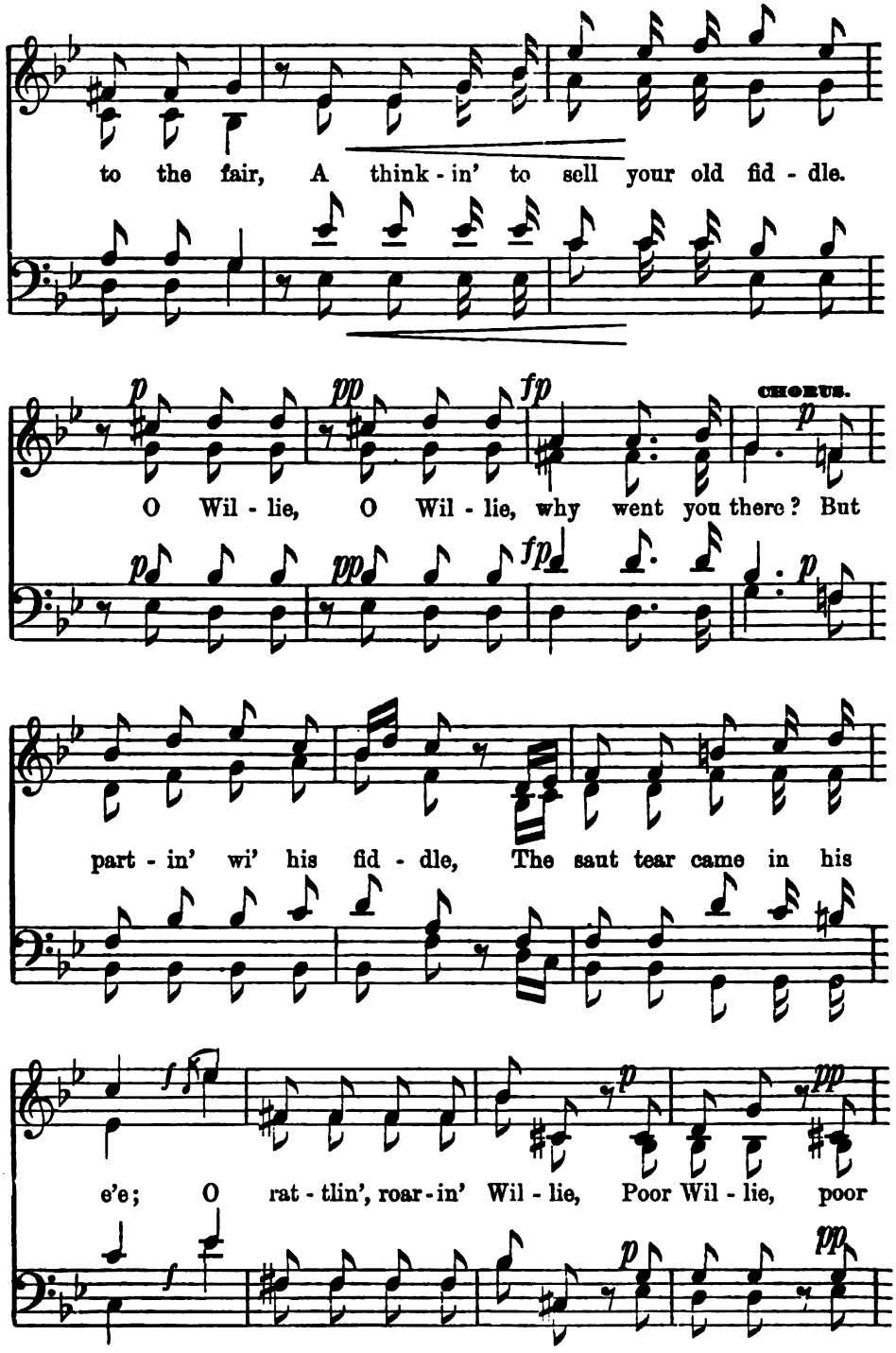


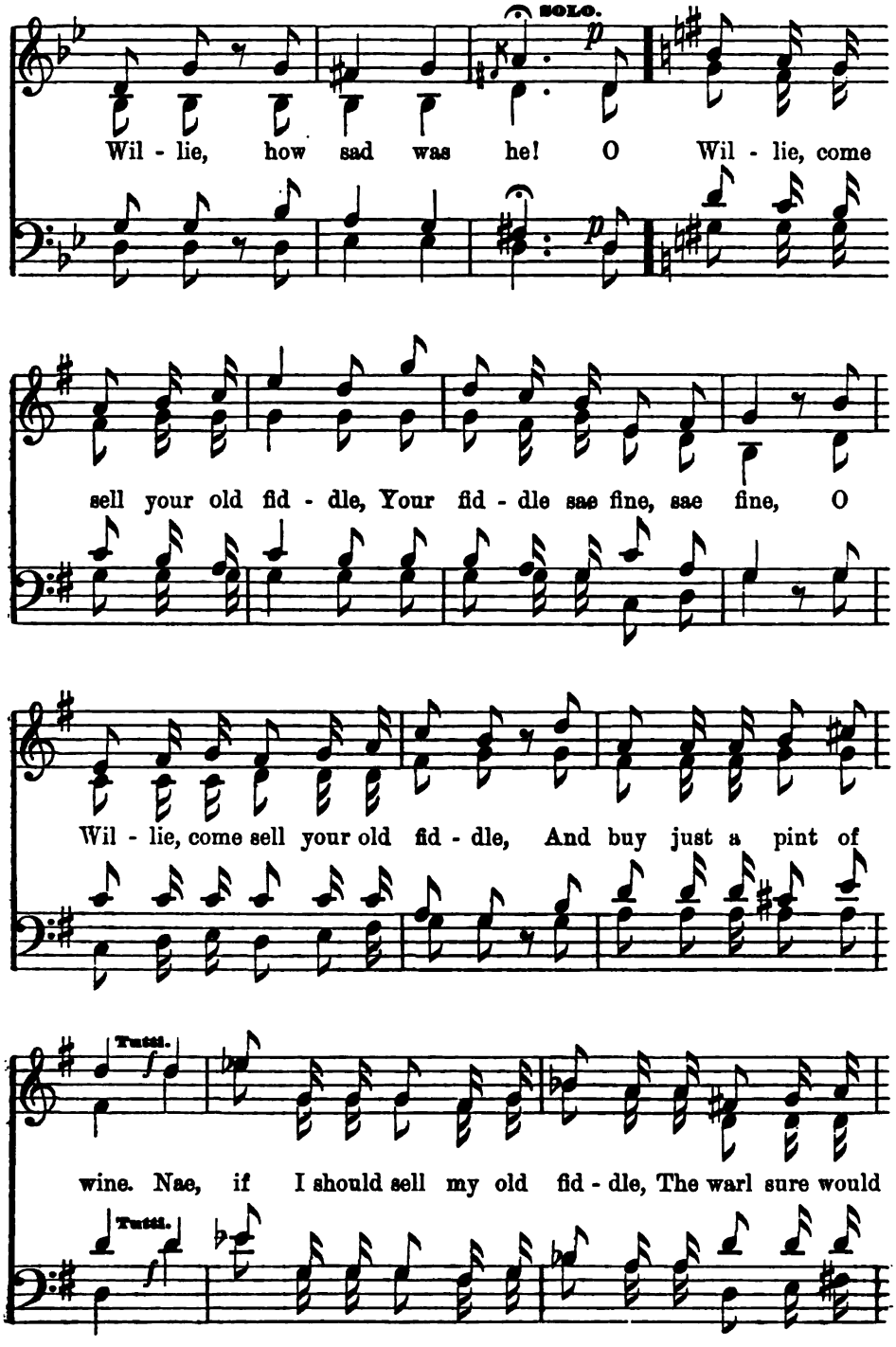


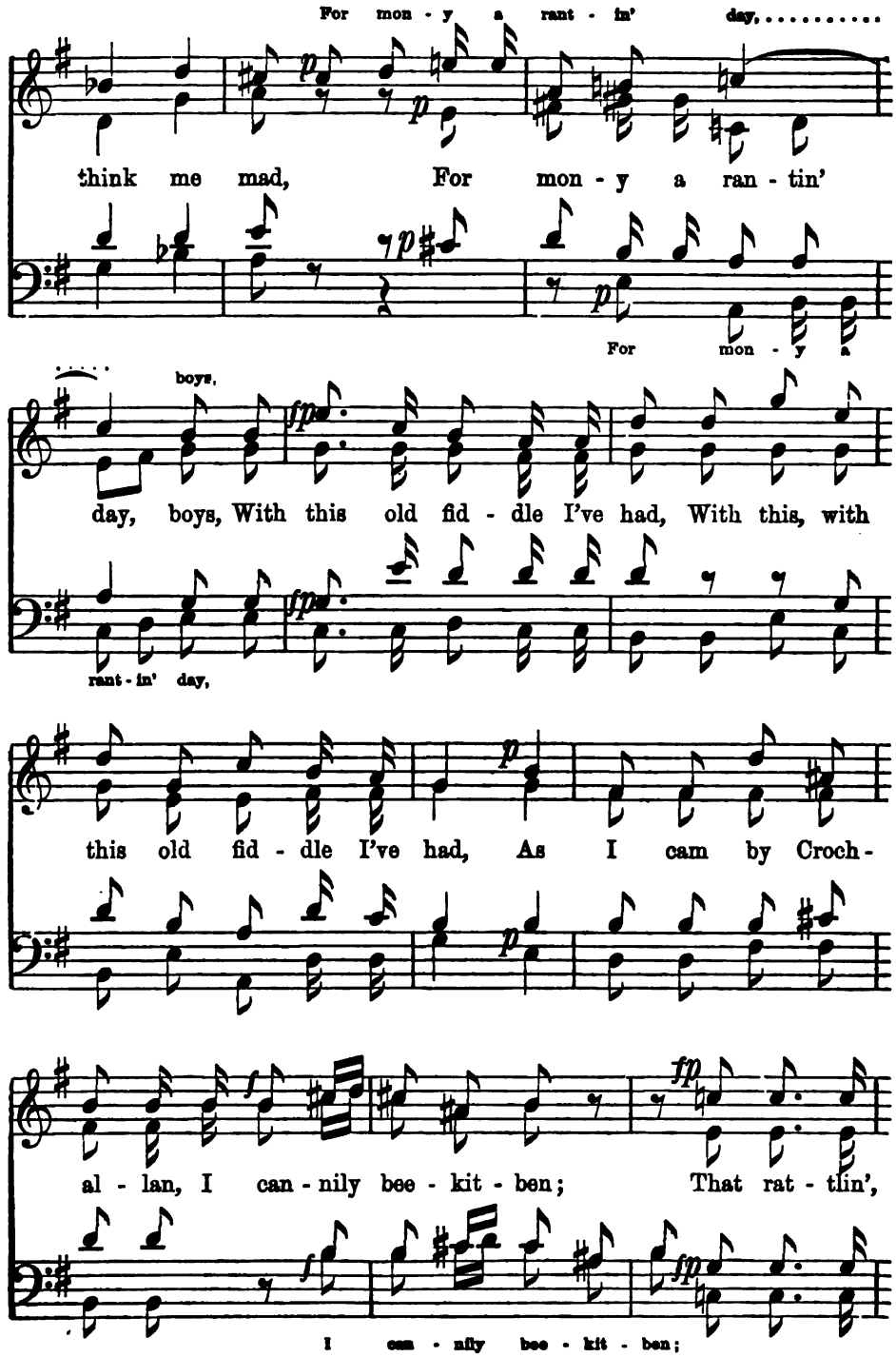
RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

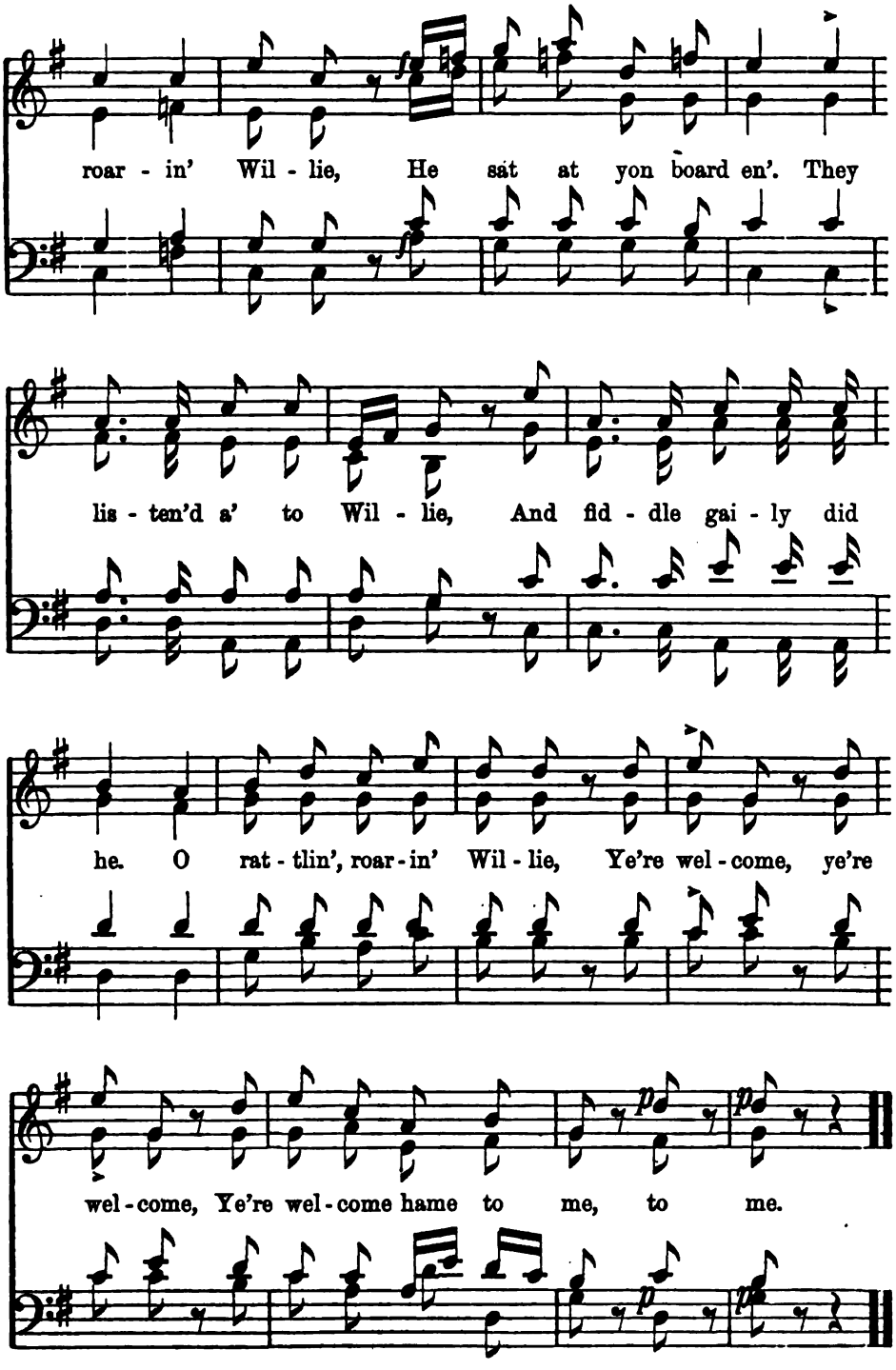
R. SCHUMANN.



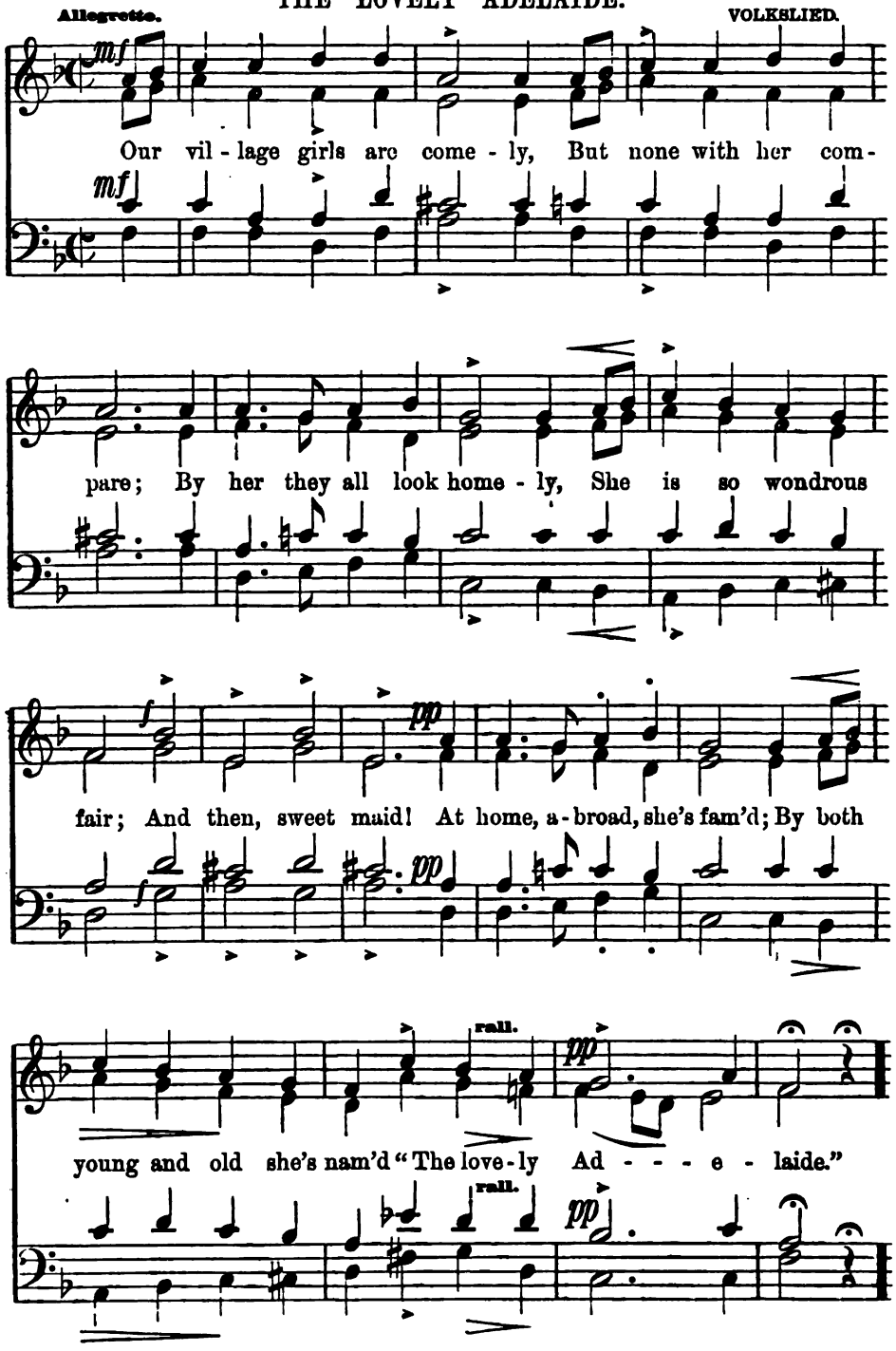

to the fair, A think-in' to sell your old fid-dle.
CHORUS.
O Wil-lie, O Wil-lie, why went you there? But
part-in' wi' his fid-dle, The saut tear came in his
e'e; O rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie, Poor Wil-lie, poor

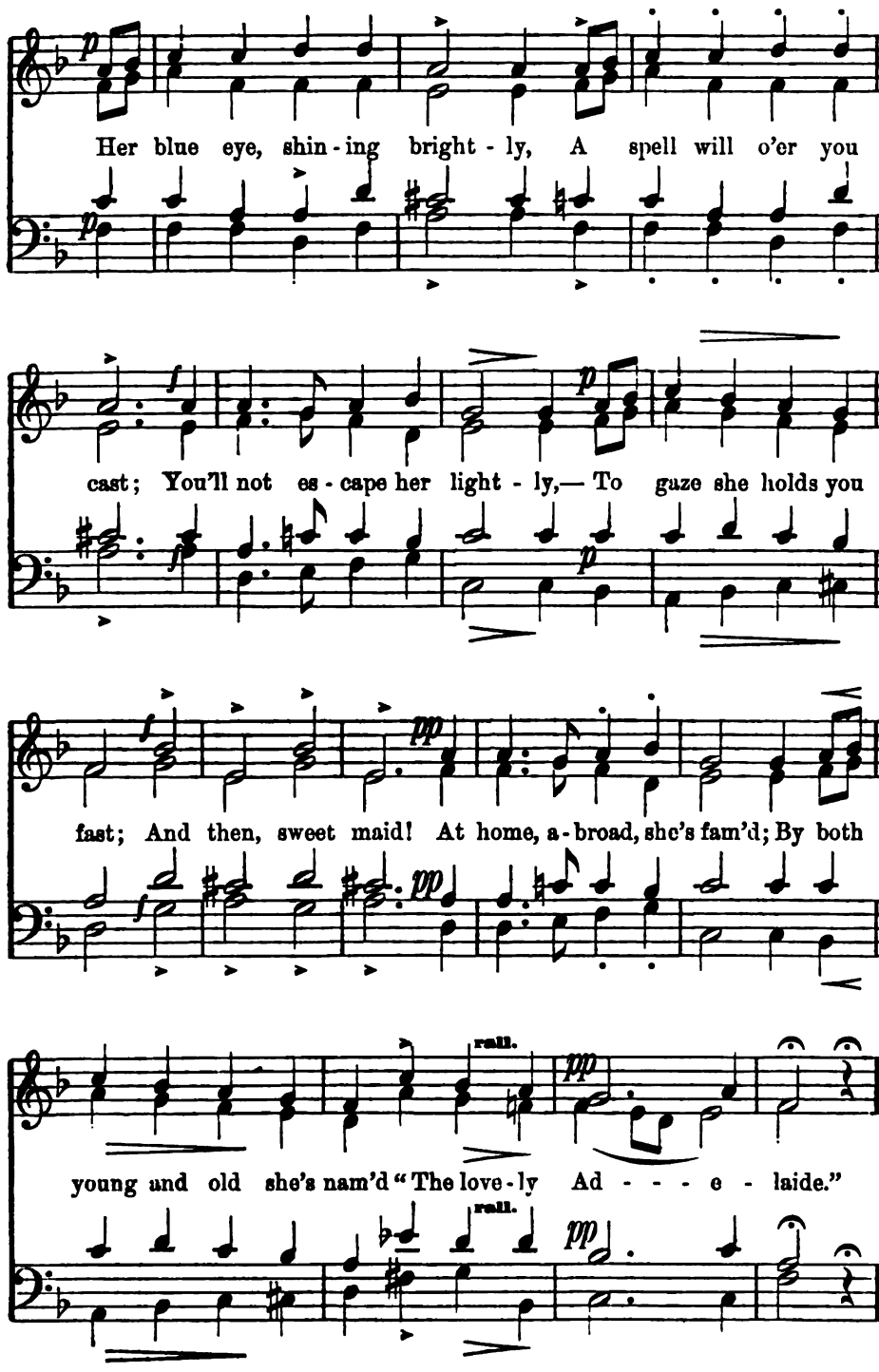

SOLO.
Wil - lie, how sad was he! O Wil - lie, come
sell your old fid - dle, Your fid - dle sae fine, sae fine, O
Wil - lie, come sell your old fid - dle, And buy just a pint of
Tutti.
wine. Nae, if I should sell my old fid - dle, The warl sure would
Tutti.

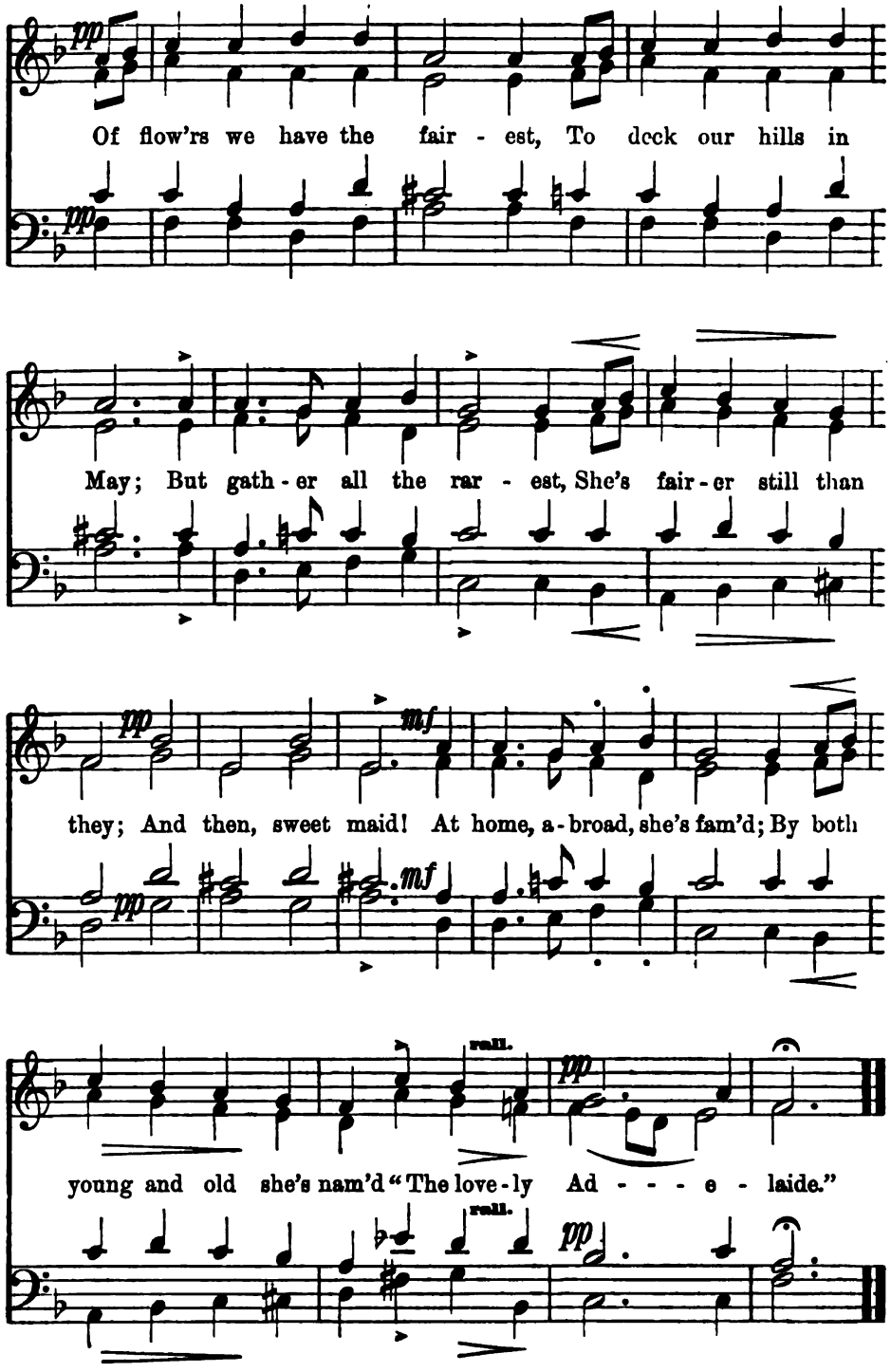

For mon - y a rant - in' day,.....
think me mad, For mon - y a ran - tin'
For mon - y a
boys,
day, boys, With this old fid - dle I've had, With this, with
rant - in' day,
this old fid - dle I've had, As I cam by Croch -
al - lan, I can - nily bee - kit - ben; That rat - tlin',
I can - nily bee - kit - ben;


roar - in' Wil - lie, He sat at yon board en'. They
lis - ten'd a' to Wil - lie, And fid - dle gai - ly did
he. O rat - tlin', roar - in' Wil - lie, Ye're wel - come, ye're
wel - come, Ye're wel - come hame to me, to me.

"THE LOVELY ADELAIDE."

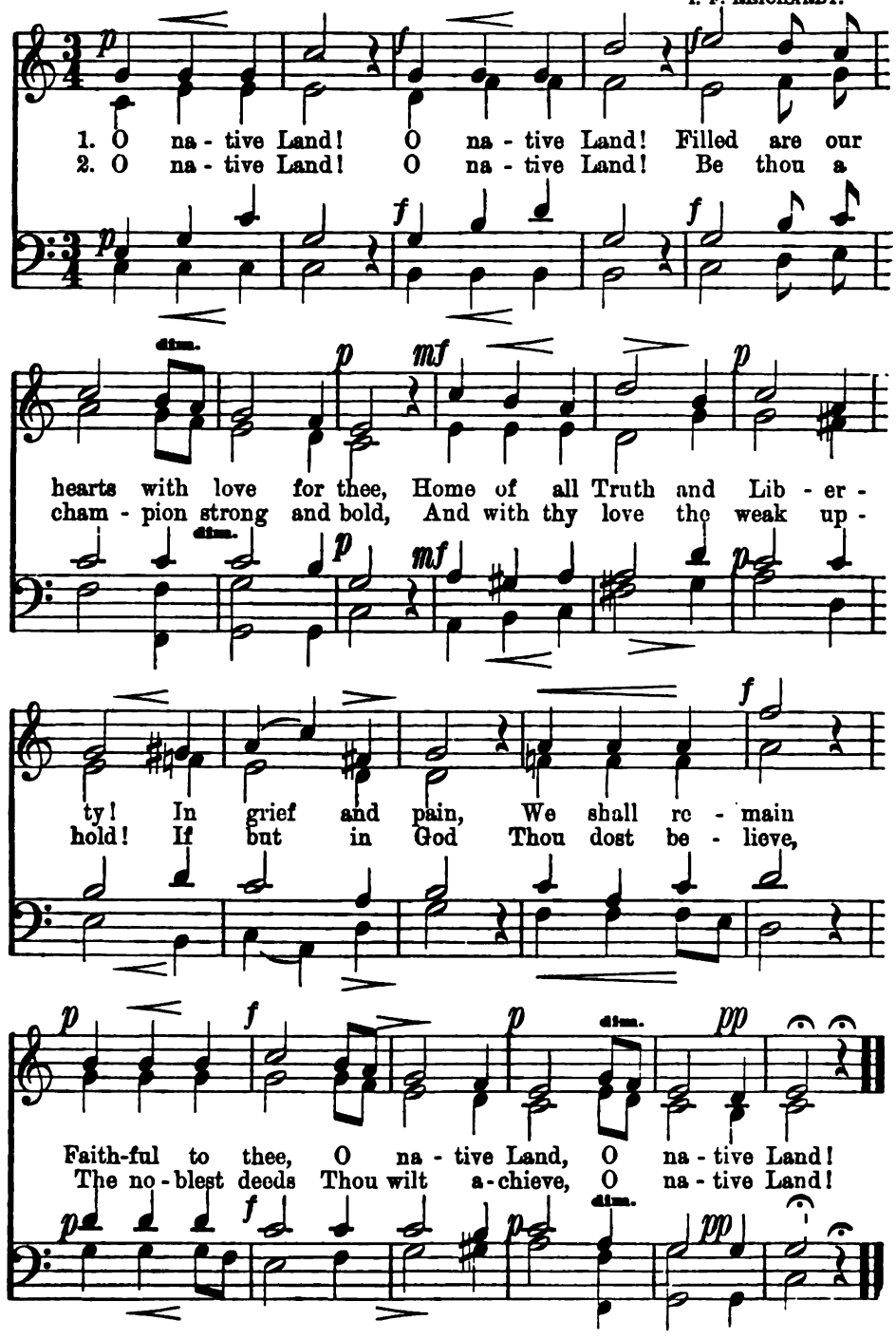



Her blue eye, shin - ing bright - ly, A spell will o'er you
cast; You'll not es - cape her light - ly,— To gaze she holds you
fast; And then, sweet maid! At home, a - broad, she's fam'd; By both
rall.
young and old she's nam'd "The love - ly Ad - - - e - laide."
rall.


pp
Of flow'rs we have the fair - est, To deck our hills in
May; But gath - er all the rar - est, She's fair - er still than
pp
mf
they; And then, sweet maid! At home, a - broad, she's fam'd; By both
pp
mf
rall.
pp
young and old she's nam'd "The love - ly Ad - - - e - laide."
rall.
pp

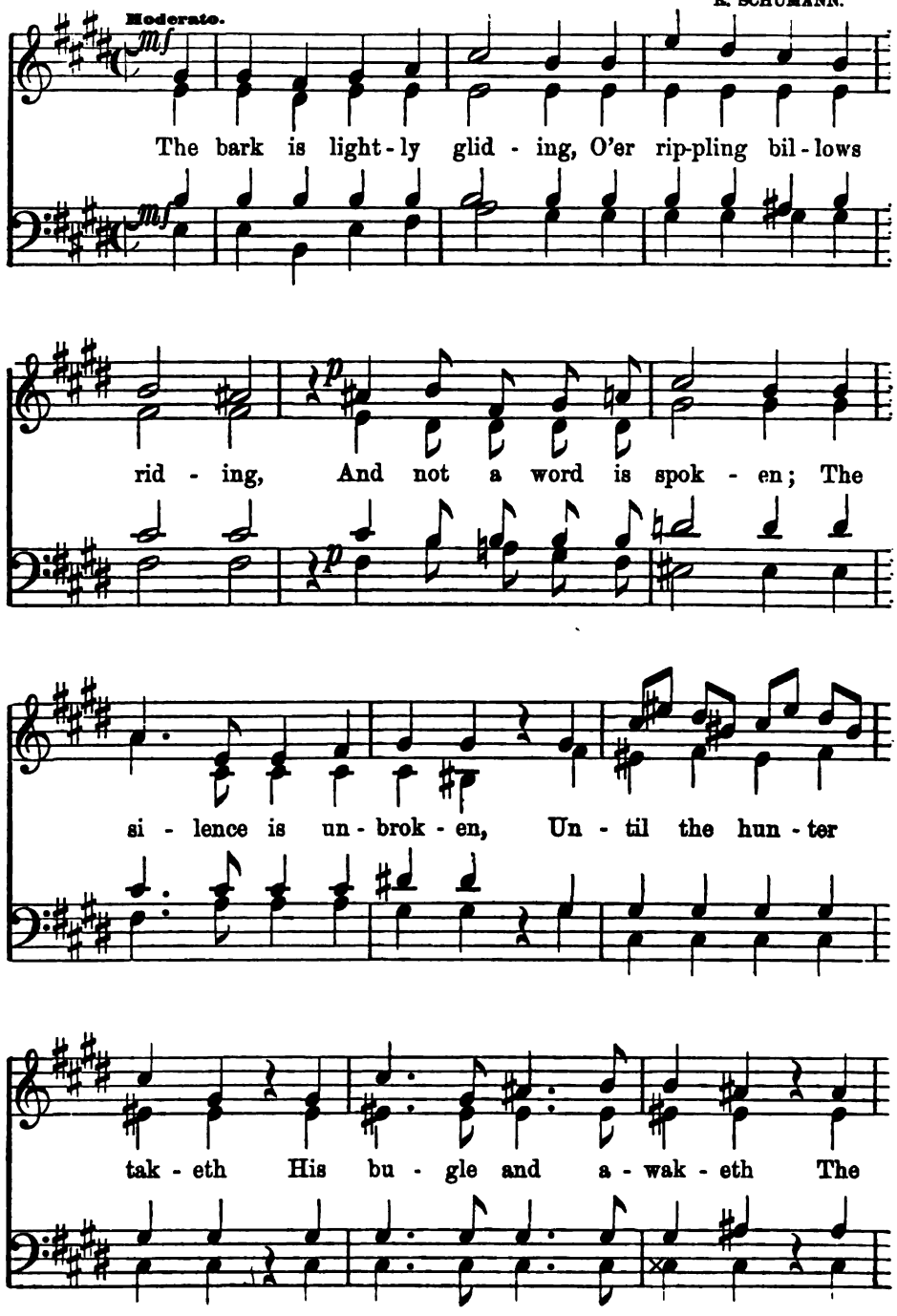
O NATIVE LAND.

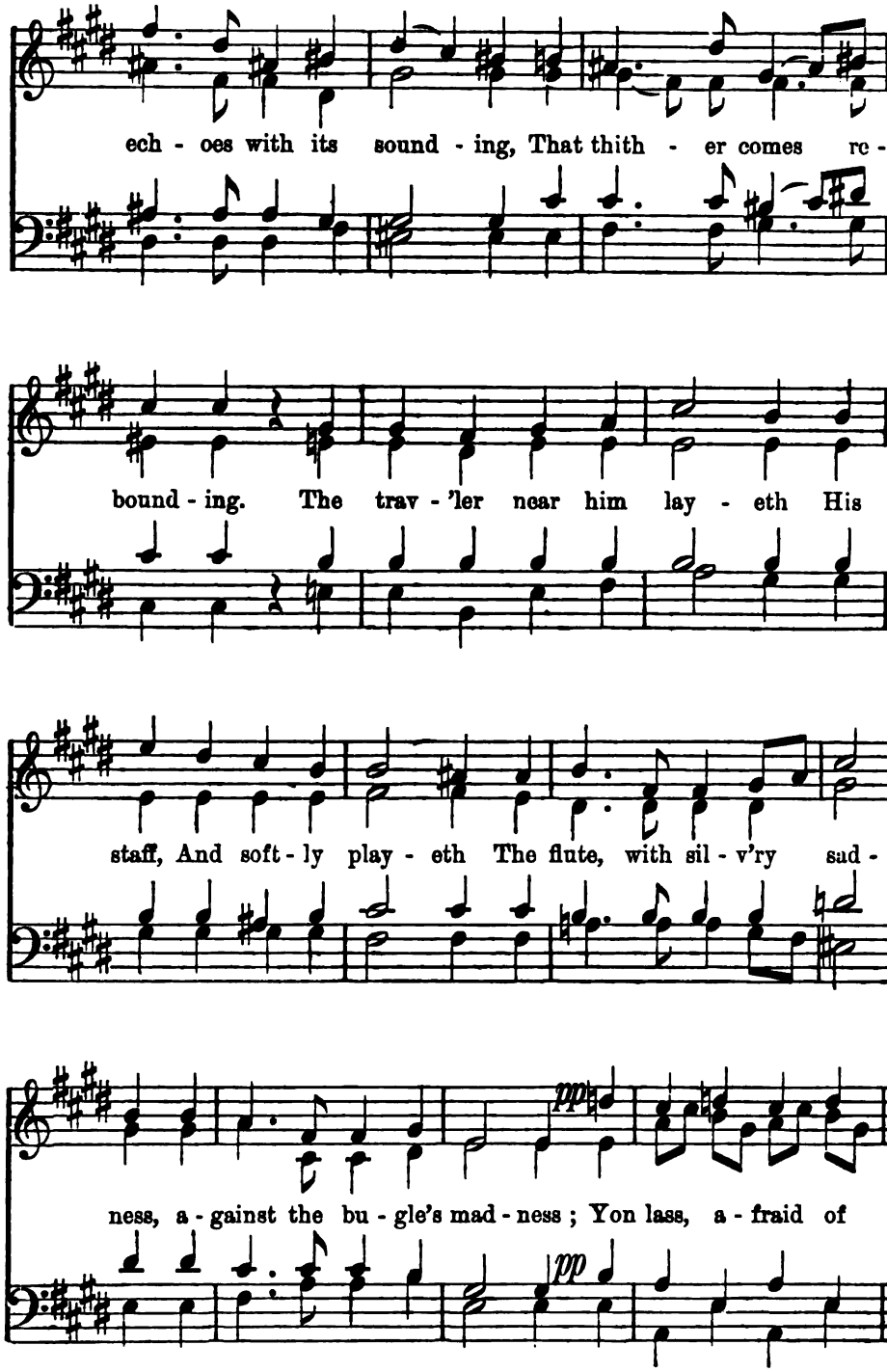
I. F. REICHARDT.

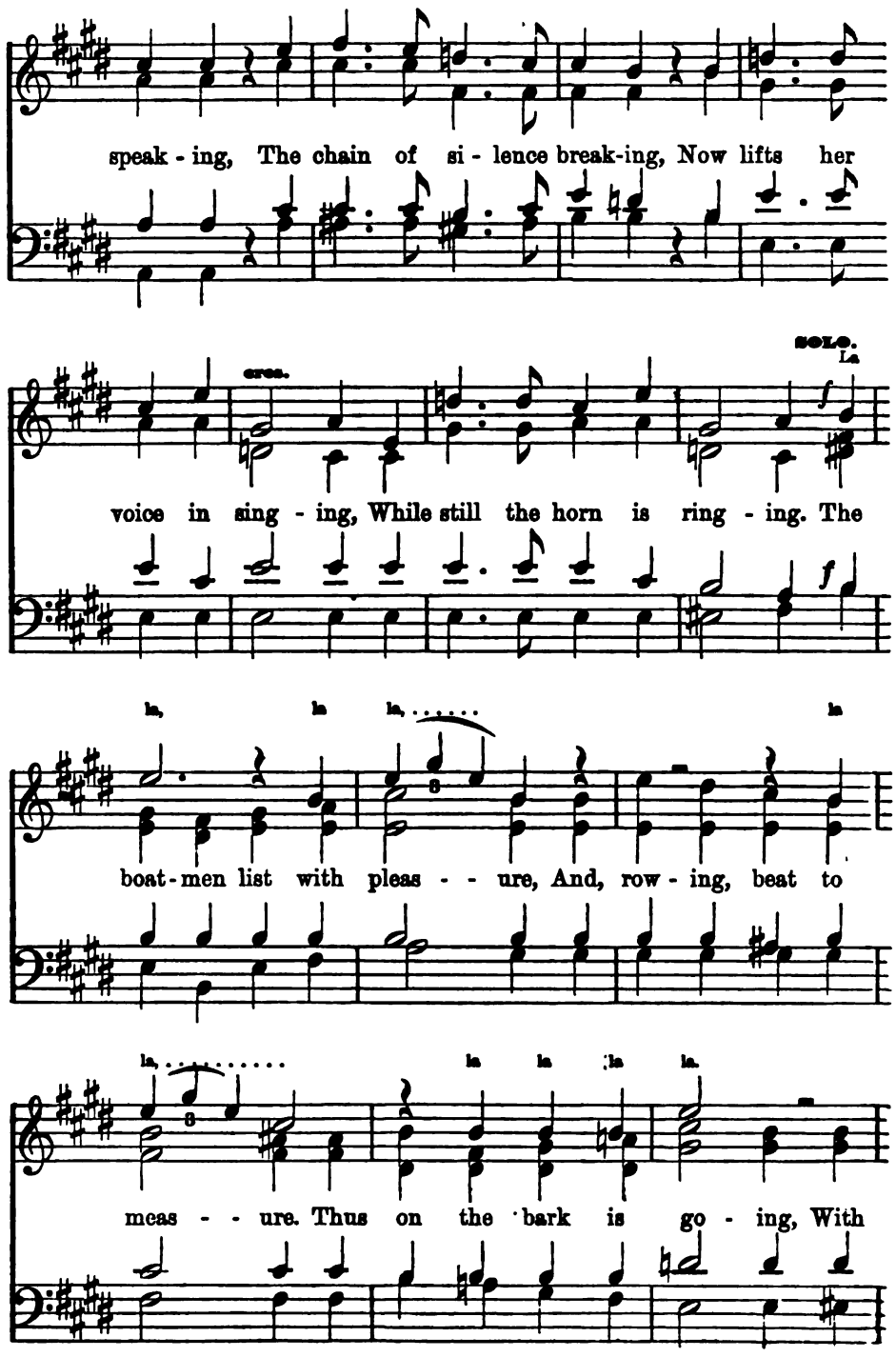


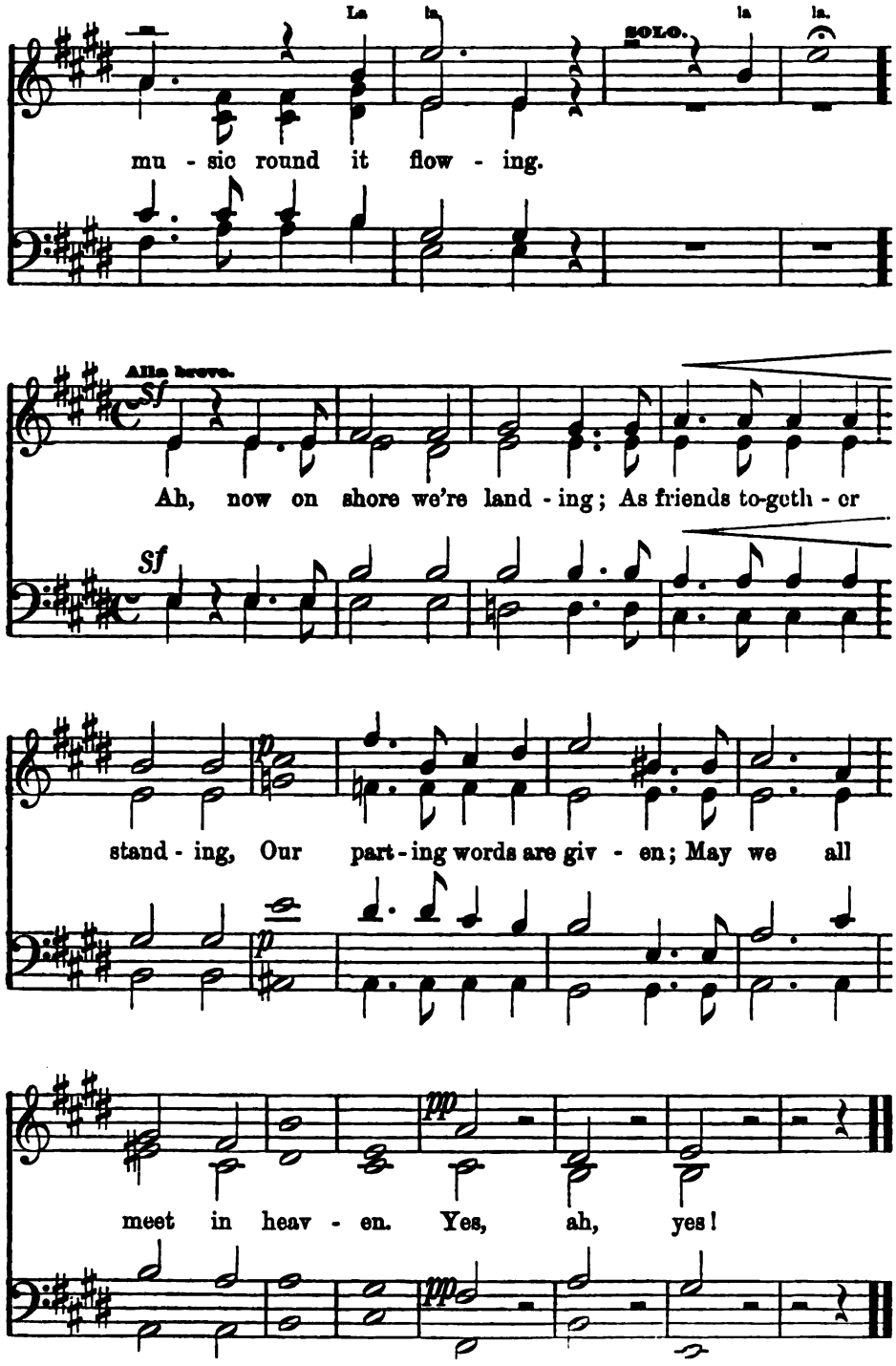
FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

R. SCHUMANN.




ech - oes with its sound - ing, That thith - er comes re -
bound - ing. The trav - 'ler near him lay - eth His
staff, And soft - ly play - eth The flute, with sil - v'ry sad -
ness, a - gainst the bu - gle's mad - ness ; Yon lass, a - fraid of

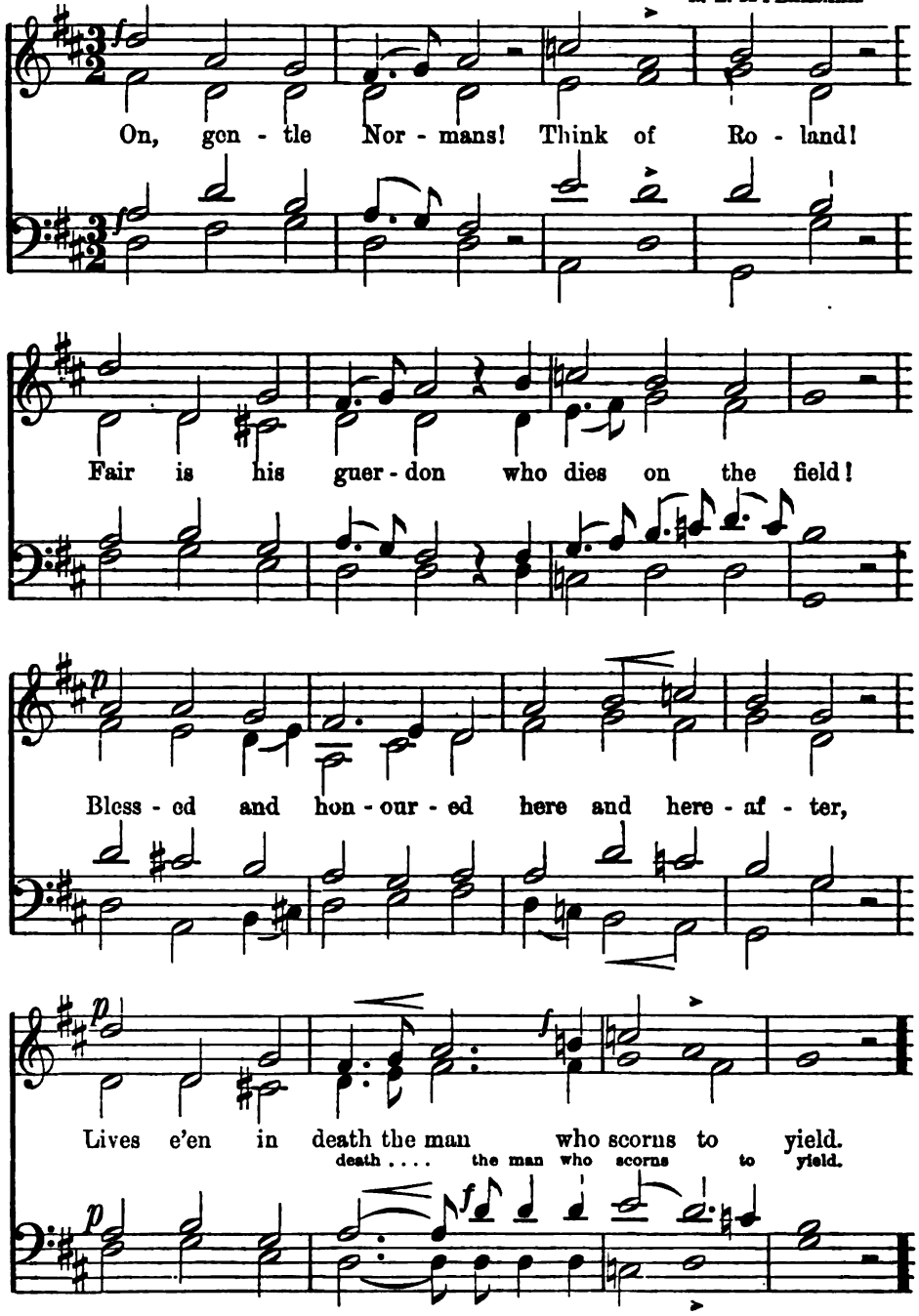

speak - ing, The chain of si - lence break-ing, Now lifts her
cres.
SOLO.
La
voice in sing - ing, While still the horn is ring - ing. The
la, la la, la
boat - men list with pleas - - ure, And, row - ing, beat to
la, la la la la
meas - - ure. Thus on the bark is go - ing, With

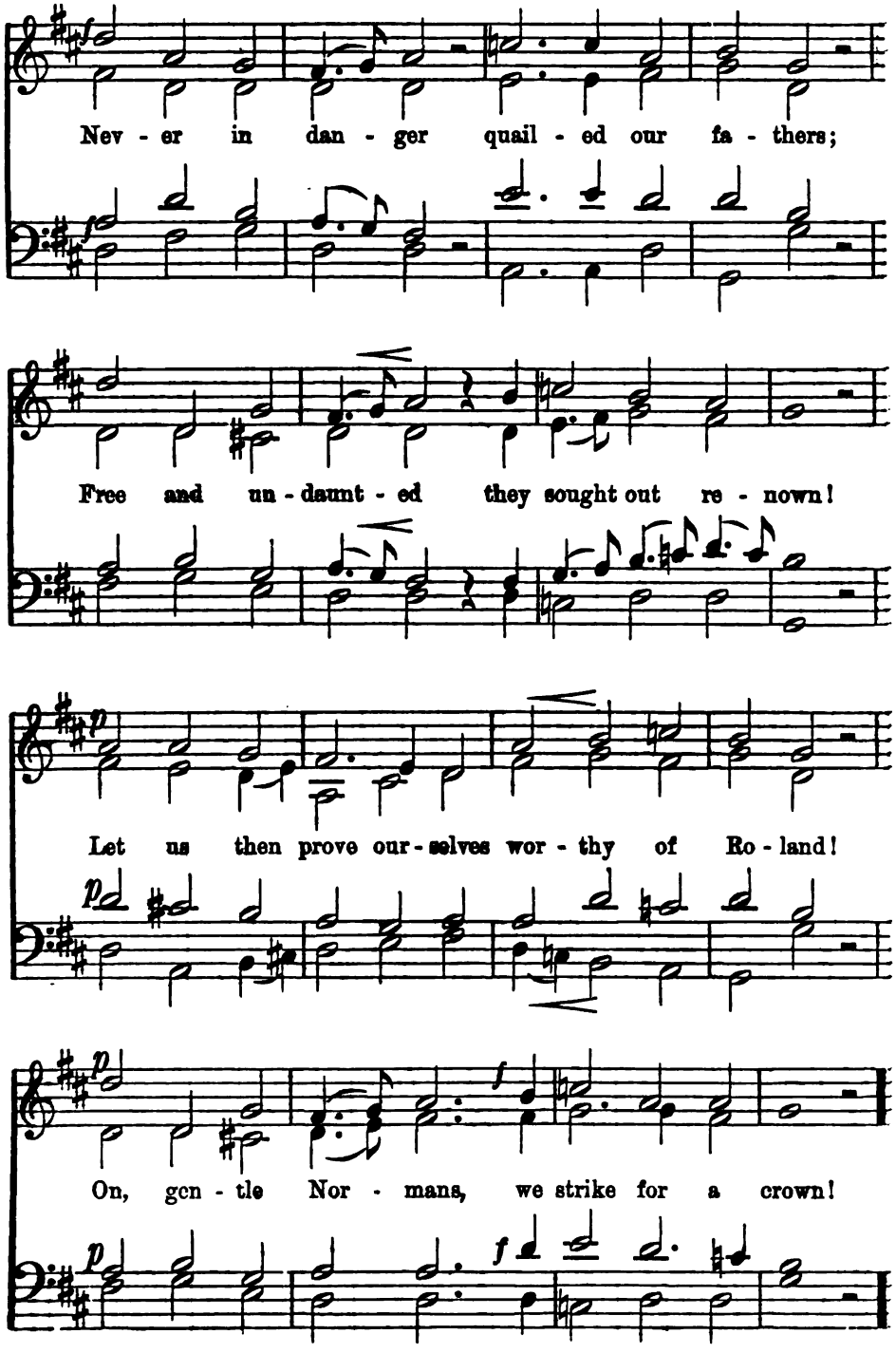

La
la
SOLO.
la
la.
mu - sic round it flow - ing.
Alla breve.
Sf
Ah, now on shore we're land - ing; As friends to-geth - er
Sf
stand - ing, Our part - ing words are giv - en; May we all
meet in heav - en. Yes, ah, yes!

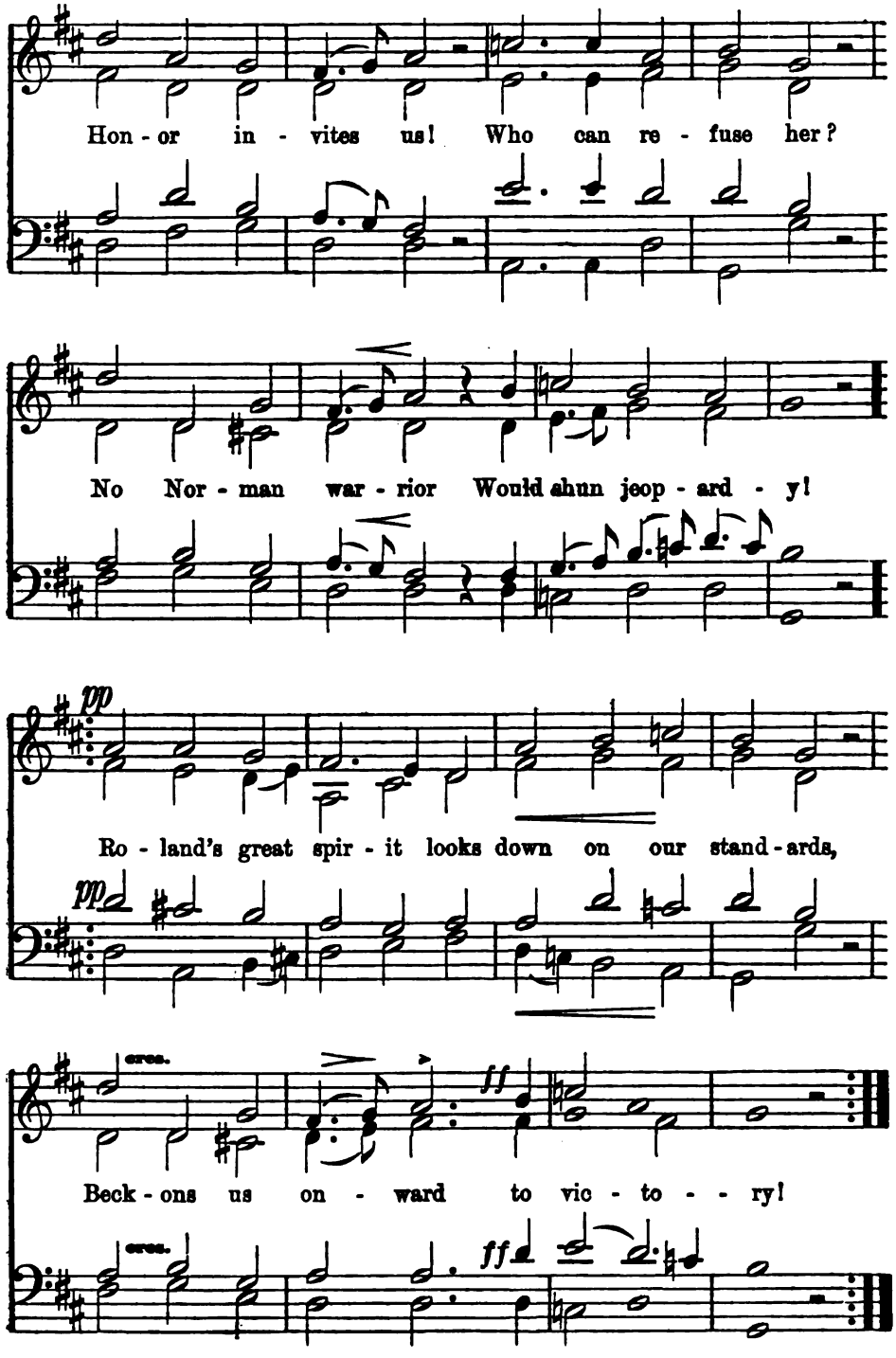
WAR SONG

OF THE NORMAN BARON TAILLEFER AT THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

R. L. DE PEARSALL.

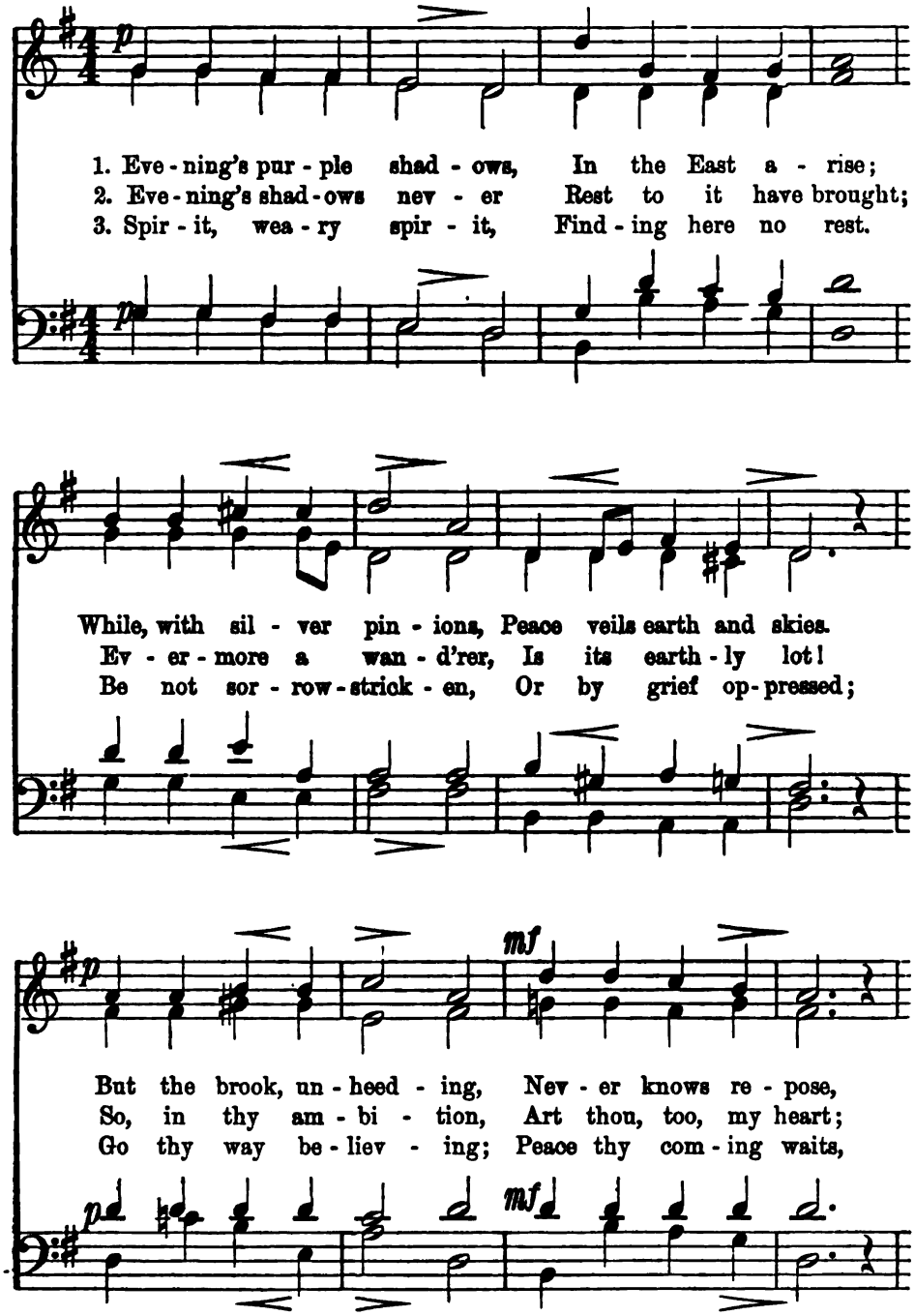


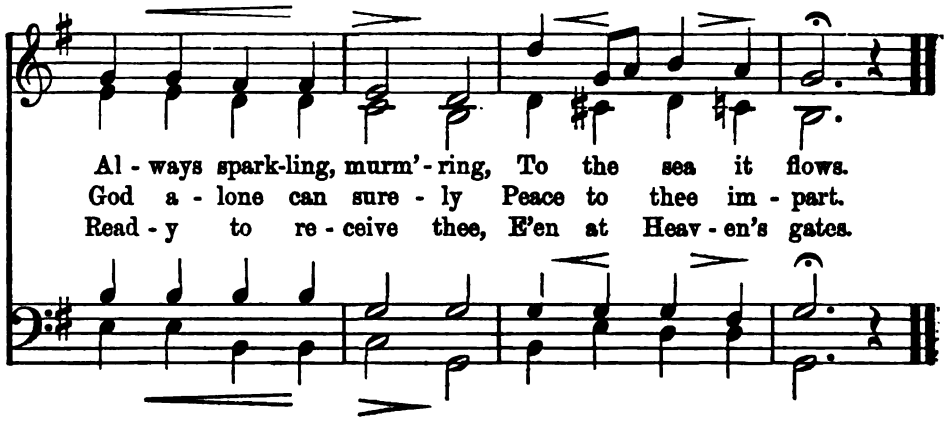

Nev - er in dan - ger quail - ed our fa - thers;
Free and un - daunt - ed they sought out re - nown!
Let us then prove our - selves wor - thy of Ro - land!
On, gen - tle Nor - mans, we strike for a crown!


Hon - or in - vites us! Who can re - fuse her?
No Nor - man war - rior Would shun jeop - ard - y!
pp
Ro - land's great spir - it looks down on our stand - ards,
pp
cres.
ff
Beck - ons us on - ward to vic - to - - ry!
cres.
ff

EVENING.

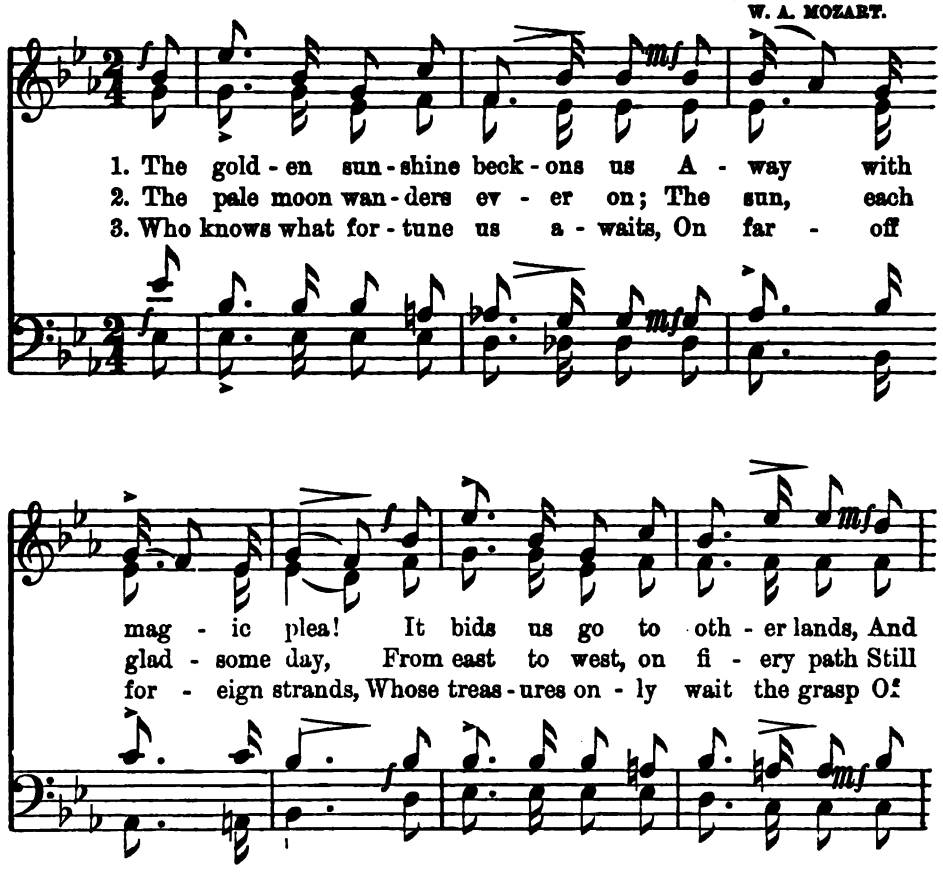
JOHN ABR. PETER SCHULZ.

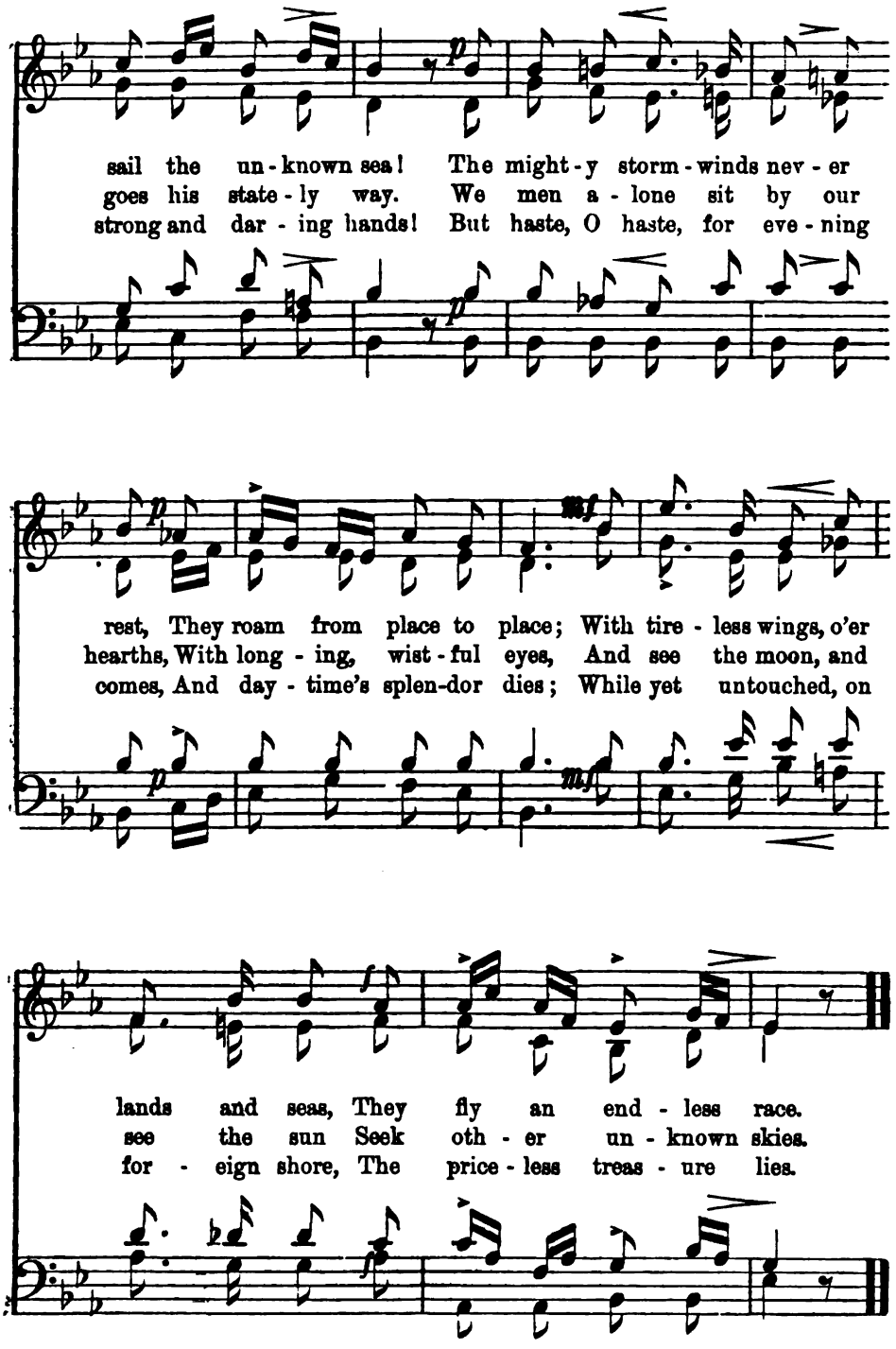




THE GOLDEN SUNSHINE BECKONS US.

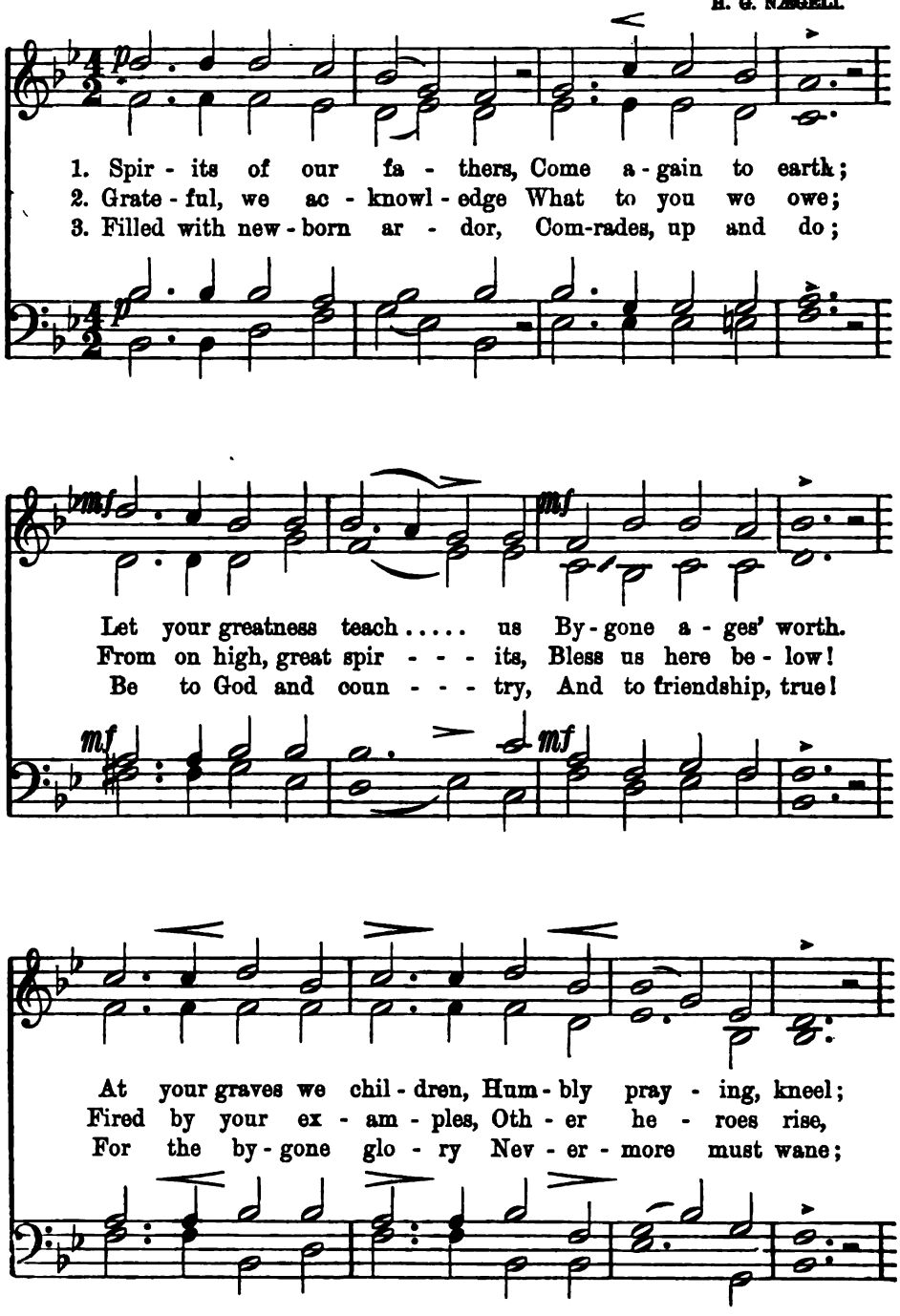
W. A. MOZART.

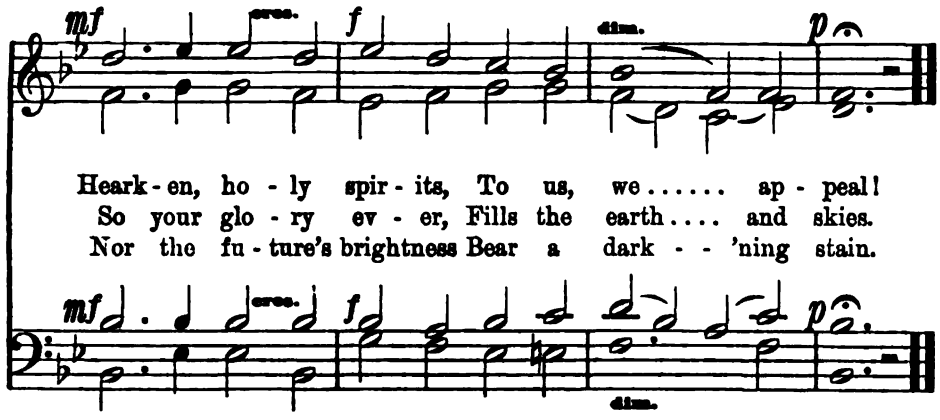



sail the un-known sea! The might-y storm-winds nev-er
goes his state-ly way. We men a-lone sit by our
strong and dar-ing hands! But haste, O haste, for eve-ning
rest, They roam from place to place; With tire-less wings, o'er
hearths, With long-ing, wist-ful eyes, And see the moon, and
comes, And day-time's splen-dor dies; While yet untouched, on
lands and seas, They fly an end-less race.
see the sun Seek oth-er un-known skies.
for-eign shore, The price-less treas-ure lies.

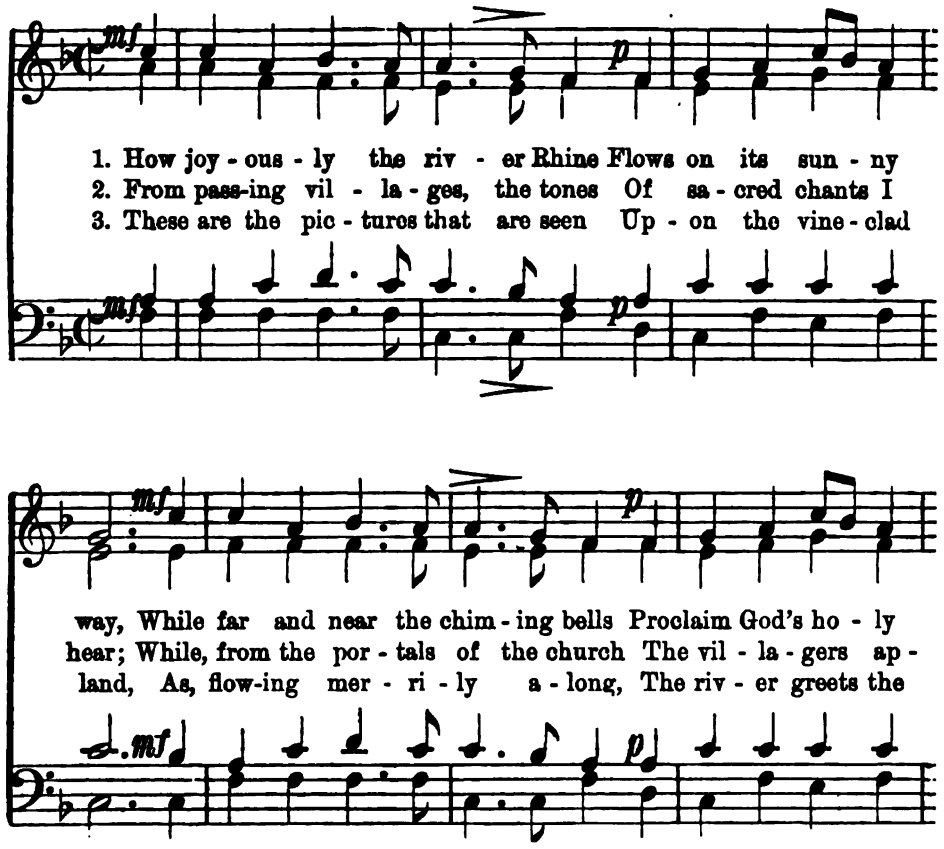
SPIRITS OF OUR FATHERS.

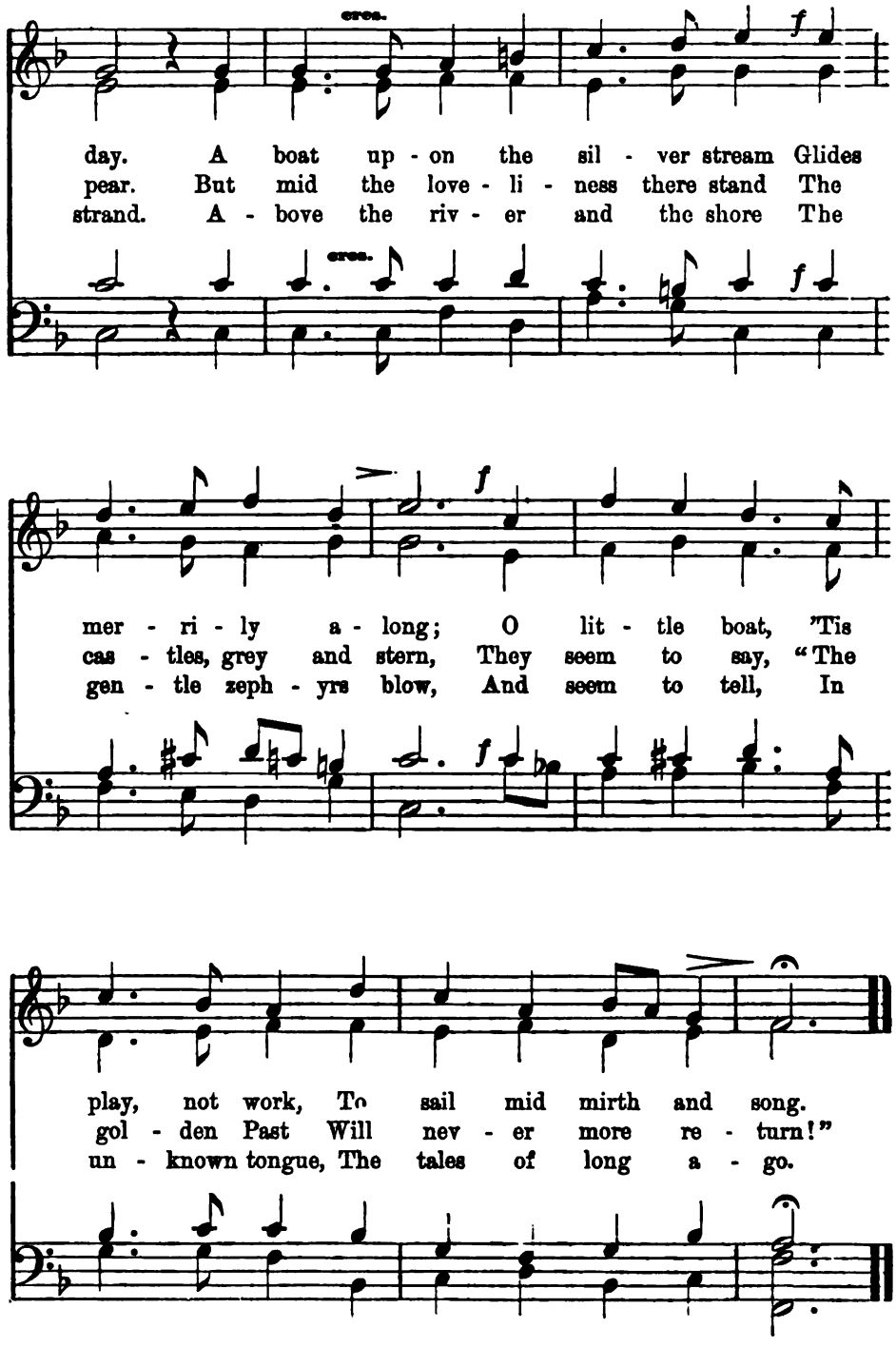
H. G. NÄGELI.




mf
cresc.
f
dim.
p
Heark - en, ho - ly spir - its, To us, we..... ap - peal!
So your glo - ry ev - er, Fills the earth.... and skies.
Nor the fu - ture's brightness Bear a dark - - 'ning stain.
mf
cresc.
f
dim.
p

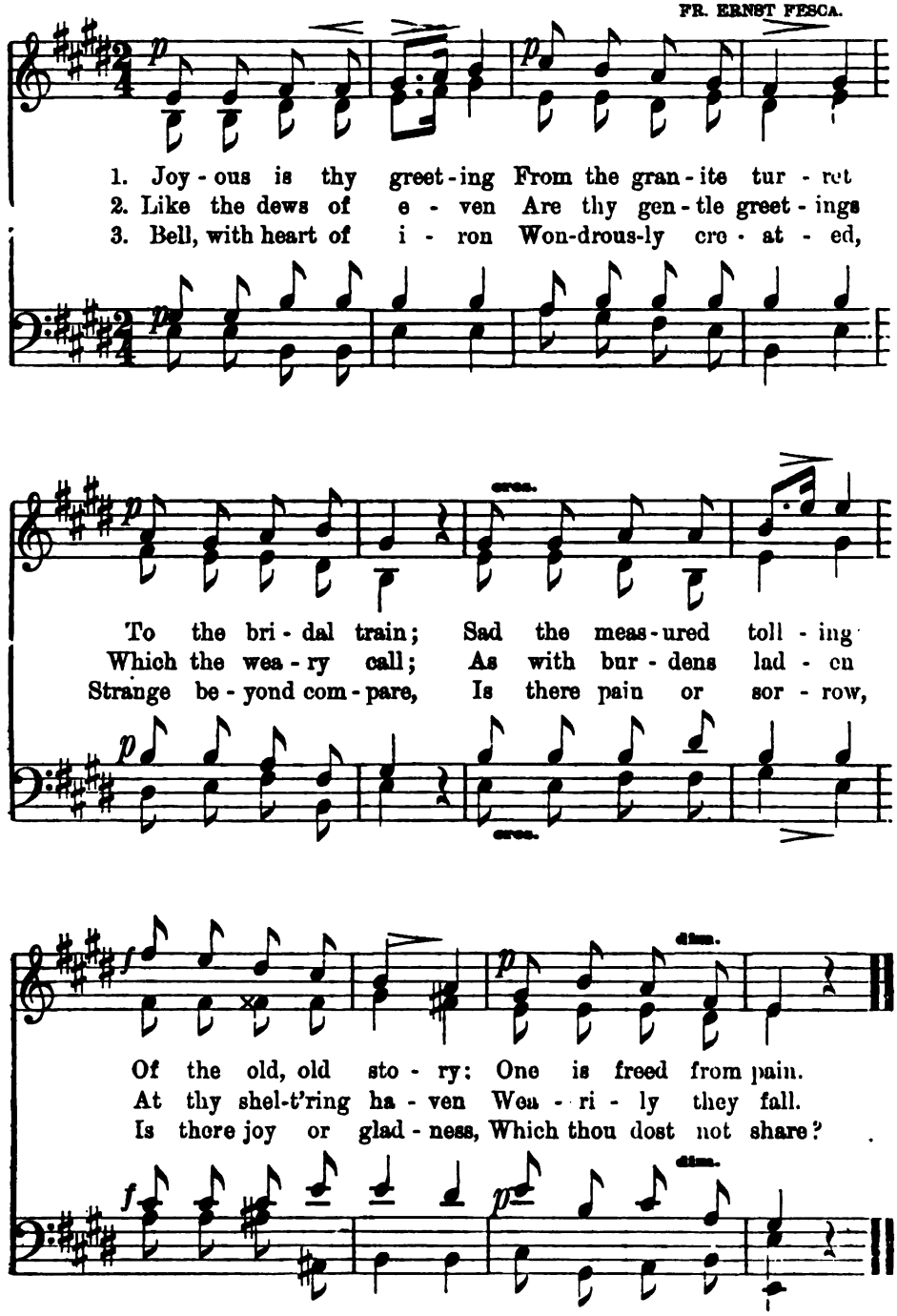
THE RHINE.


mf
p
1. How joy - ous - ly the riv - er Rhine Flows on its sun - ny
2. From pass-ing vil - la - ges, the tones Of sa - cred chants I
3. These are the pic - tures that are seen Up - on the vine - clad
mf
p
mf
p
way, While far and near the chim - ing bells Proclaim God's ho - ly
hear; While, from the por - tals of the church The vil - la - gers ap -
land, As, flow-ing mer - ri - ly a - long, The riv - er greets the
mf
p


cres.
f
day. A boat up - on the sil - ver stream Glides
pear. But mid the love - li - ness there stand The
strand. A - bove the riv - er and the shore The
cres.
f
mer - ri - ly a - long; O lit - tle boat, 'Tis
cas - tles, grey and stern, They seem to say, "The
gen - tle zeph - yrs blow, And seem to tell, In
f
play, not work, To sail mid mirth and song.
gol - den Past Will nev - er more re - turn!"
un - known tongue, The tales of long a - go.

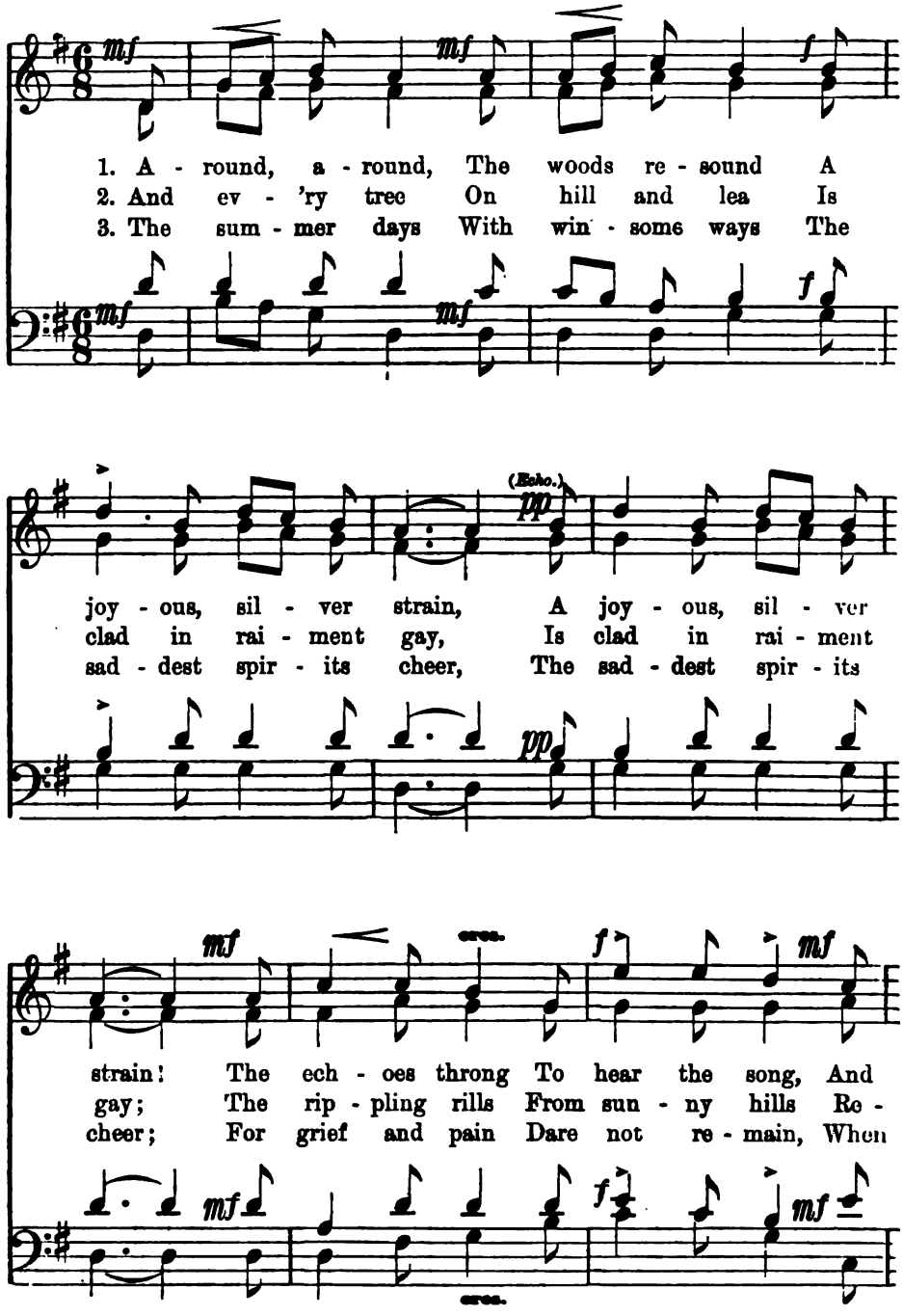
THE BELL.

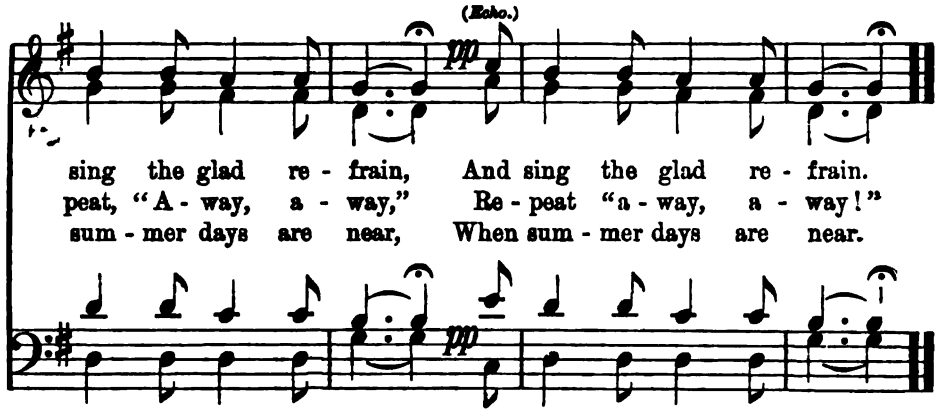
FR. ERNST FESCA.



IN THE FOREST.

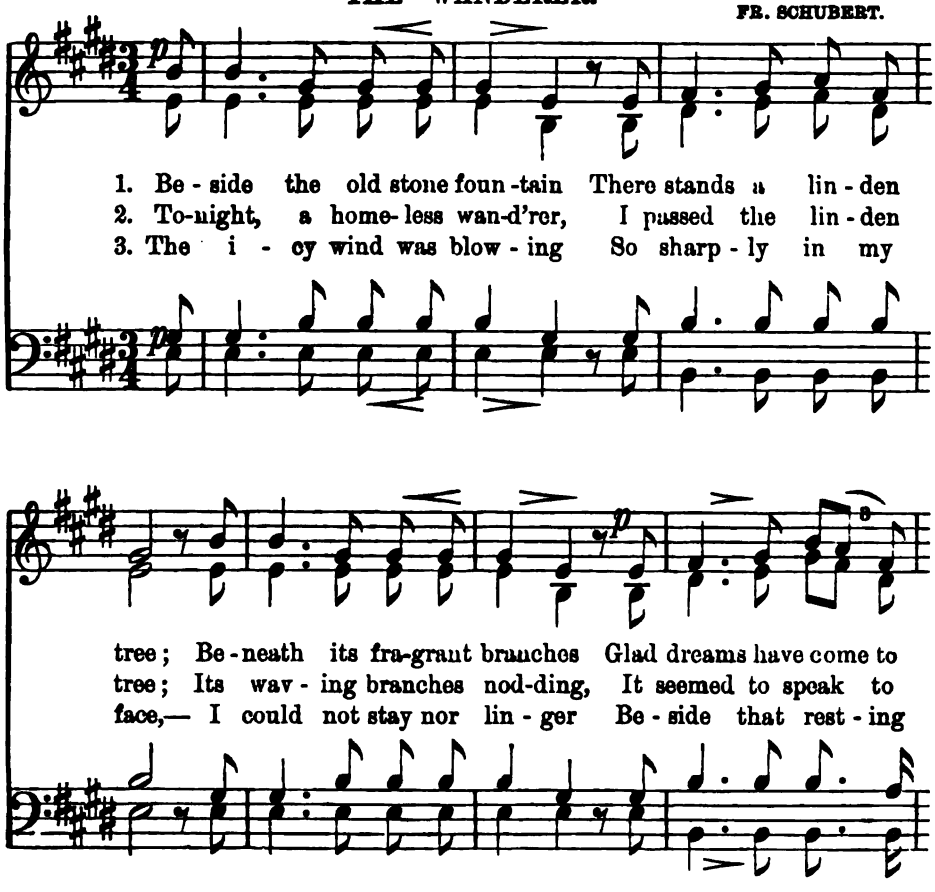
FR. SILCHER.

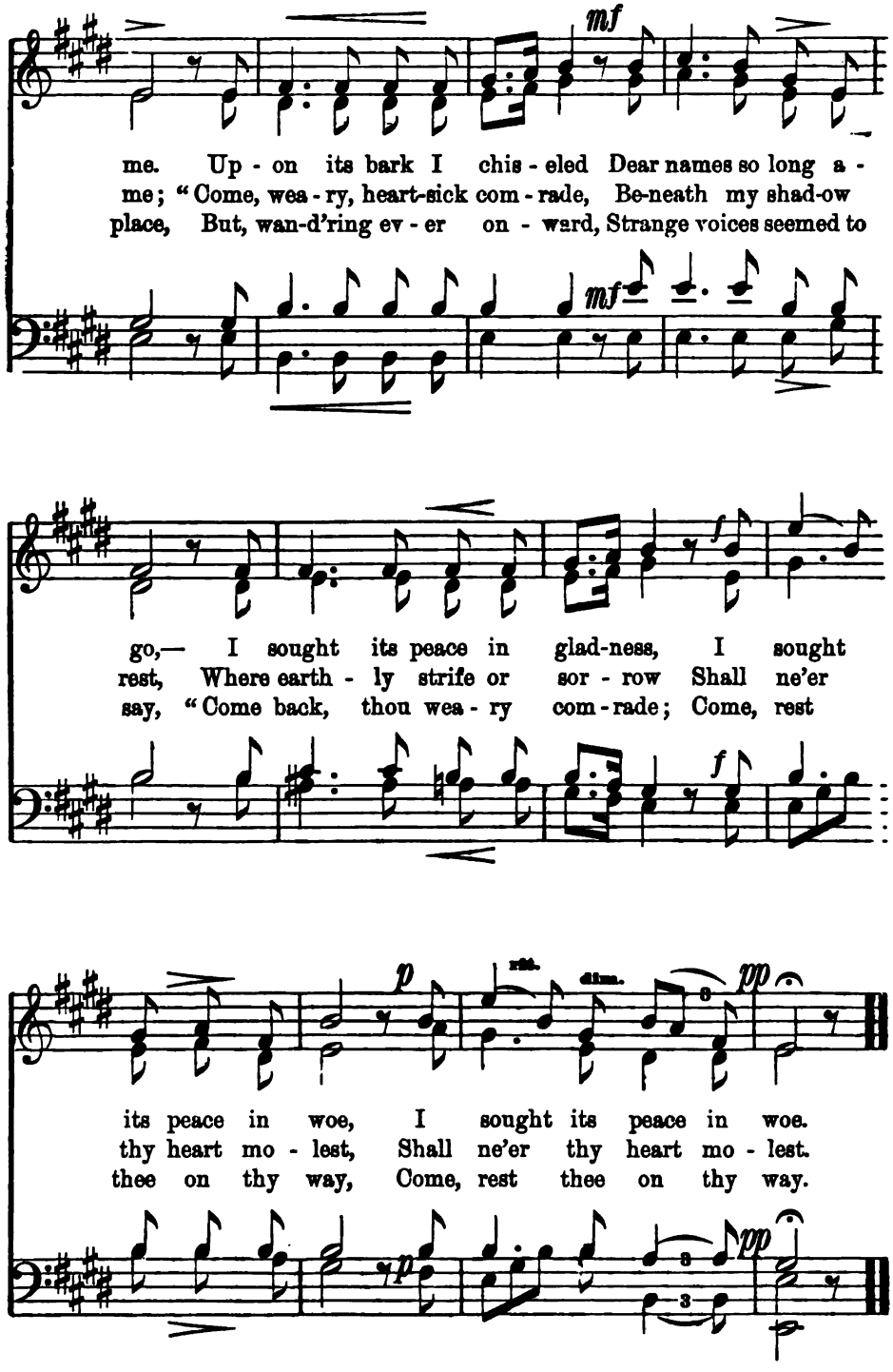




THE WANDERER.

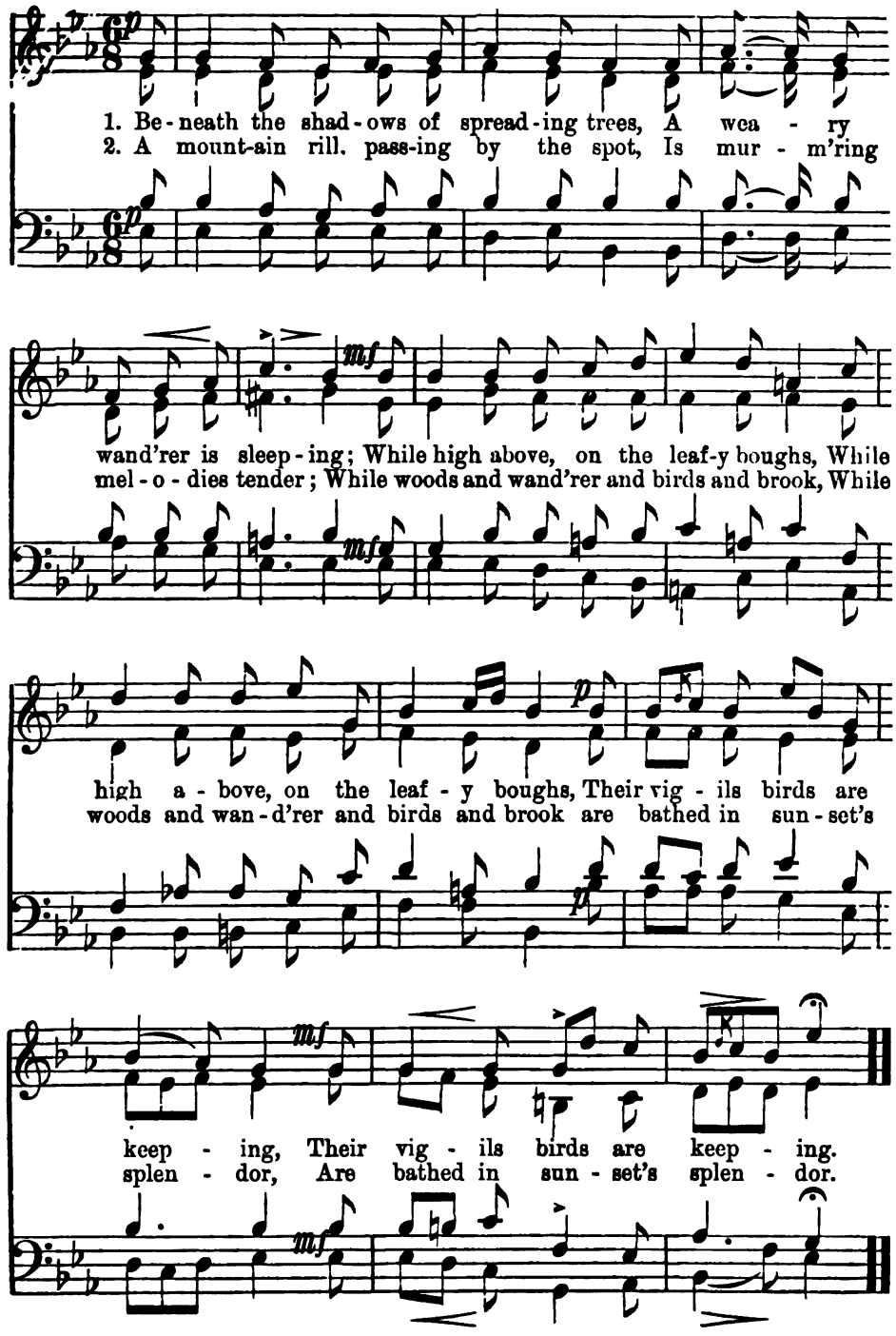
FR. SCHUBERT.




mf
me. Up - on its bark I chis - eled Dear names so long a -
me; "Come, wea - ry, heart-sick com - rade, Be-neath my shad-ow
place, But, wan-d'ring ev - er on - ward, Strange voices seemed to
mf
go,— I sought its peace in glad-ness, I sought
rest, Where earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er
say, "Come back, thou wea - ry com-rade; Come, rest
f
f
its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
thy heart mo - lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.
thee on thy way, Come, rest thee on thy way.
p
rit.
dim.
pp
p
pp

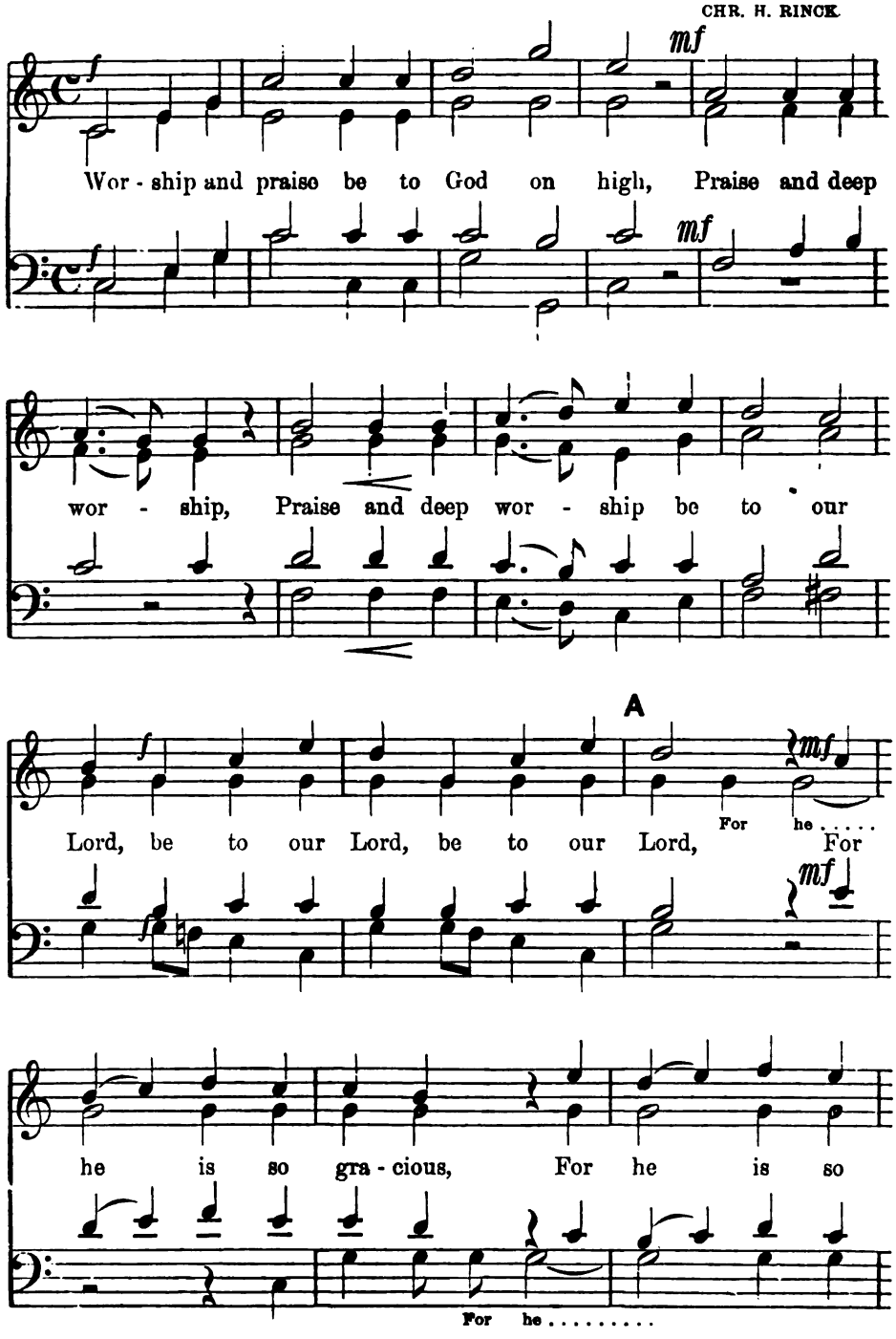
"BENEATH THE SHADOWS."

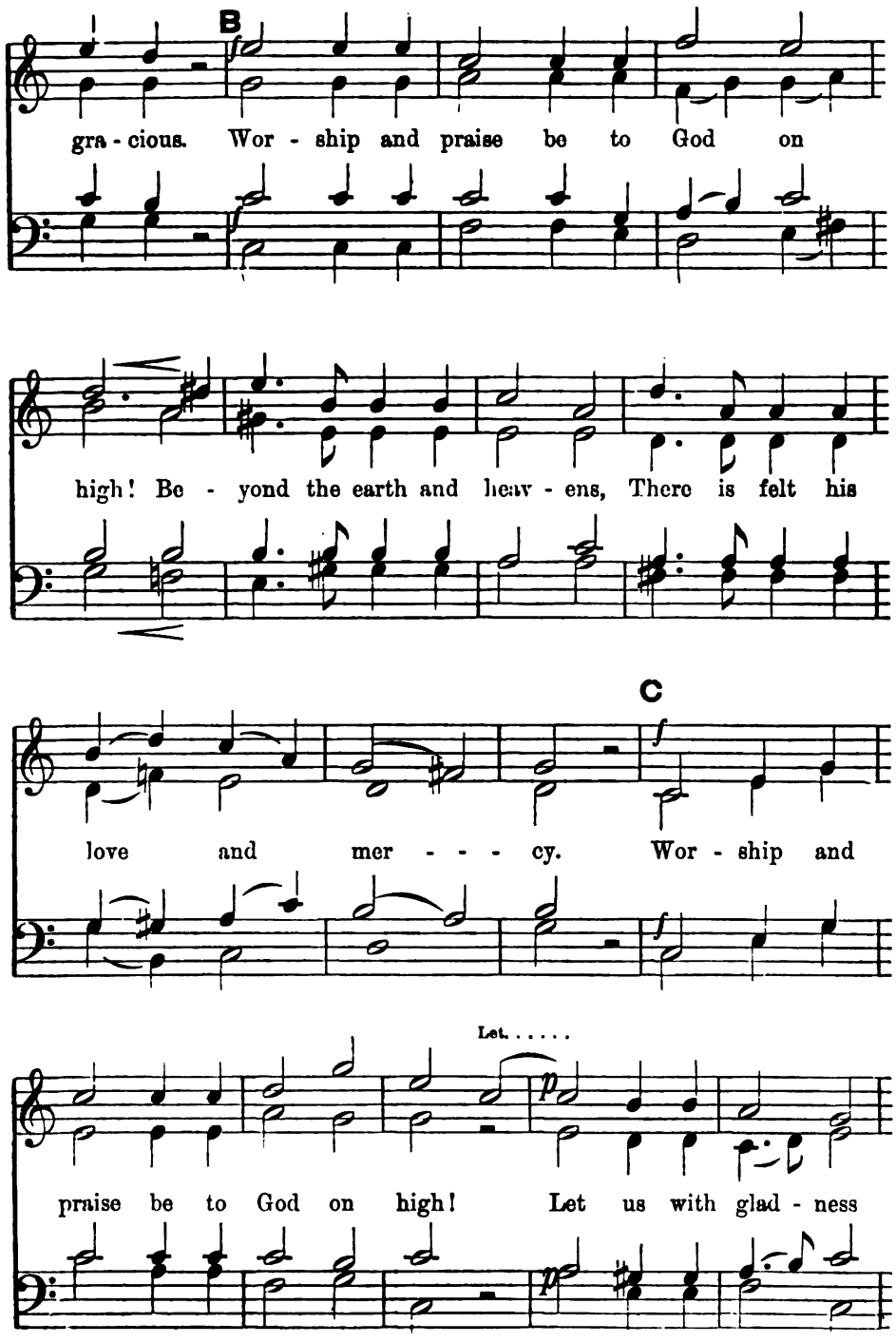
WM. BAUMGARTNER.

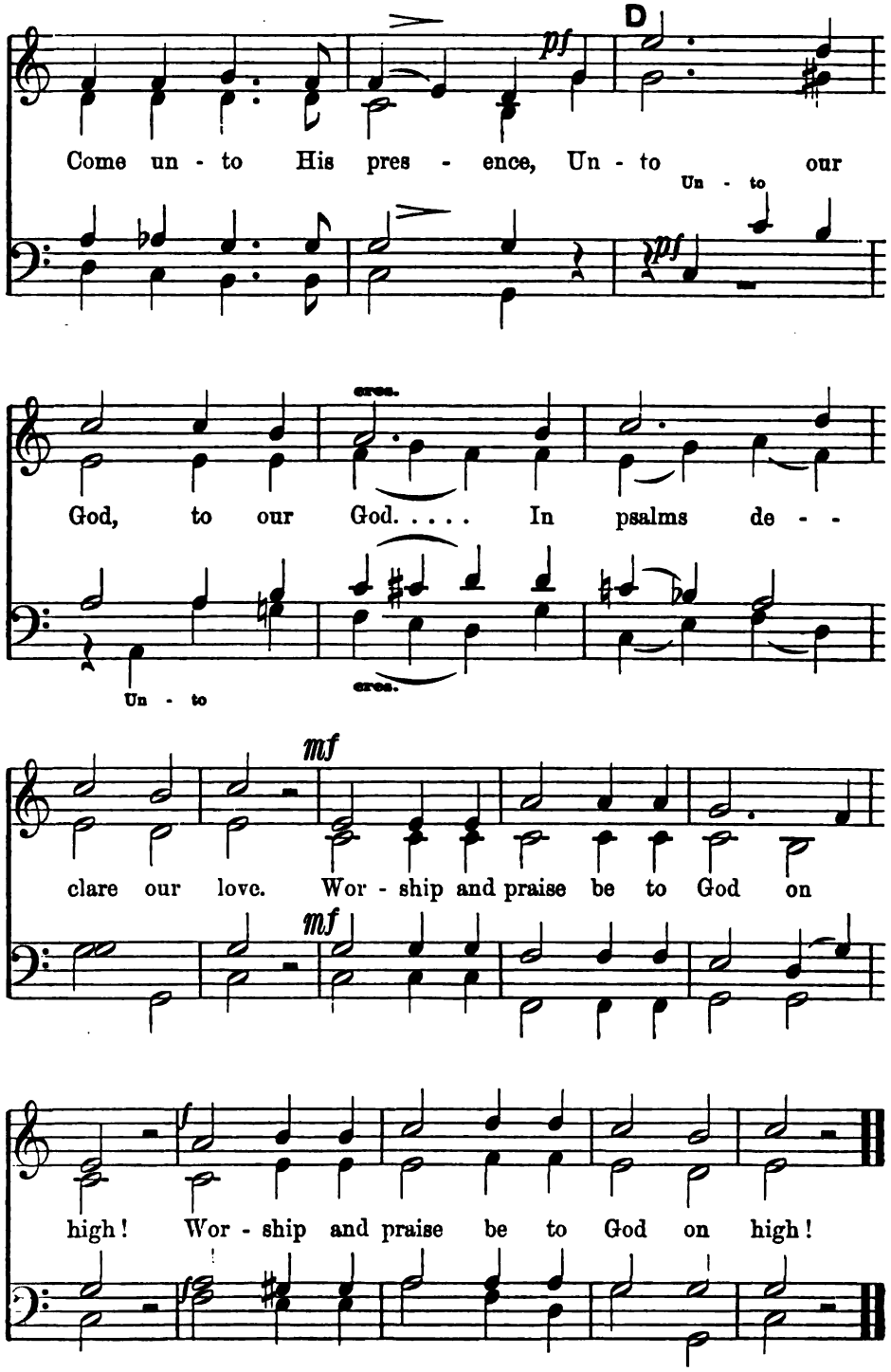


WORSHIP AND PRAISE BE TO GOD ON HIGH.

CHR. H. RINCK.

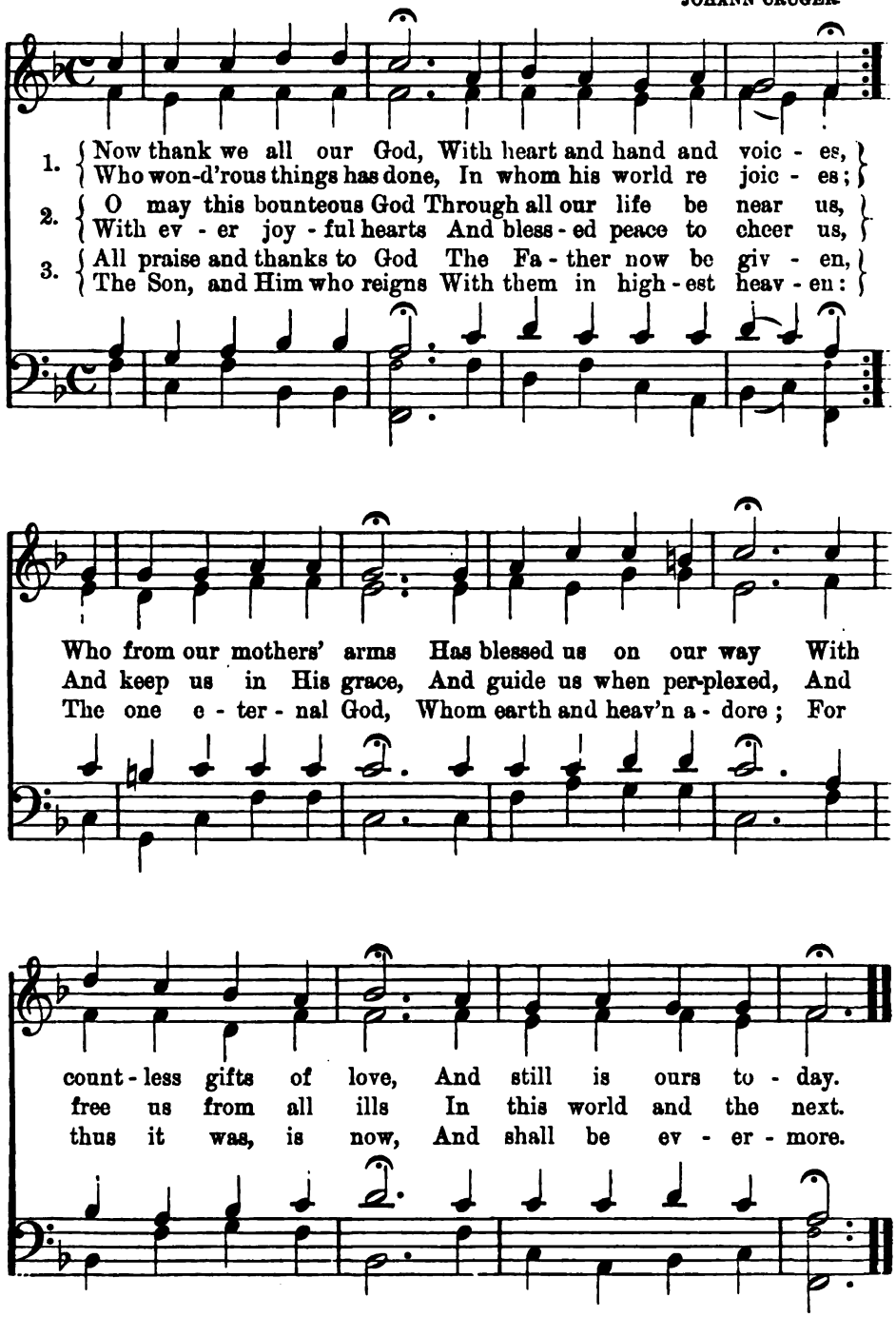



B
gra - cious. Wor - ship and praise be to God on
high! Be - yond the earth and heav - ens, There is felt his
C
love and mer - - - cy. Wor - ship and
Let.....
praise be to God on high! Let us with glad - ness


D
pf
Come un - to His pres - ence, Un - to our
Un - to
pf
cres.
God, to our God. . . . . In psalms de - -
Un - to
cres.
mf
clare our love. Wor - ship and praise be to God on
mf
f
high! Wor - ship and praise be to God on high!

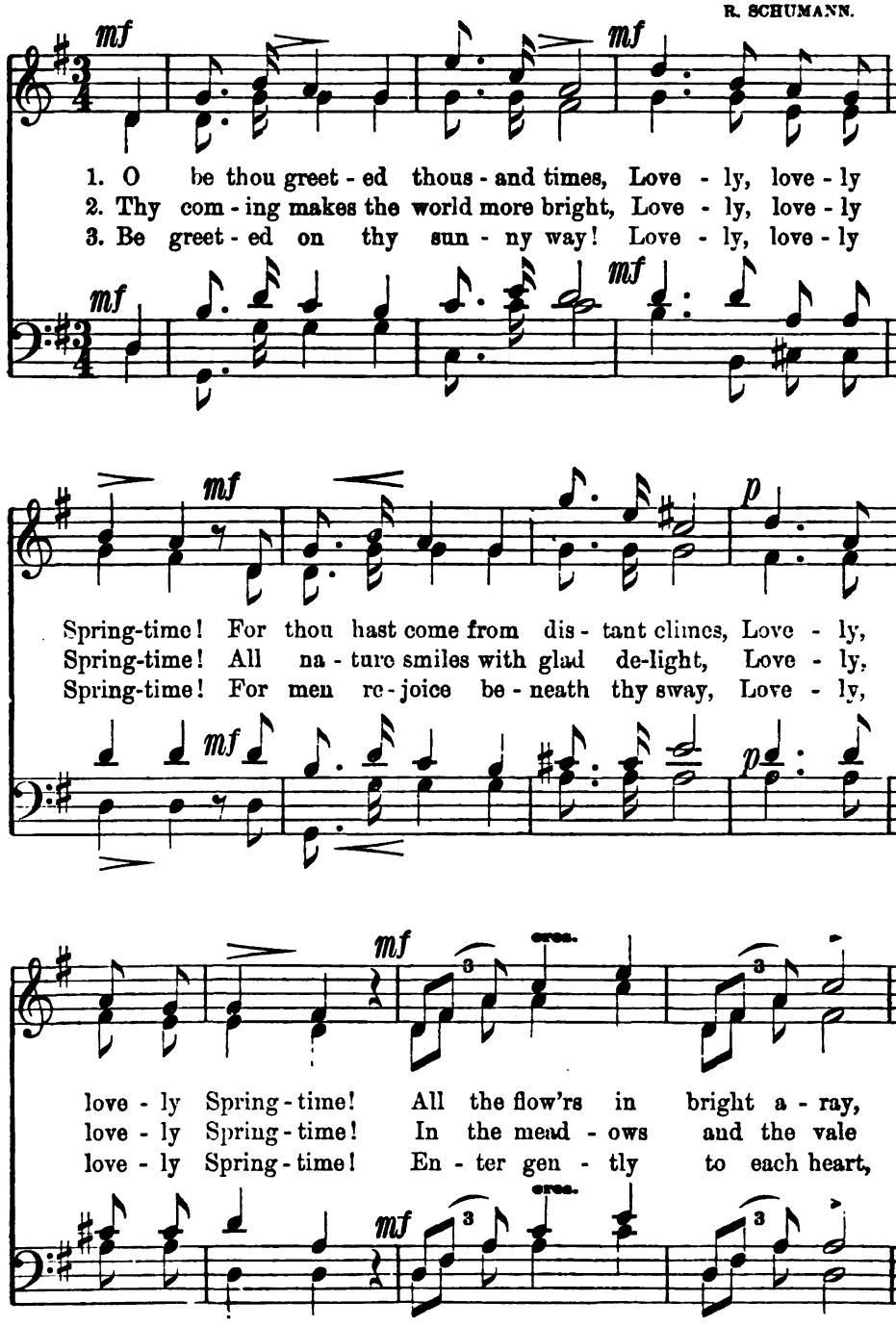
THANKS BE TO GOD.

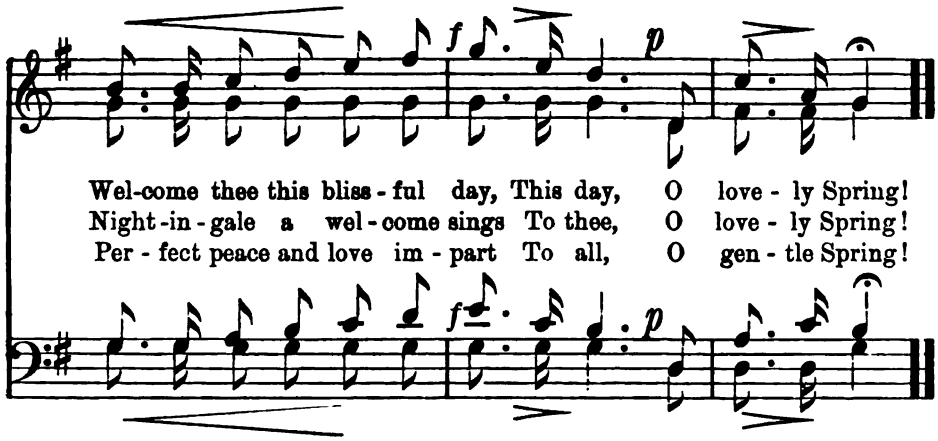
JOHANN CRUGER.



GREETING TO SPRING.

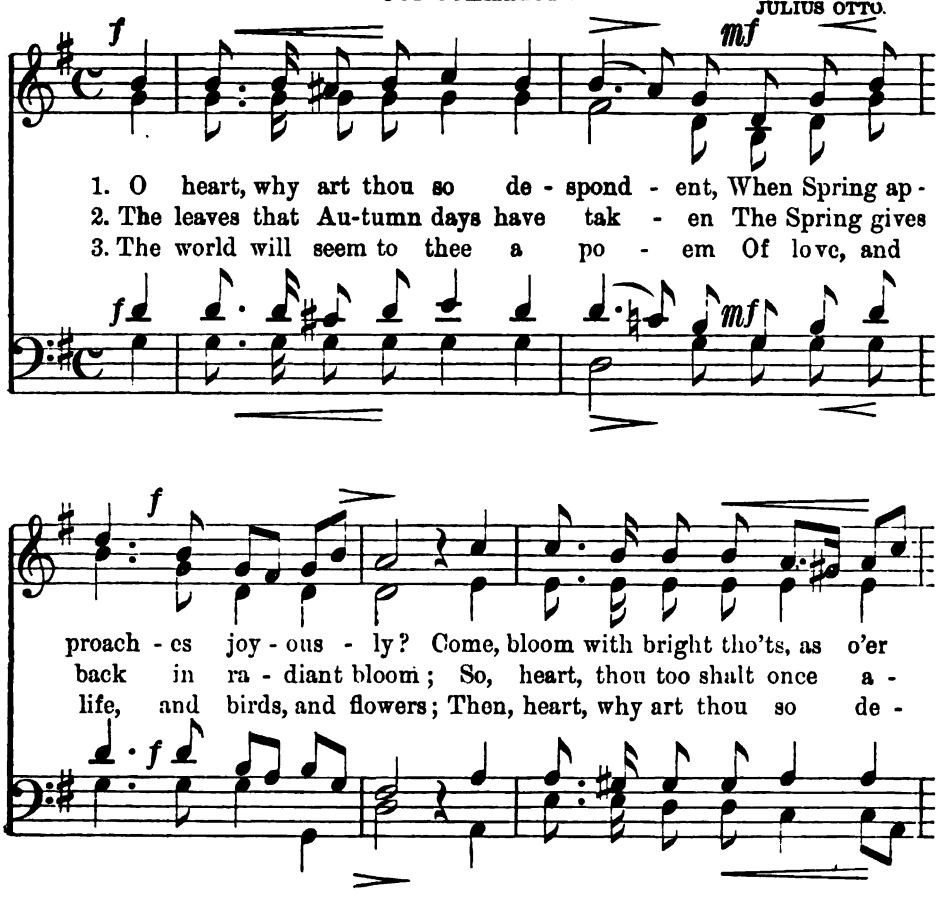
R. SCHUMANN.

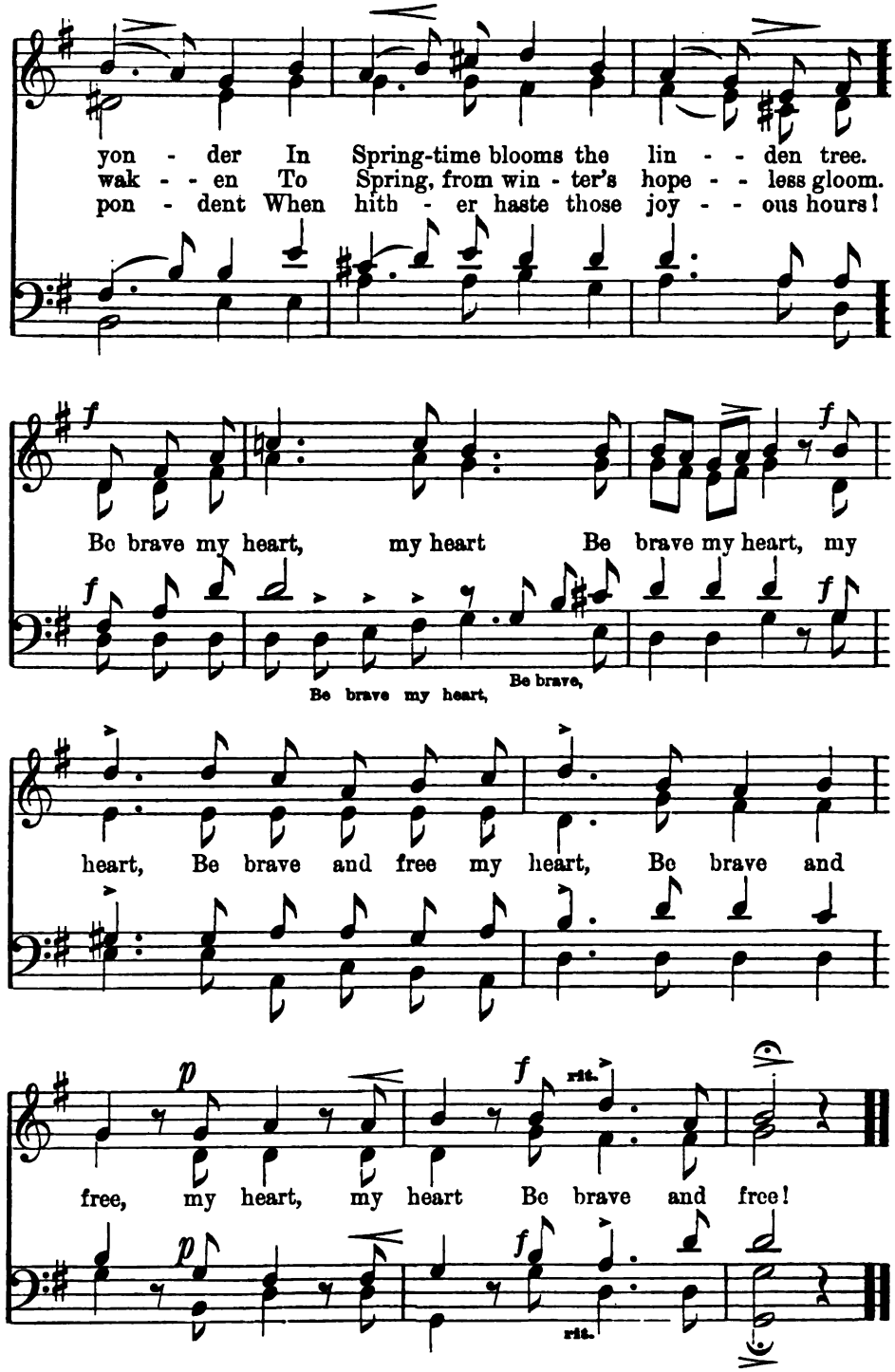




CONSOLATION.

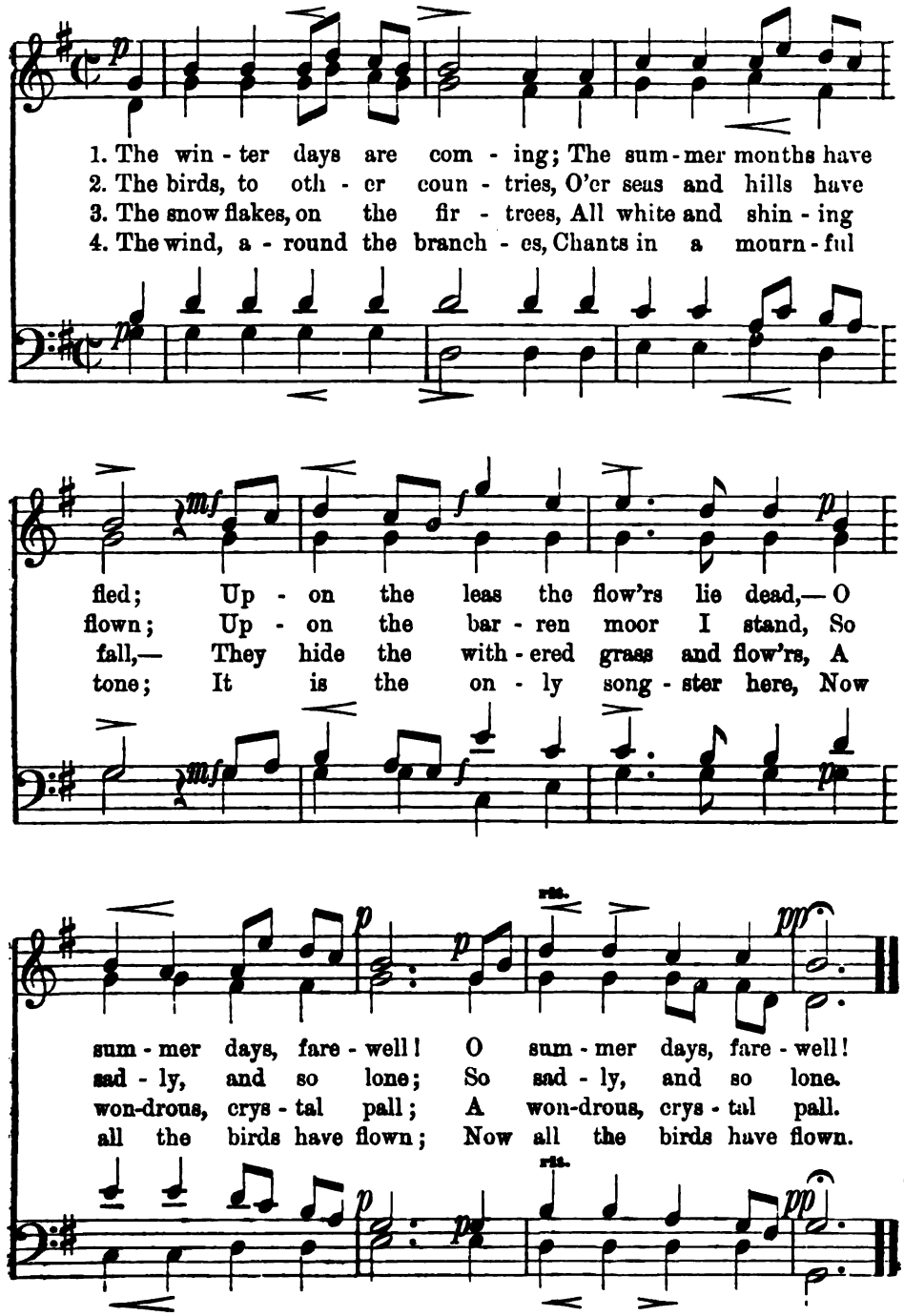
JULIUS OTTO.




yon - der In Spring-time blooms the lin - - den tree.
wak - - en To Spring, from win - ter's hope - - less gloom.
pon - dent When hith - er haste those joy - - ous hours!
Be brave my heart, my heart Be brave my heart, my
Be brave my heart, Be brave,
heart, Be brave and free my heart, Be brave and
free, my heart, my heart Be brave and free!
rit.
rit.

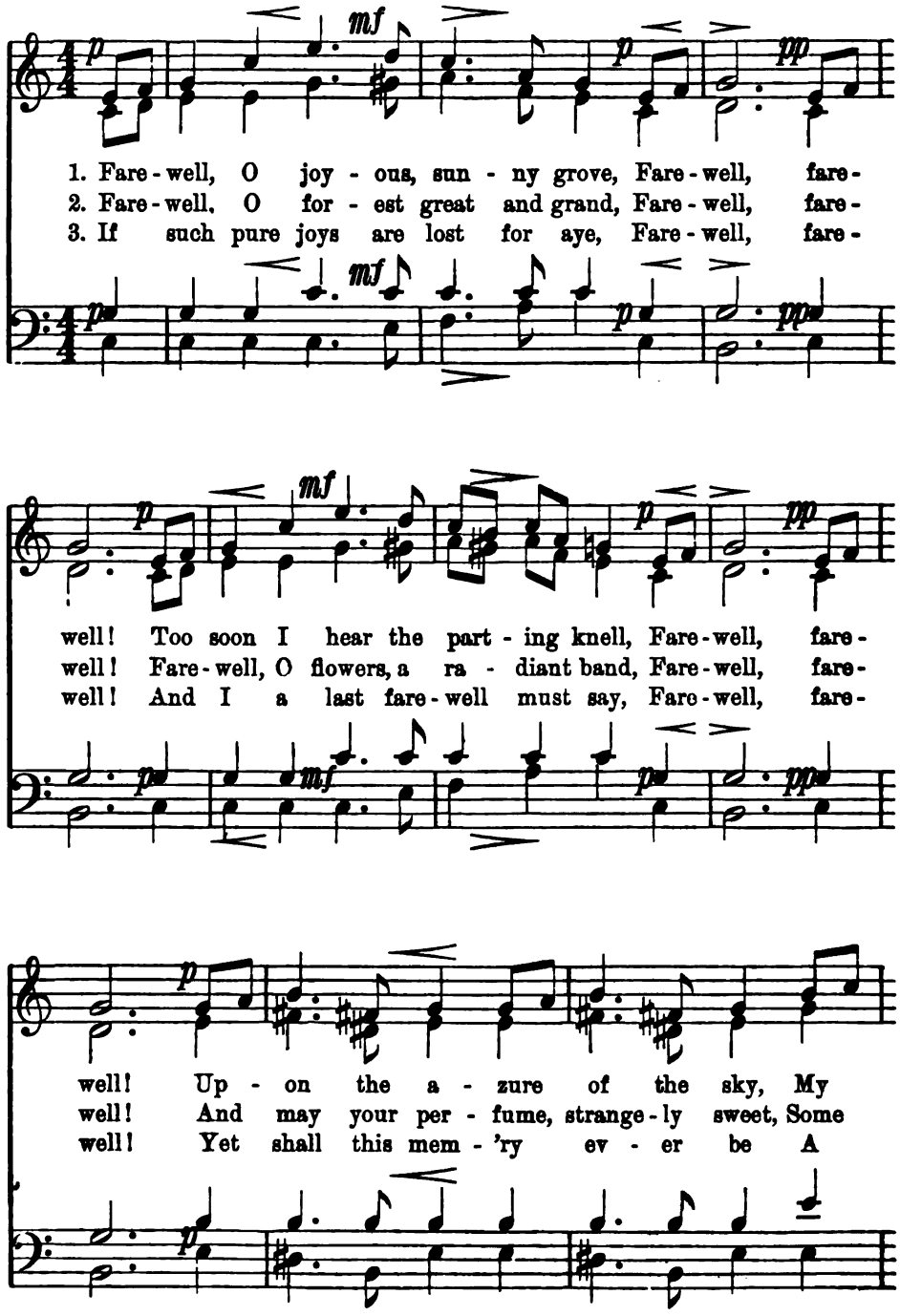
WINTER.

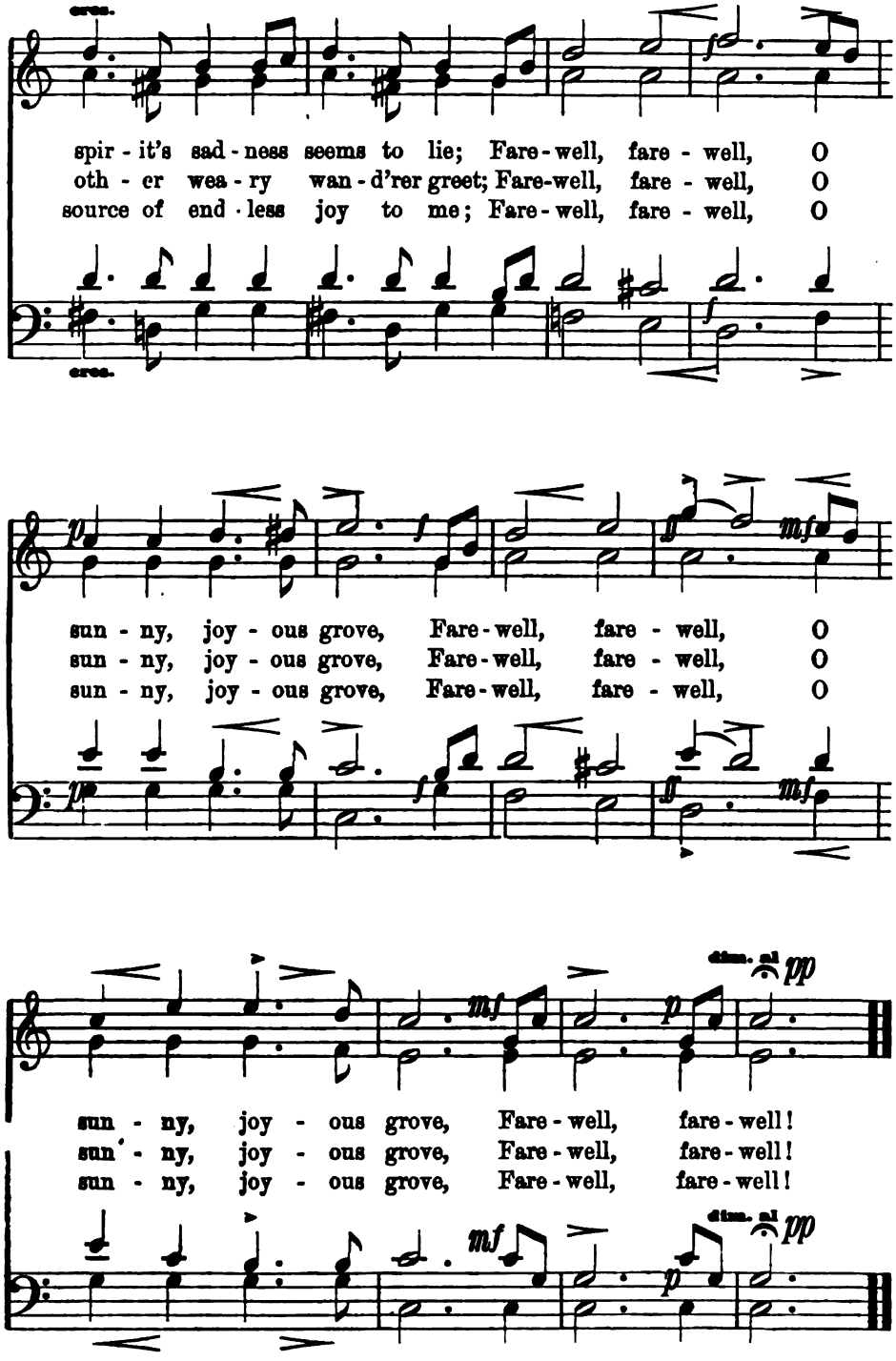
FR. SILCHER.



FAREWELL.

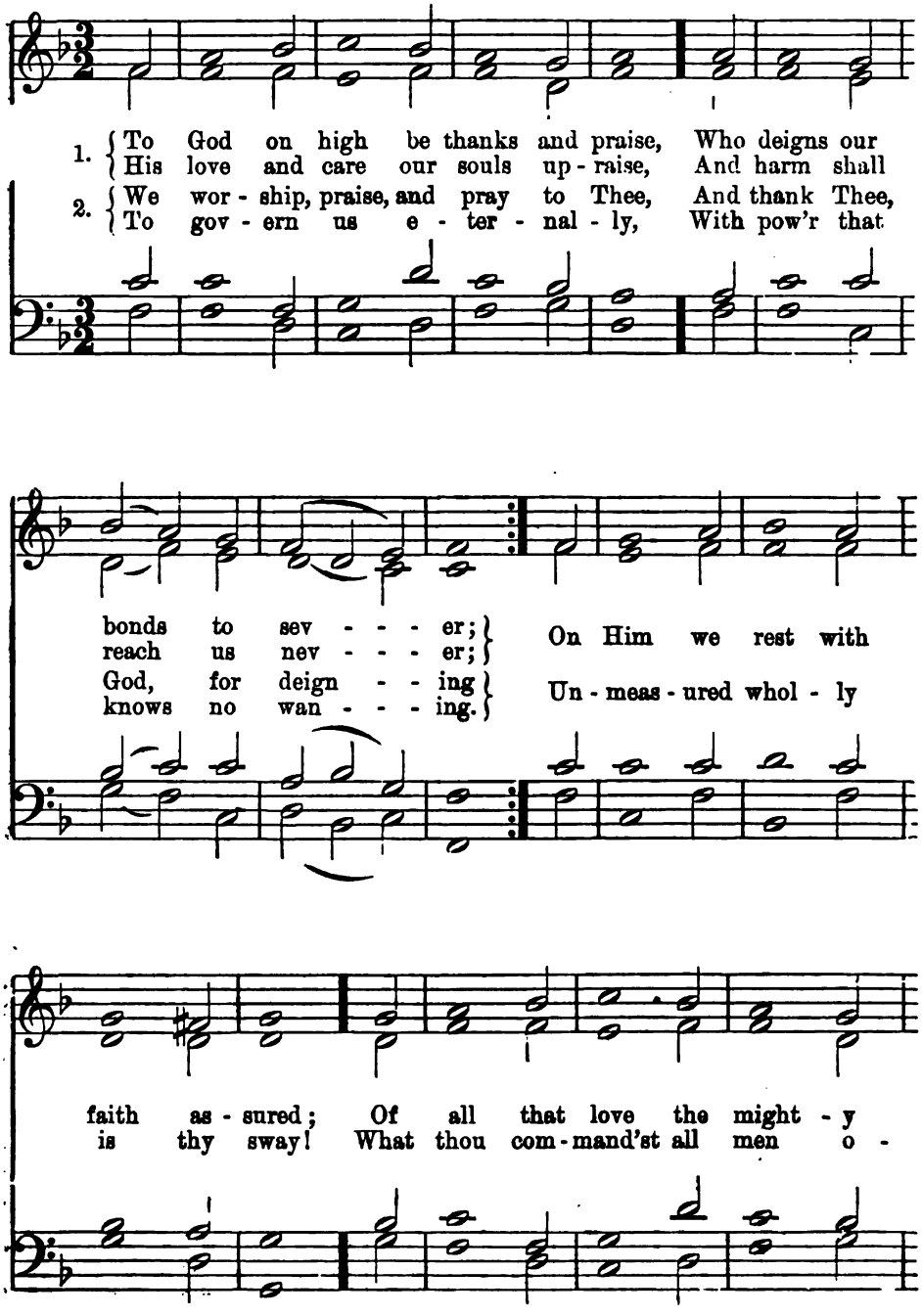
H. ESSER.

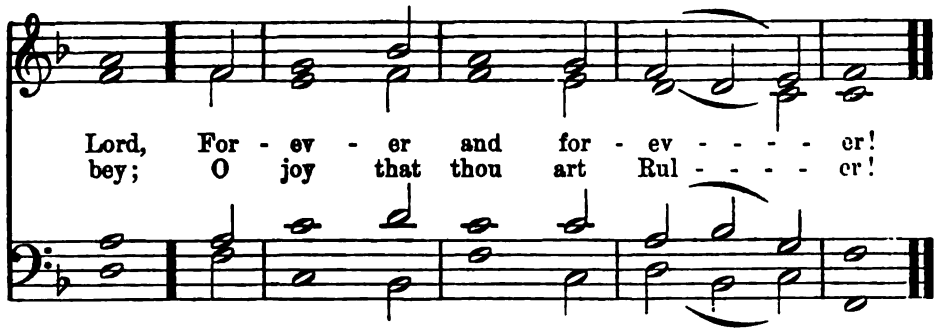



spir - it's sad - ness seems to lie; Fare - well, fare - well, O
oth - er wea - ry wan - d'rer greet; Fare-well, fare - well, O
source of end - less joy to me; Fare - well, fare - well, O
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well, O
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well, O
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well, O
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well!
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well!
sun - ny, joy - ous grove, Fare - well, fare - well!

TO GOD ON HIGH.

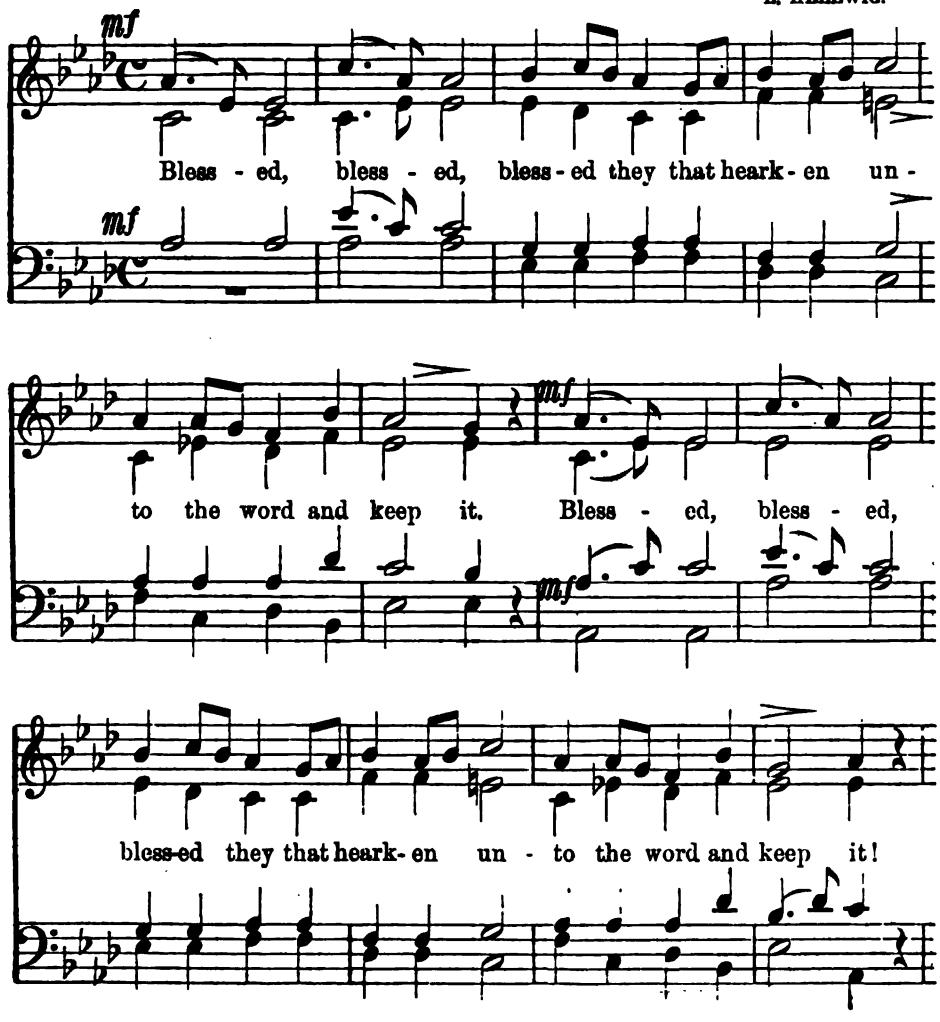
Mel. von NICOLAUS DECIUS.

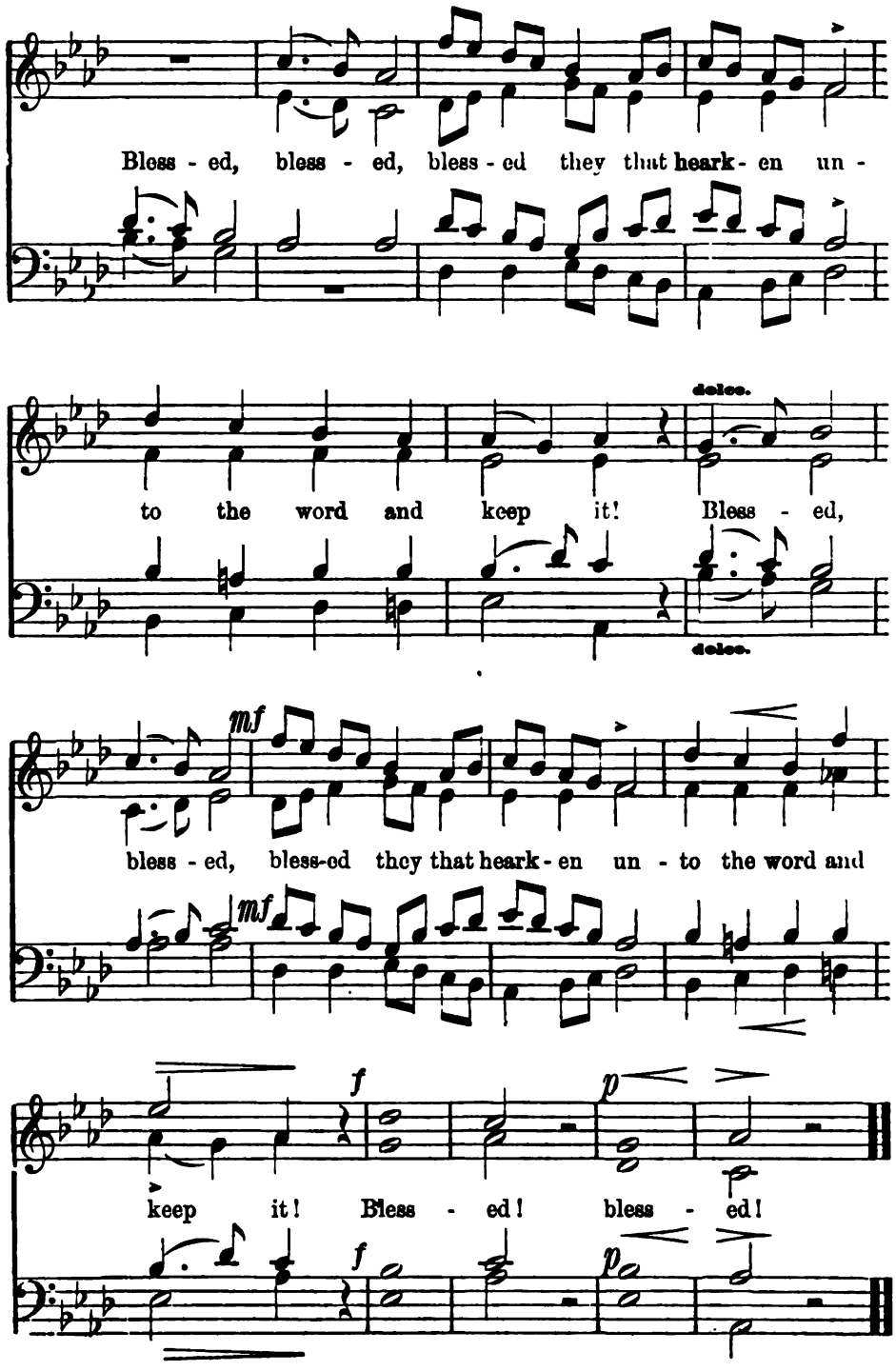




FAITH.

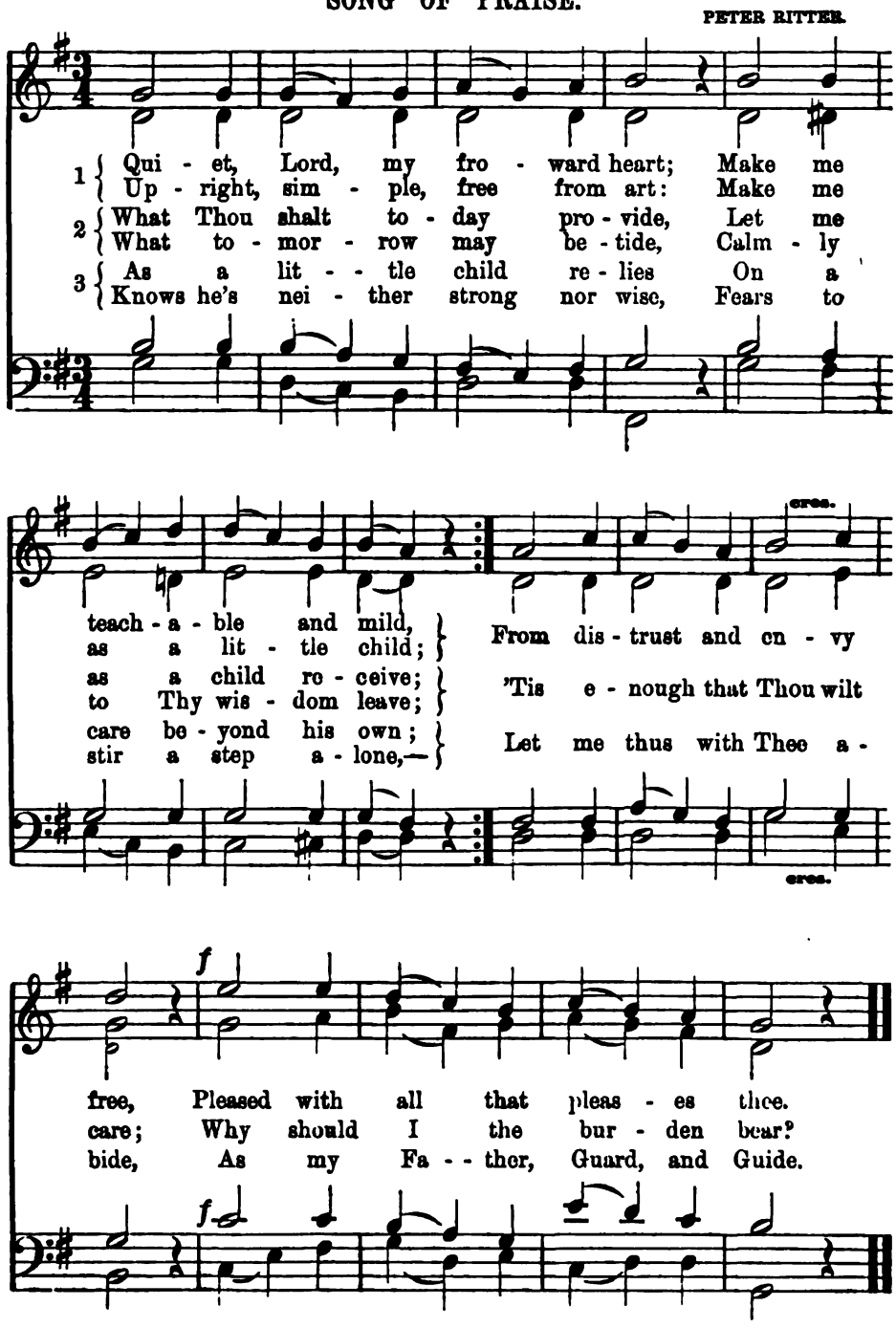
L. HELLWIG.




Bless - ed, bless - ed, bless - ed they that heark - en un -
to the word and keep it! Bless - ed,
dolce.
dolce.
mf
bless - ed, bless-ed they that heark - en un - to the word and
mf
f
p
keep it! Bless - ed! bless - ed!
f
p

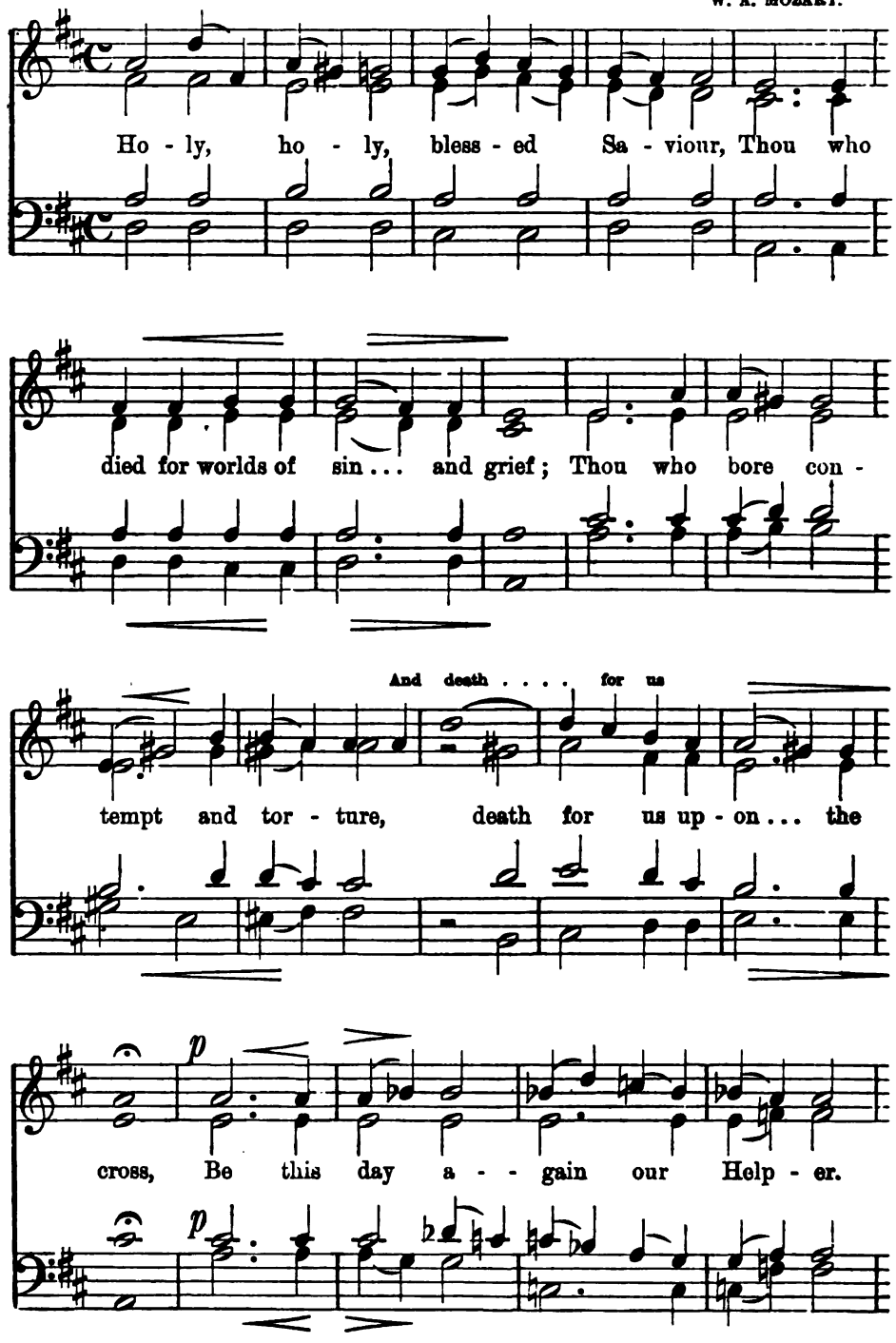
SONG OF PRAISE.

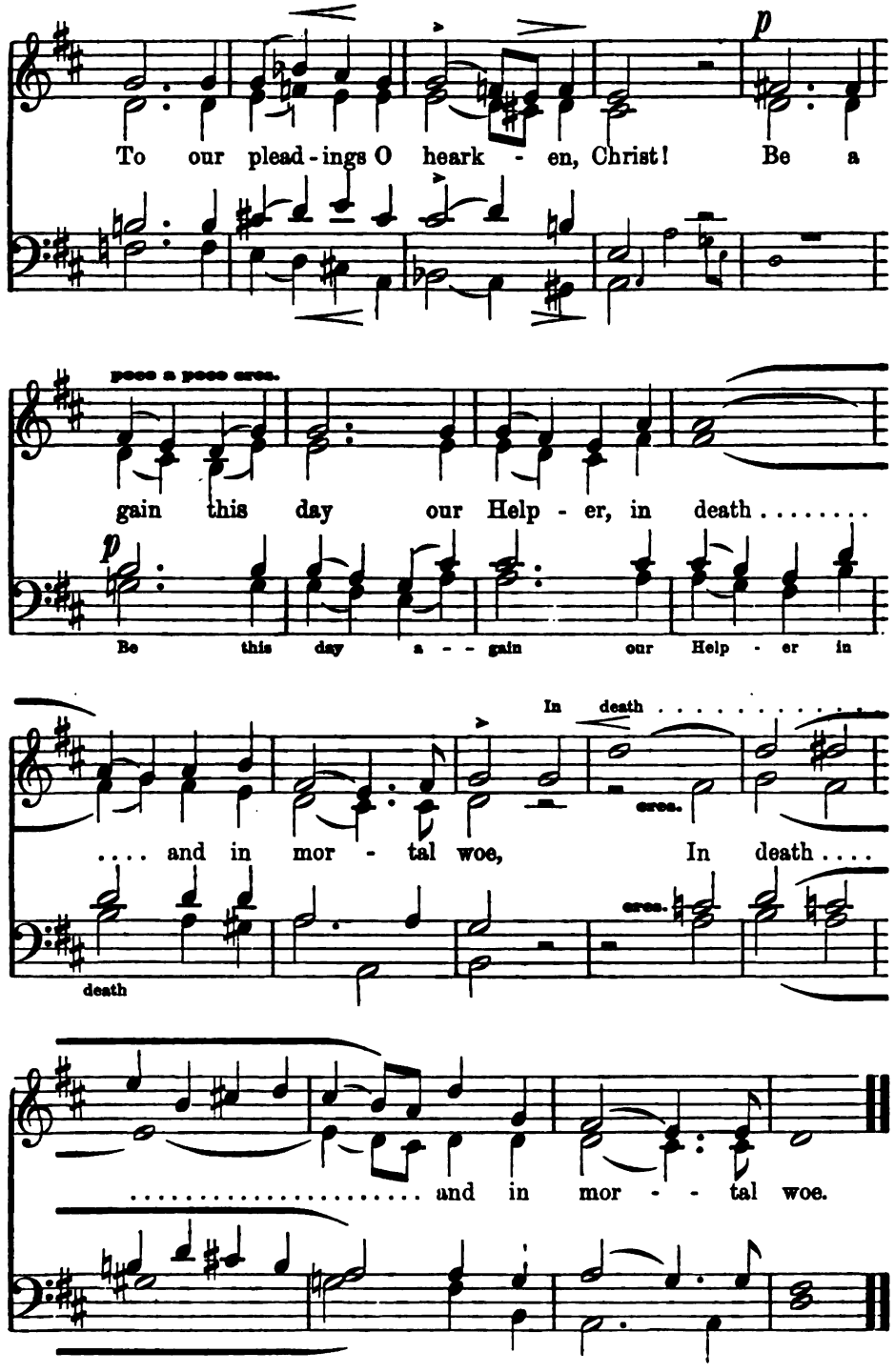
PETER RITTER.



AVE VERUM CORPUS.

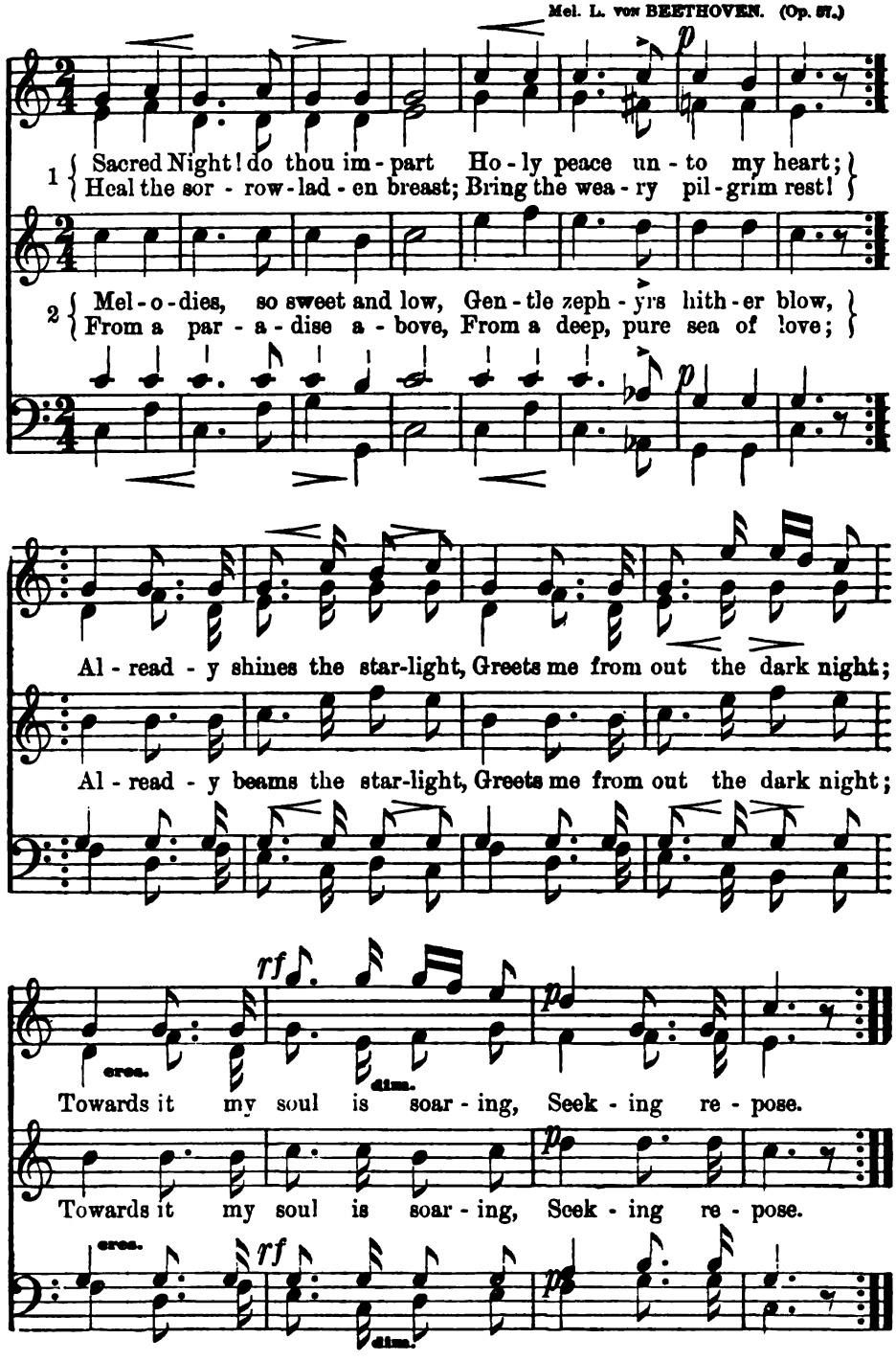
W. A. MOZART.



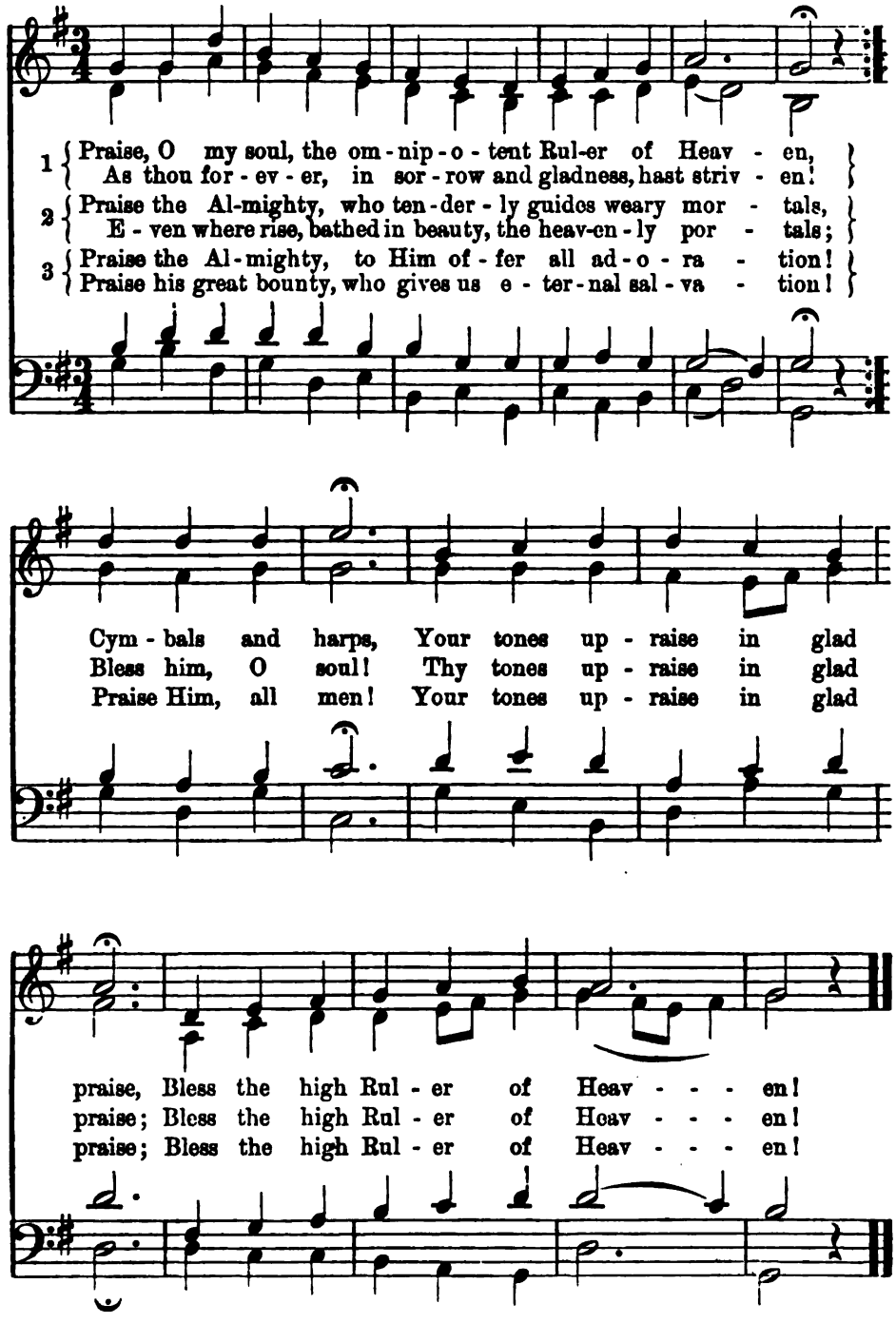

To our plead-ings O heark - en, Christ! Be a
p
poco a poco cres.
gain this day our Help - er, in death.....
p
Be this day a - - gain our Help - er in
In death
cres.
.... and in mor - tal woe, In death....
cres.
death
..... and in mor - - tal woe.

A HYMN TO NIGHT.

Mel. L. von BEETHOVEN. (Op. 97.)

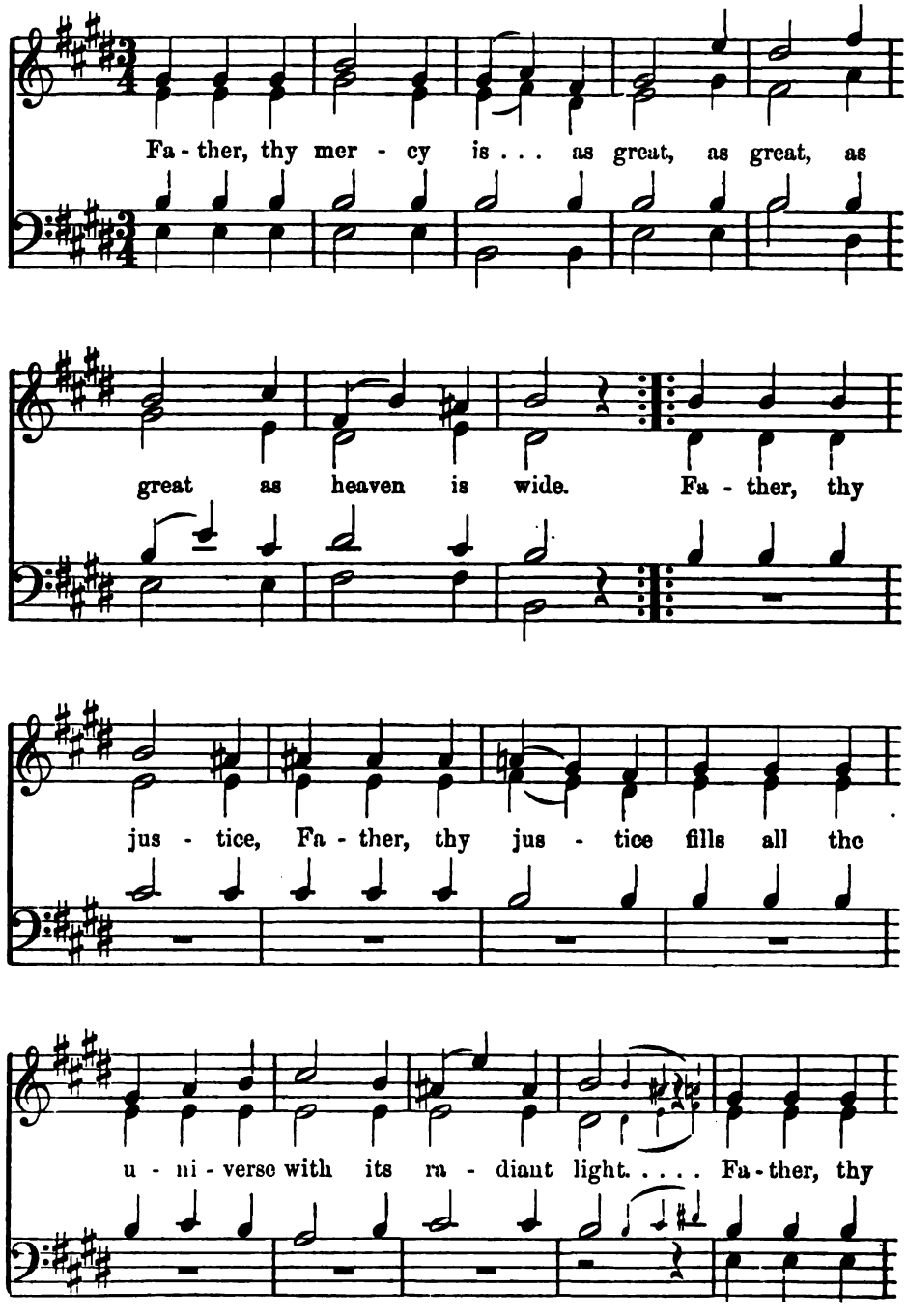


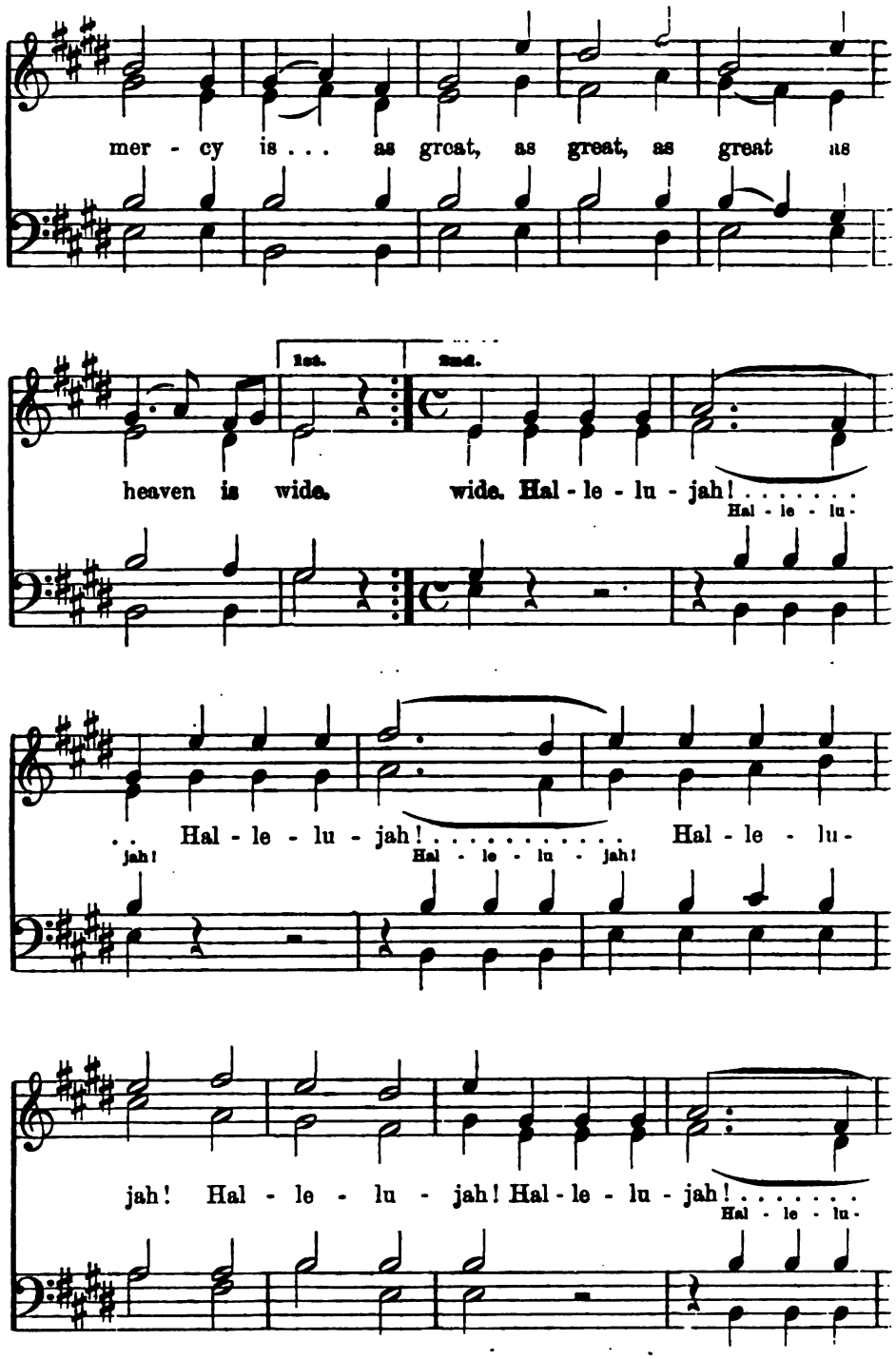
HYMN OF PRAISE.

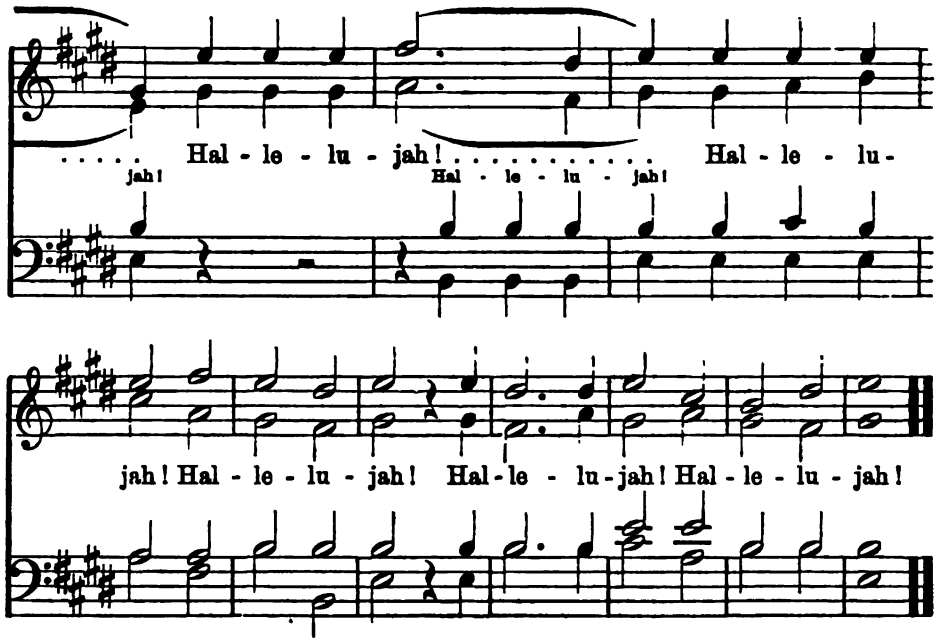


MOTETTE.—"FATHER, THY MERCY."

EDUARD GRELL.

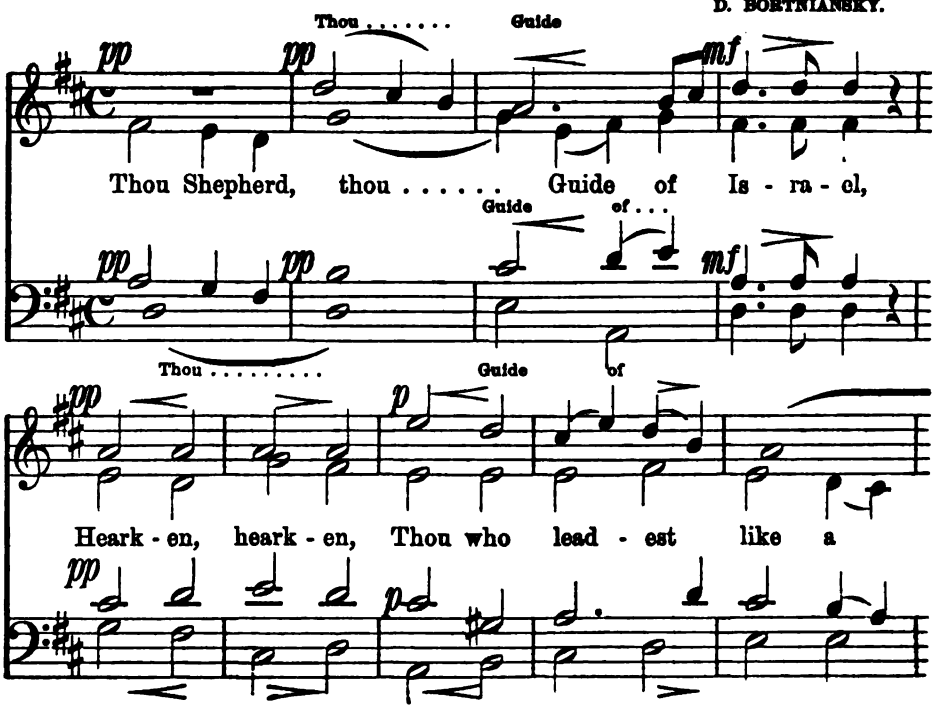


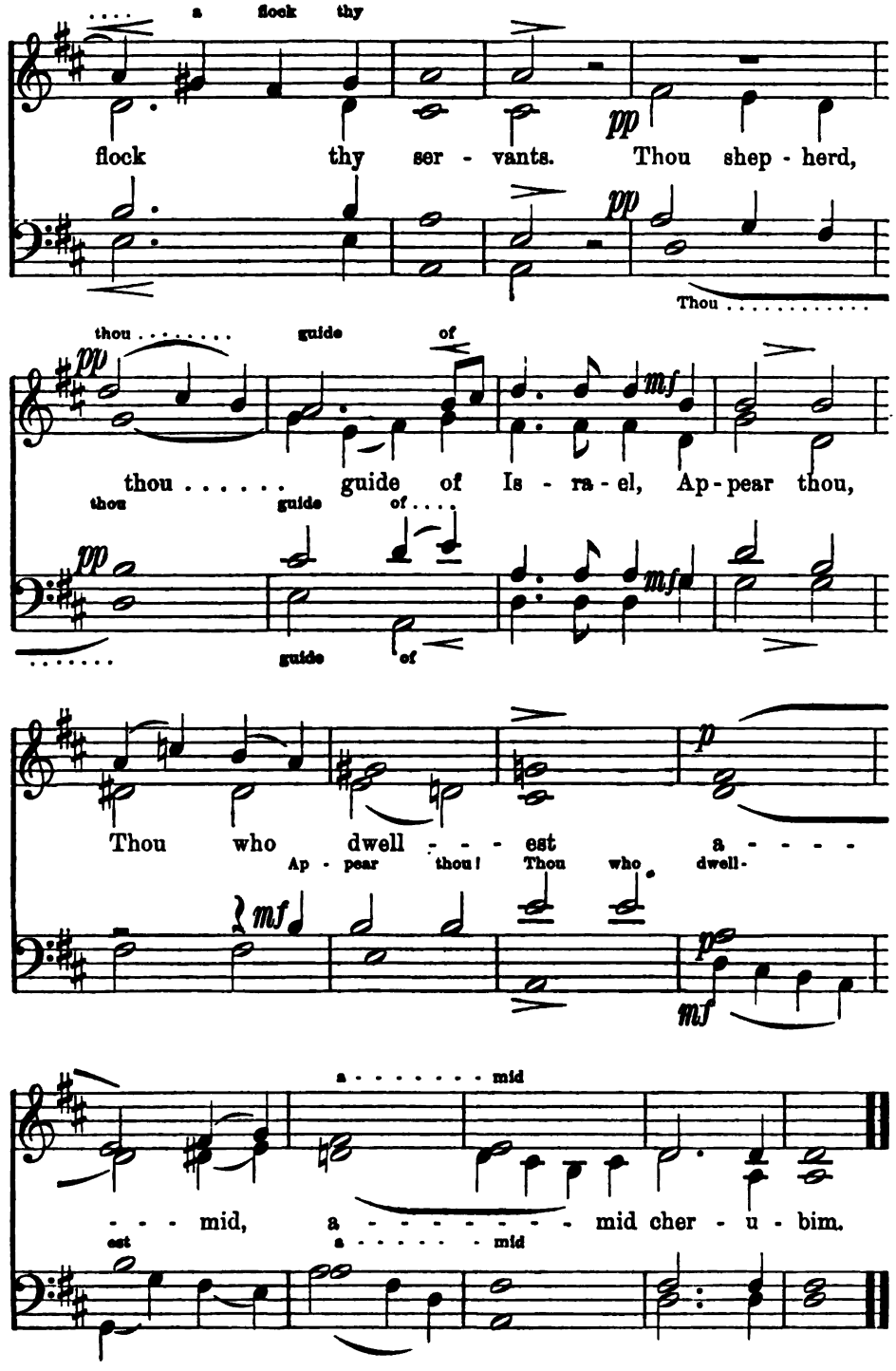

mer - cy is . . . as great, as great, as great as
1st.
2nd.
heaven is wide. wide. Hal - le - lu - jah! . . . . . .
Hal - le - lu -
. . Hal - le - lu - jah! . . . . . Hal - le - lu -
jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah!
jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! . . . . . .
Hal - le - lu -



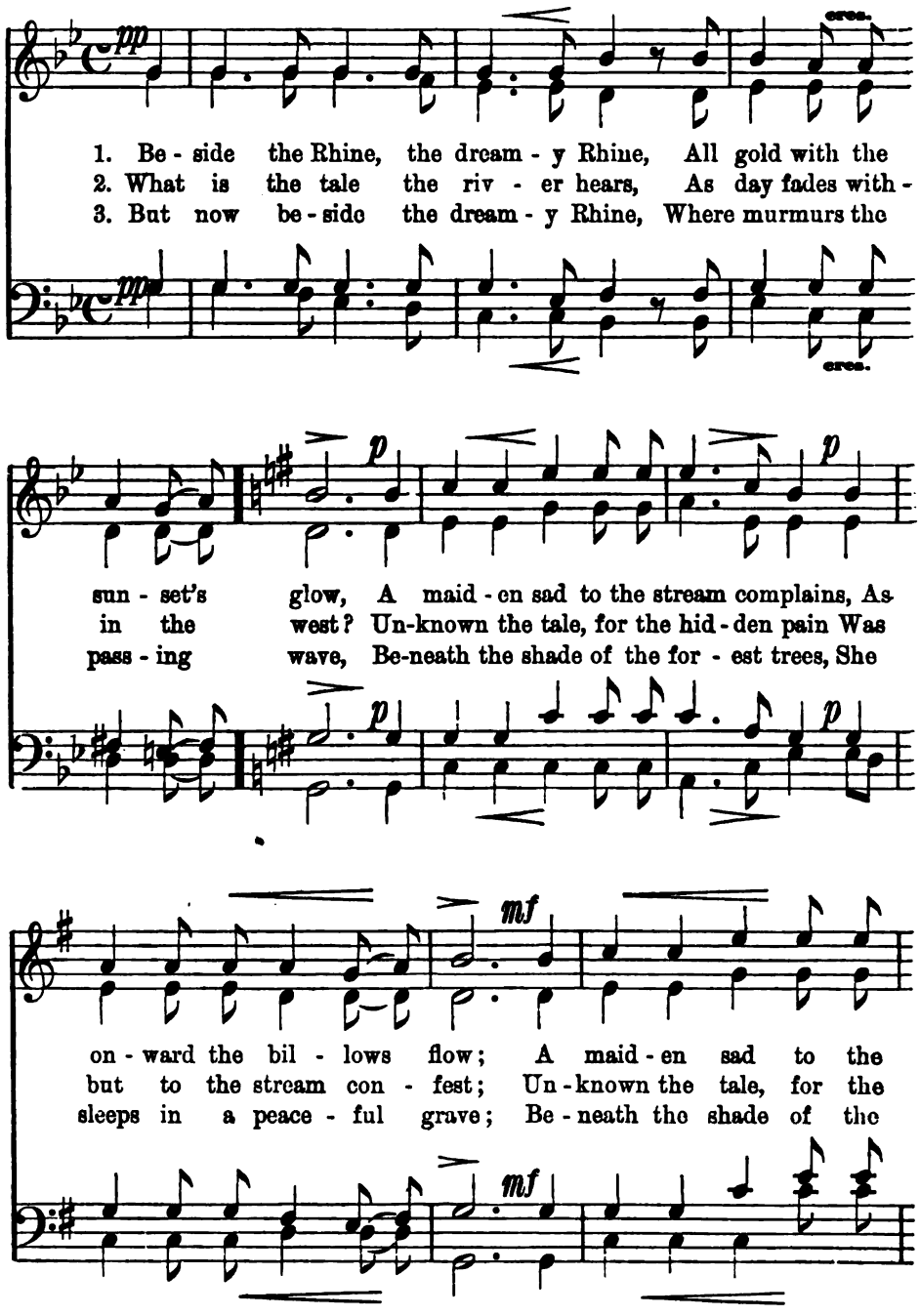
O GUIDE OF ISRAEL.

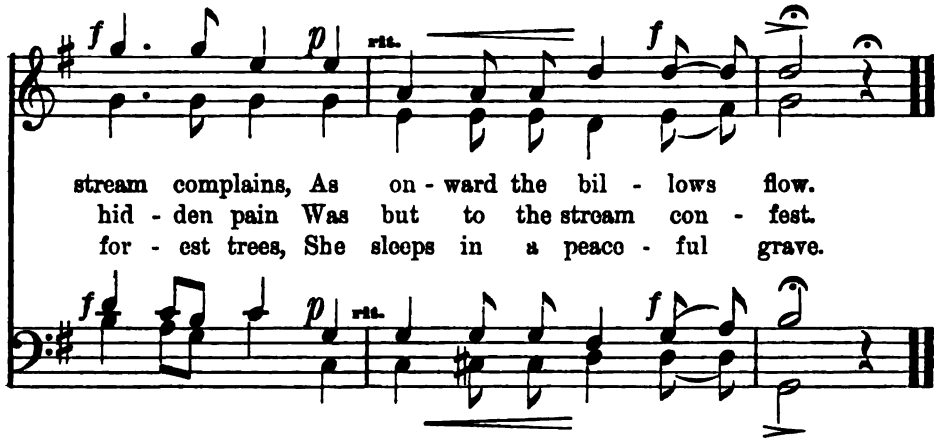
D. BORTNIANSKY.




a flock thy
flock thy ser - vants. Thou shep - herd,
Thou
thou guide of
thou ..... guide of Is - ra - el, Ap - pear thou,
thou guide of....
guide of
Thou who dwell - - - est a - - - -
Ap - pear thou! Thou who dwell-
a ..... mid
- - - mid, a ..... mid cher - u - bim.
est a ..... mid

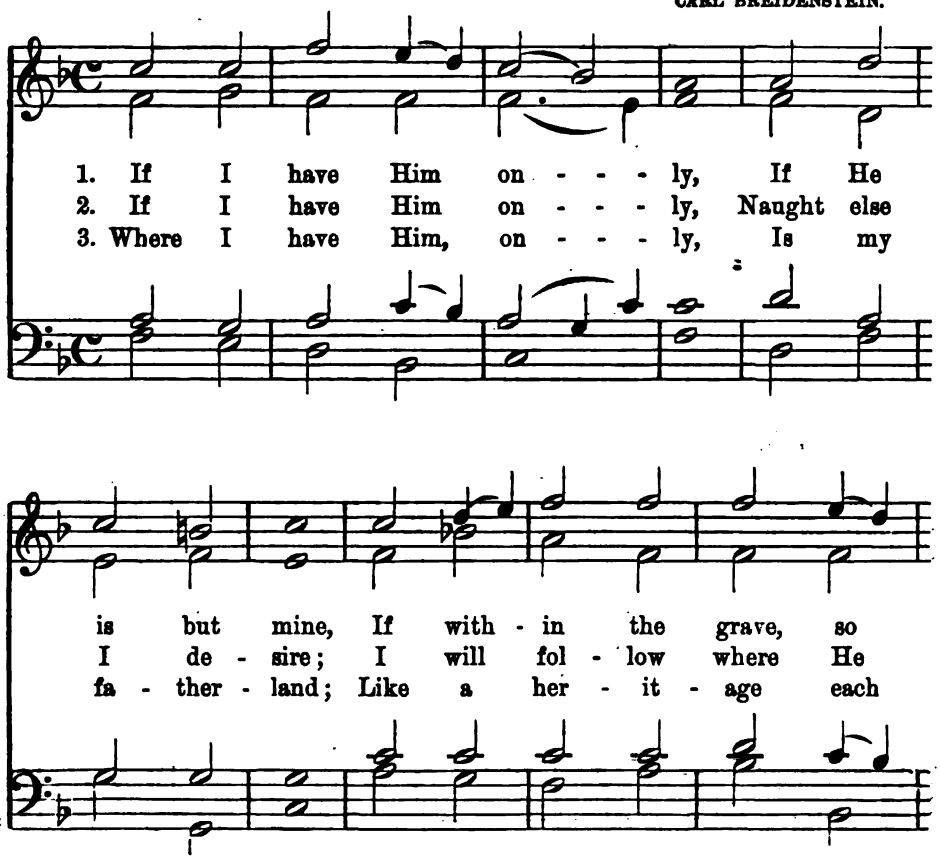
BESIDE THE RHINE.

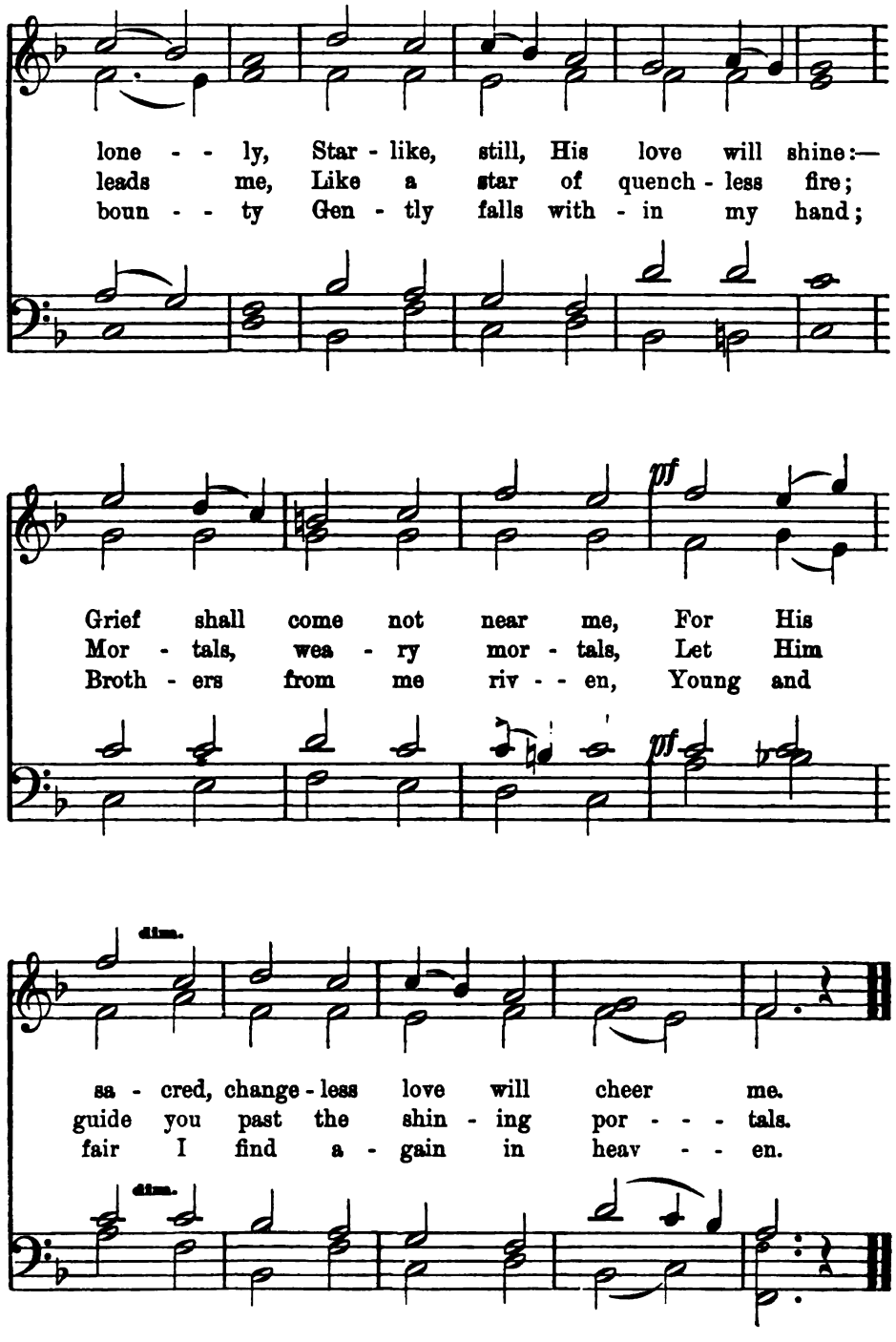




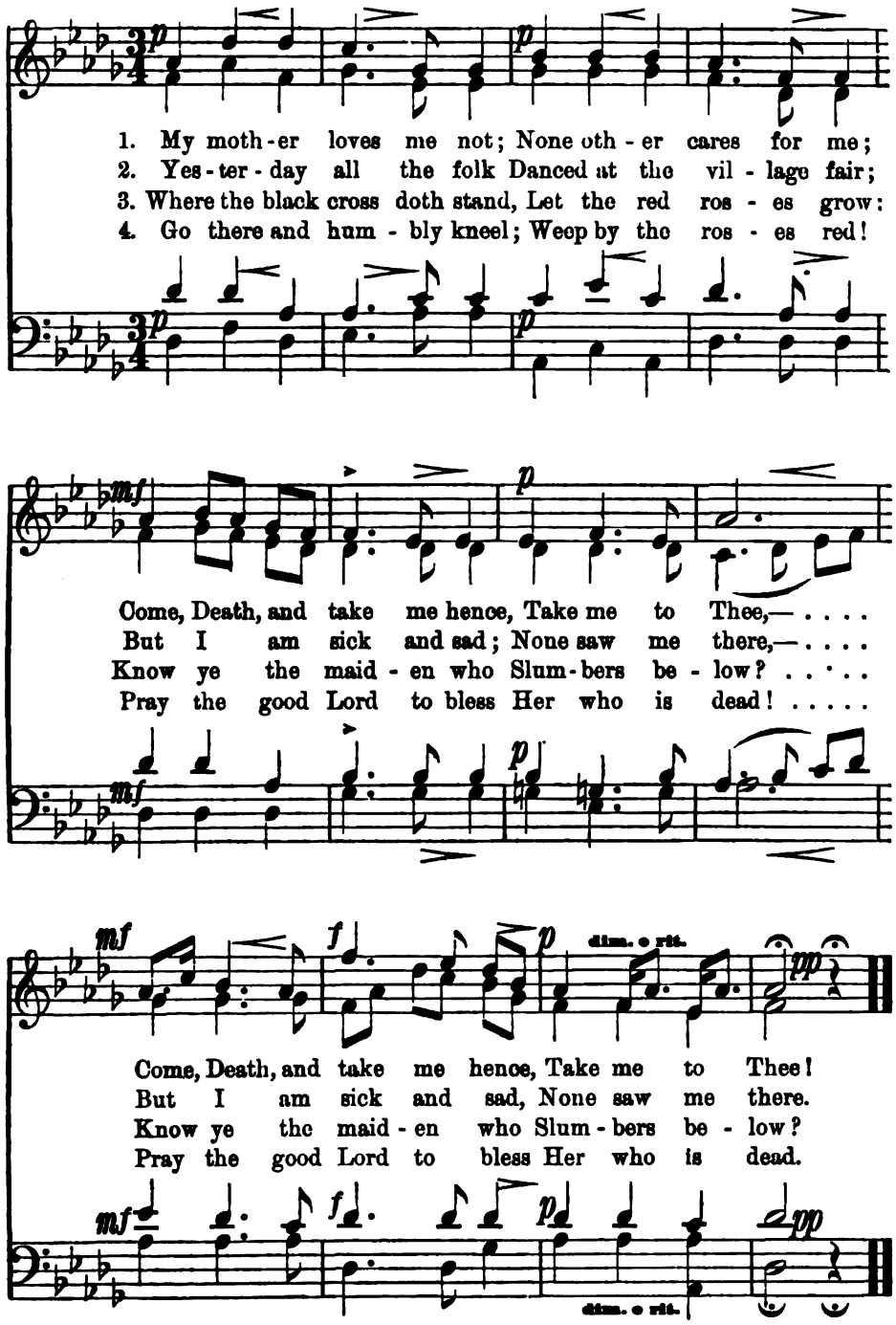
SALVATION IN CHRIST.

CARL BREIDENSTEIN.

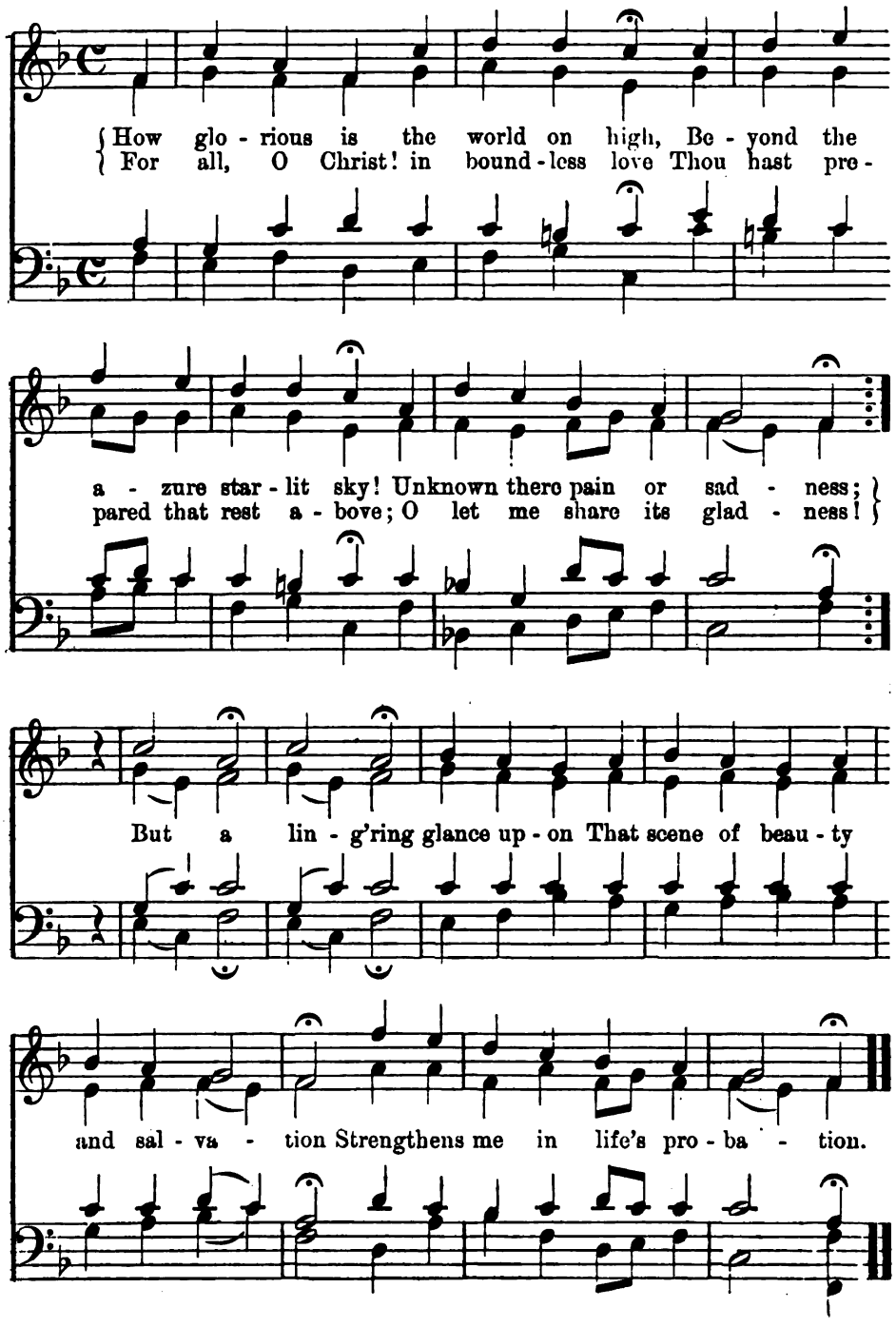



lone - - ly, Star - like, still, His love will shine:—
leads me, Like a star of quench - less fire;
boun - - ty Gen - tly falls with - in my hand;
Grief shall come not near me, For His
Mor - tals, wea - ry mor - tals, Let Him
Broth - ers from me riv - - en, Young and
sa - cred, change - less love will cheer me.
guide you past the shin - ing por - - - tals.
fair I find a - gain in heav - - en.
dim.
dim.

THE MOURNER.

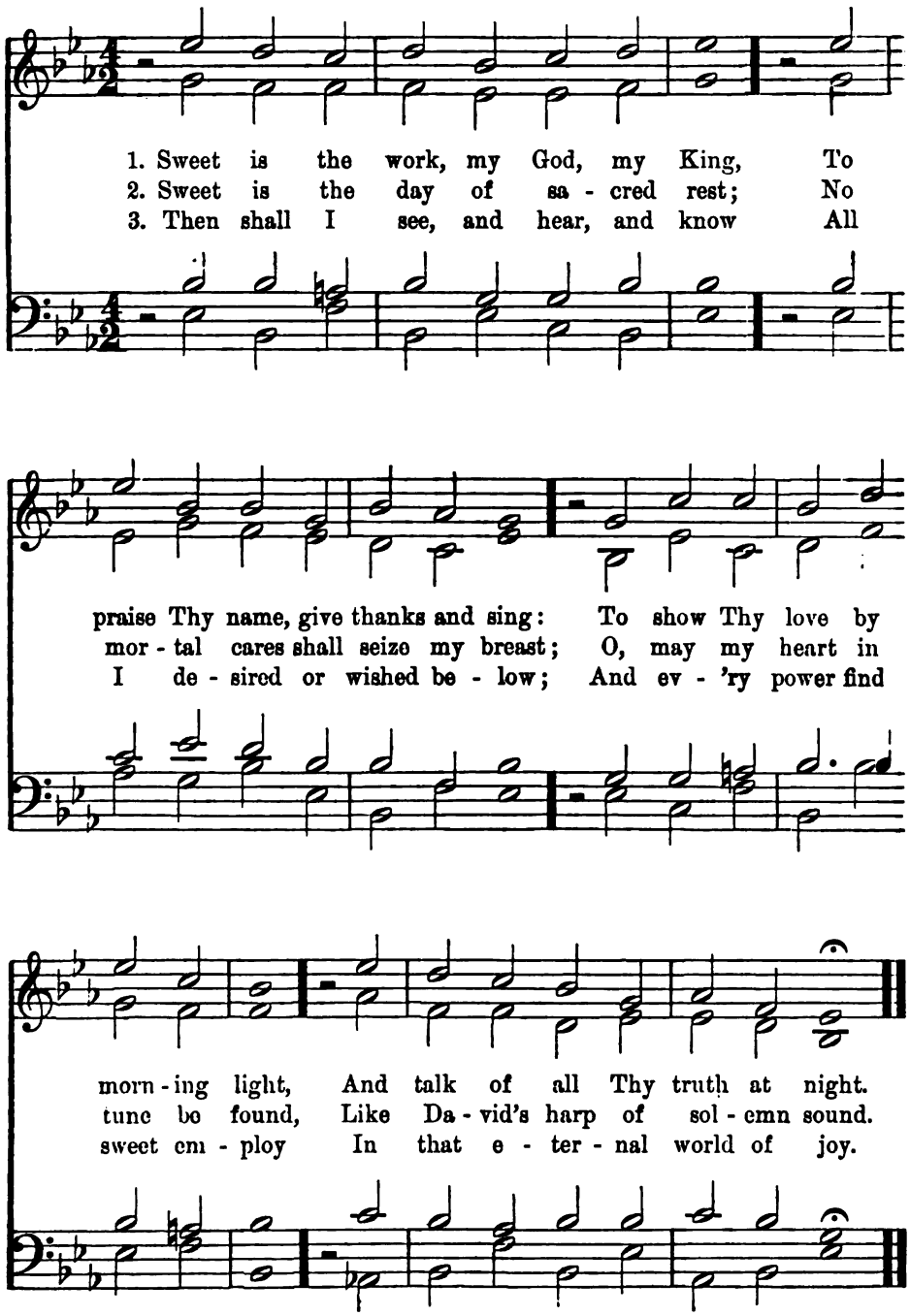

1. My moth-er loves me not; None oth-er cares for me;
2. Yes-ter-day all the folk Danced at the vil-lage fair;
3. Where the black cross doth stand, Let the red ros-es grow:
4. Go there and hum-bly kneel; Weep by the ros-es red!
Come, Death, and take me hence, Take me to Thee,— . . . .
But I am sick and sad; None saw me there,— . . . .
Know ye the maid-en who Slum-bers be-low? . . . . .
Pray the good Lord to bless Her who is dead! . . . . .
dim. e rit.
Come, Death, and take me hence, Take me to Thee!
But I am sick and sad, None saw me there.
Know ye the maid-en who Slum-bers be-low?
Pray the good Lord to bless Her who is dead.
dim. e rit.

IMMORTALITY.



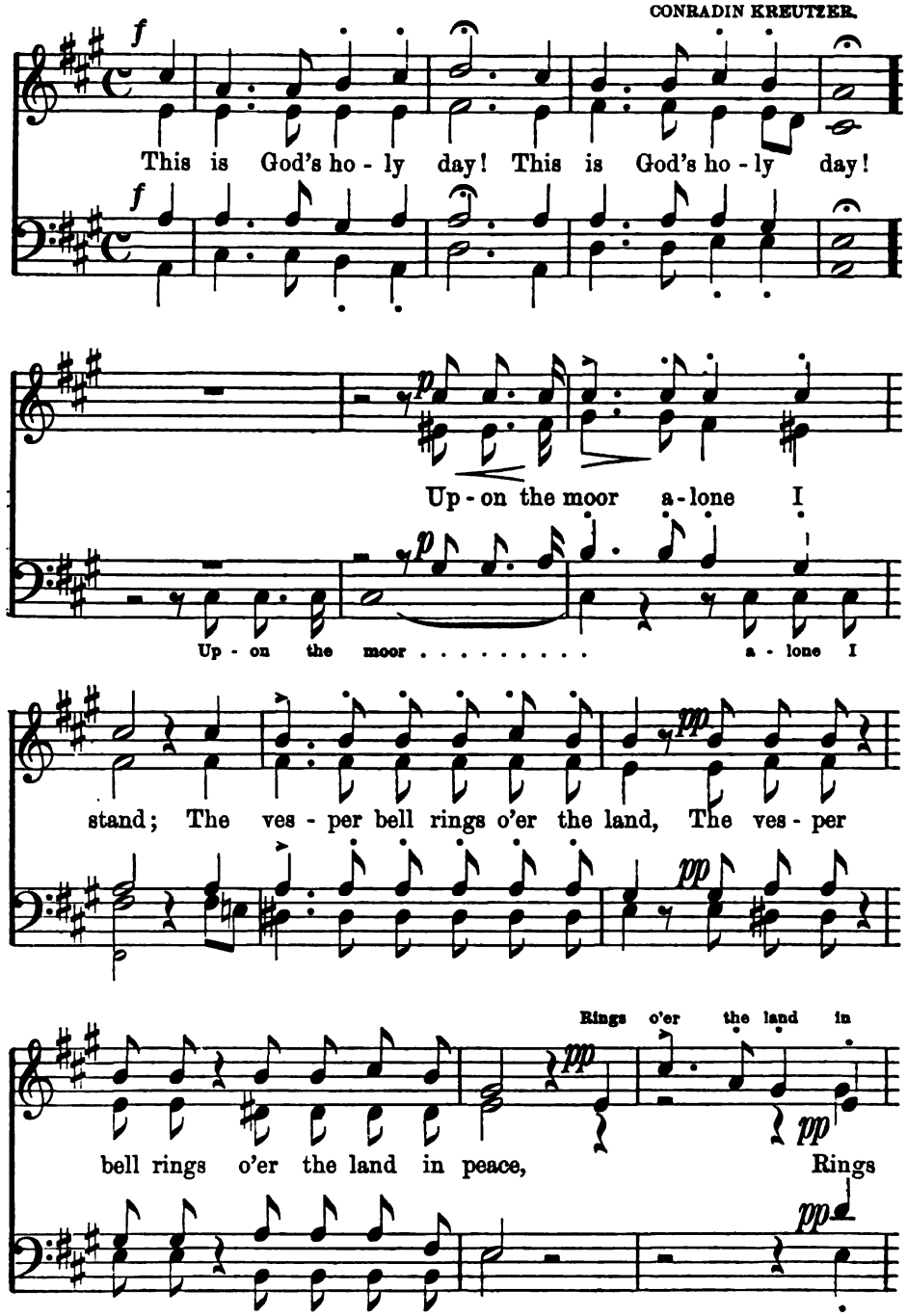
SWEET IS THE WORK, MY GOD, MY KING.

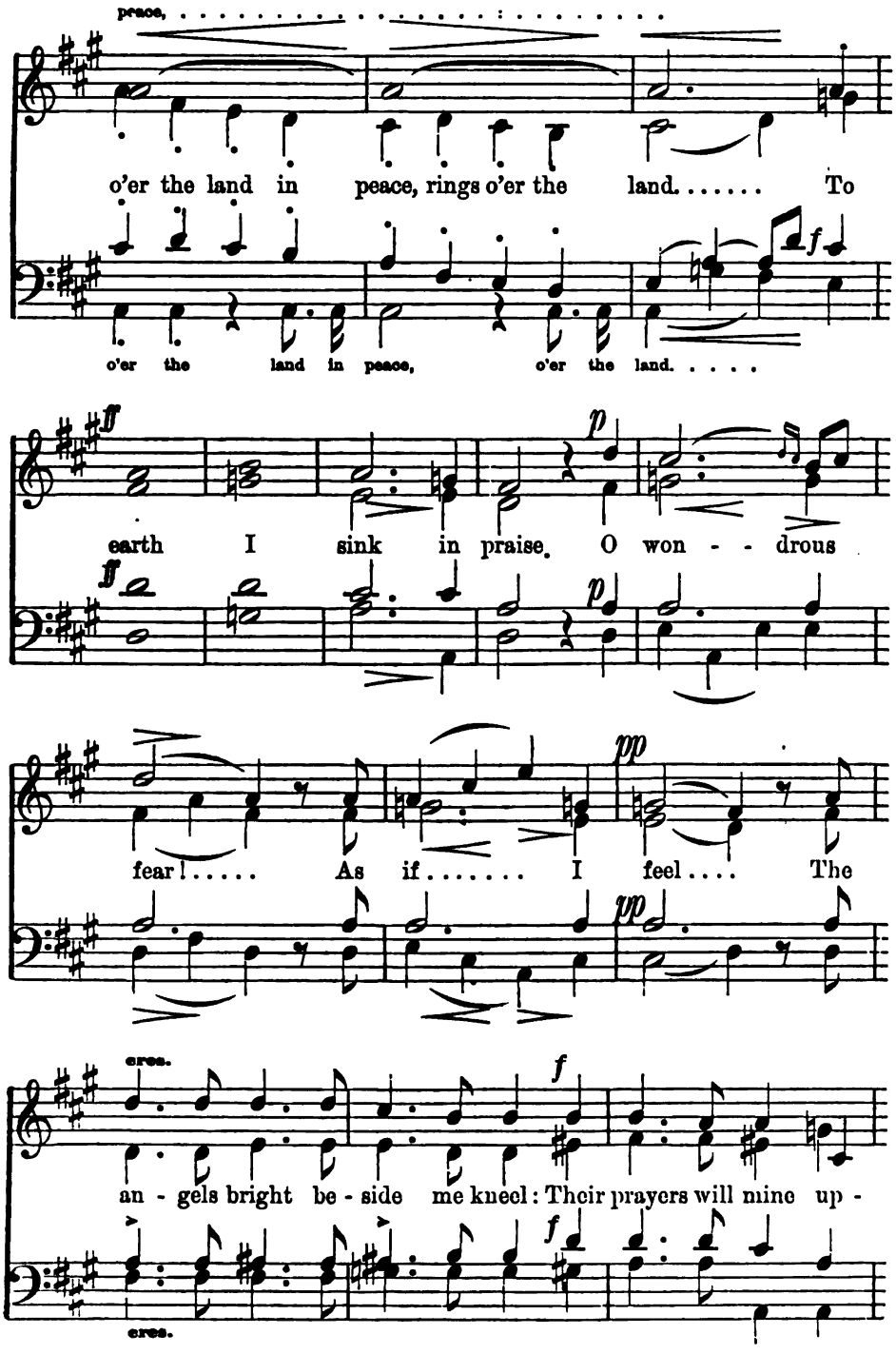
DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

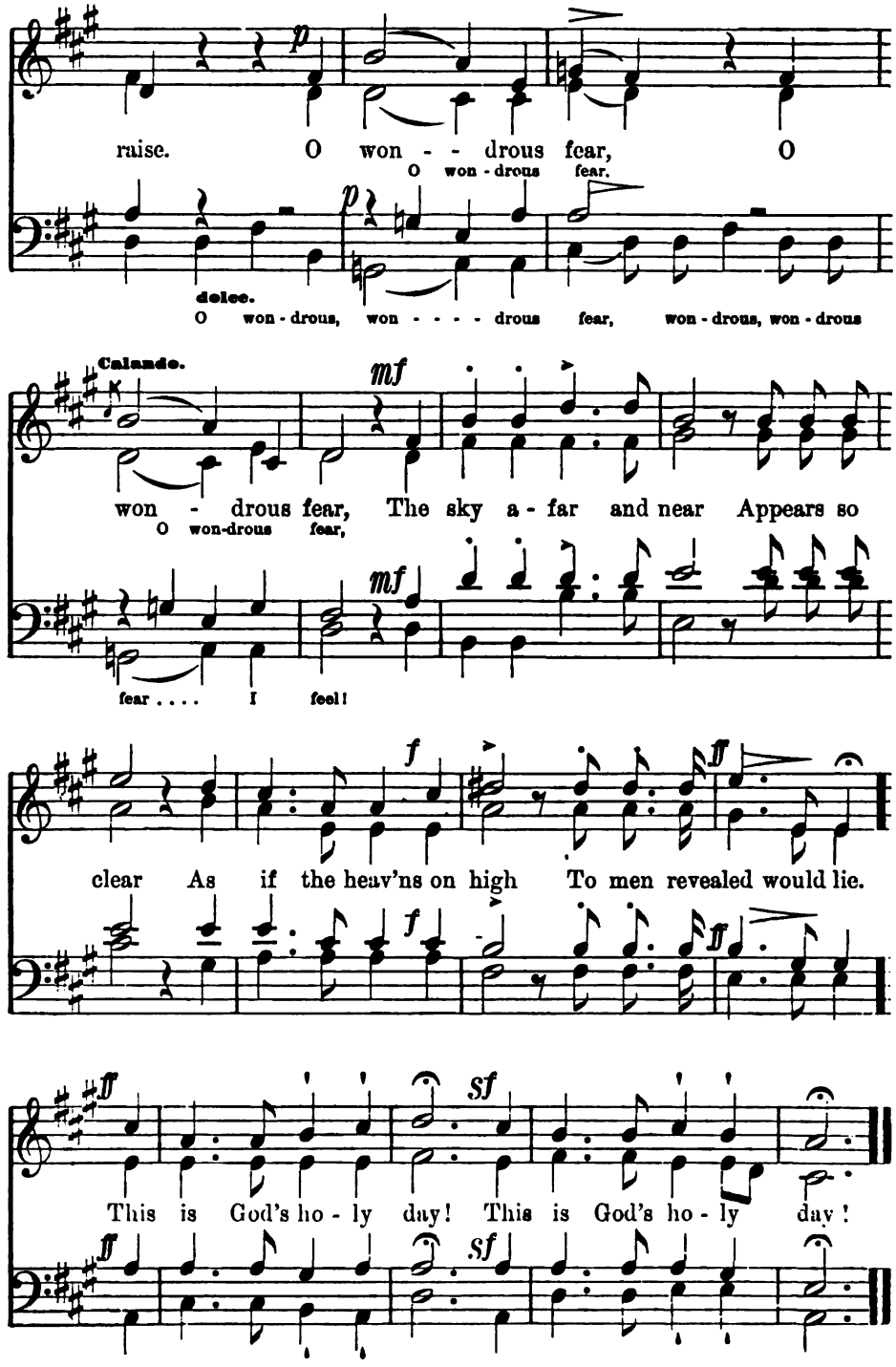


THE SHEPHERD'S HYMN OF PRAISE.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

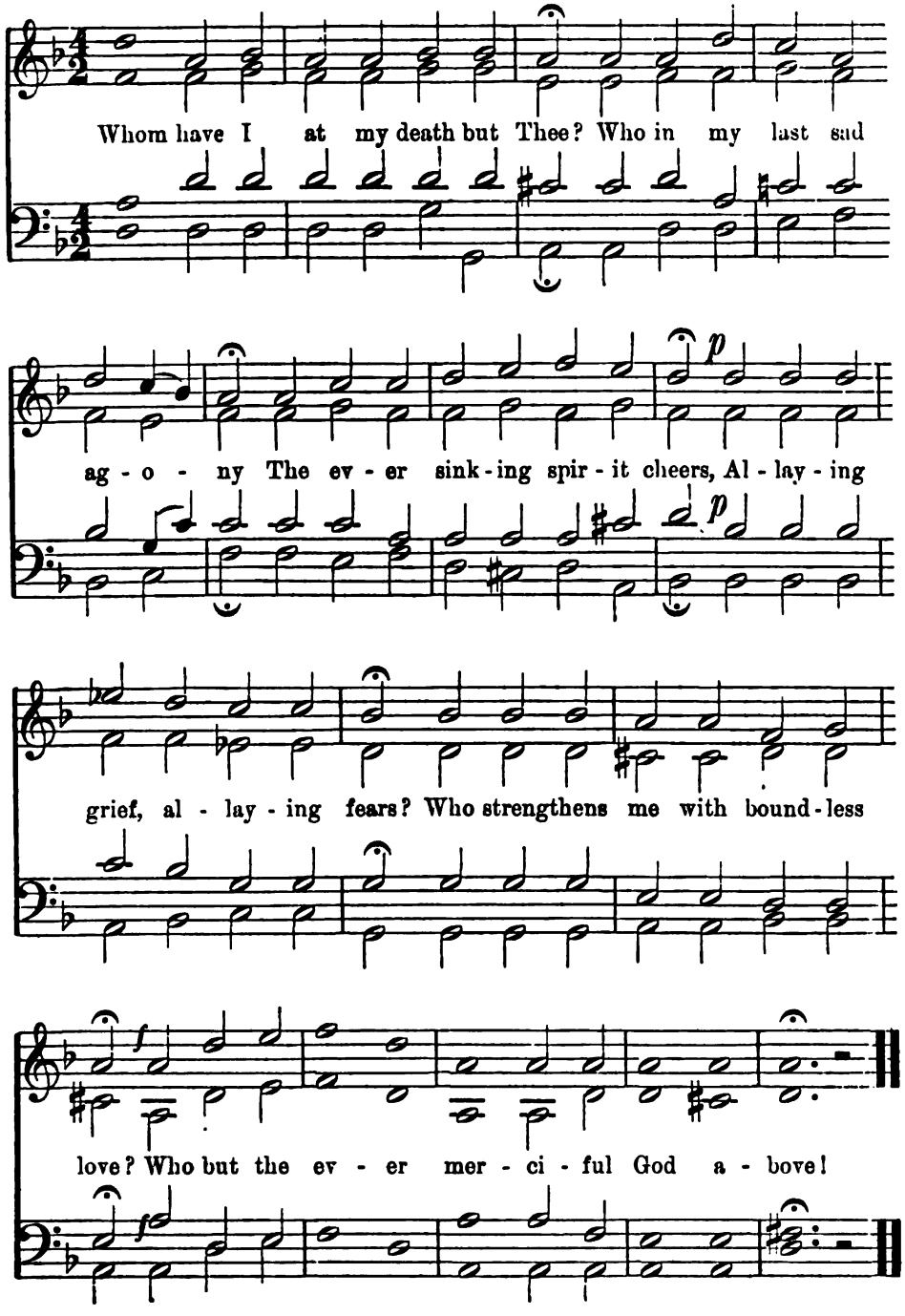



peace,
o'er the land in peace, rings o'er the land..... To
o'er the land in peace, o'er the land.....
earth I sink in praise. O won - - drous
fear!..... As if..... I feel.... The
cres.
an - gels bright be - side me kneel: Their prayers will mine up -
cres.


raise. O won - - drous fear, O
O won - drous fear.
dolce.
O won - drous, won - - - - drous fear, won - drous, won - drous
Calando.
won - drous fear, The sky a - far and near Appears so
O won-drous fear,
fear . . . . I feel!
clear As if the heav'ns on high To men revealed would lie.
This is God's ho - ly day! This is God's ho - ly day!

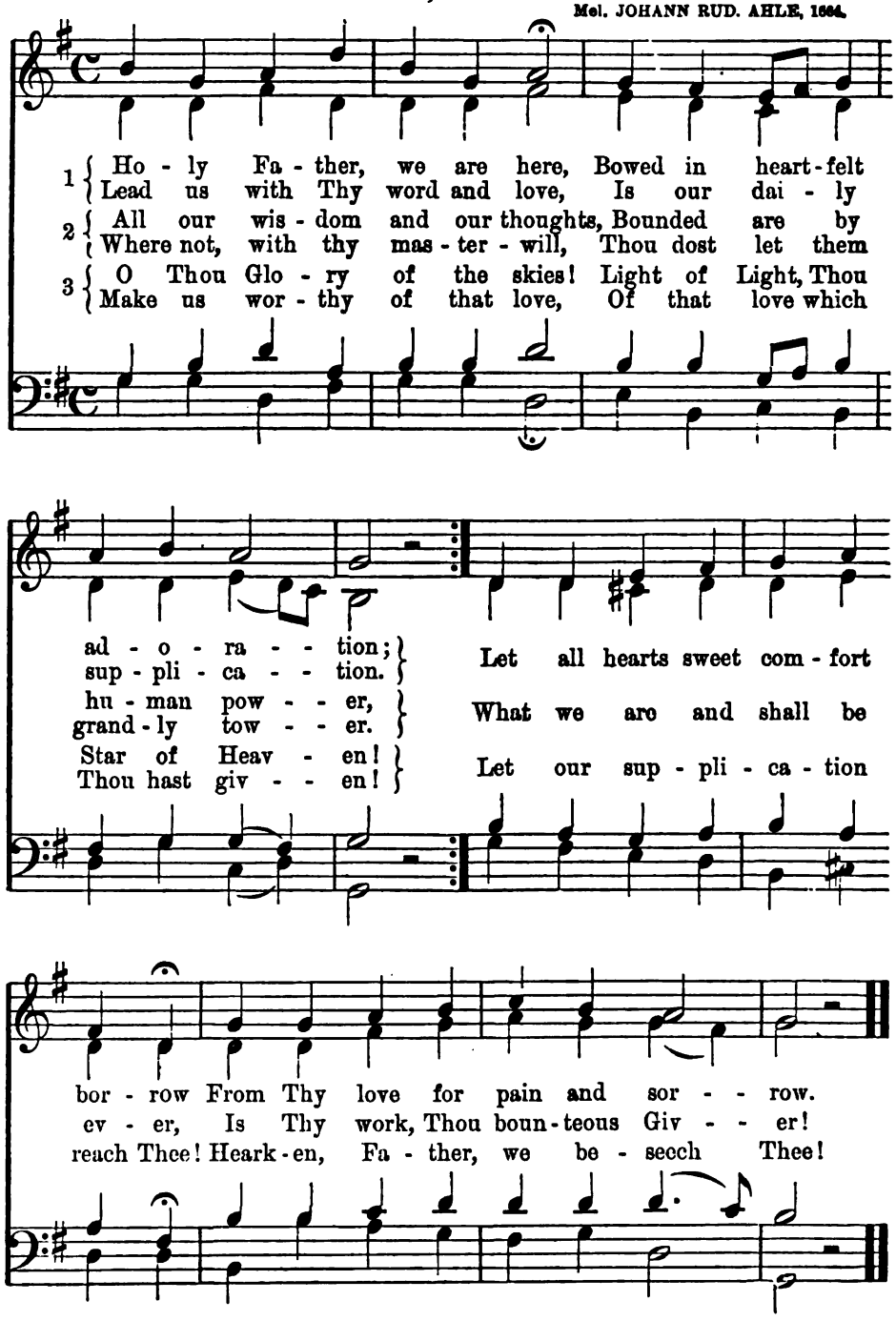
OUR COMFORT IN DEATH.

BERNH. KLEIN.



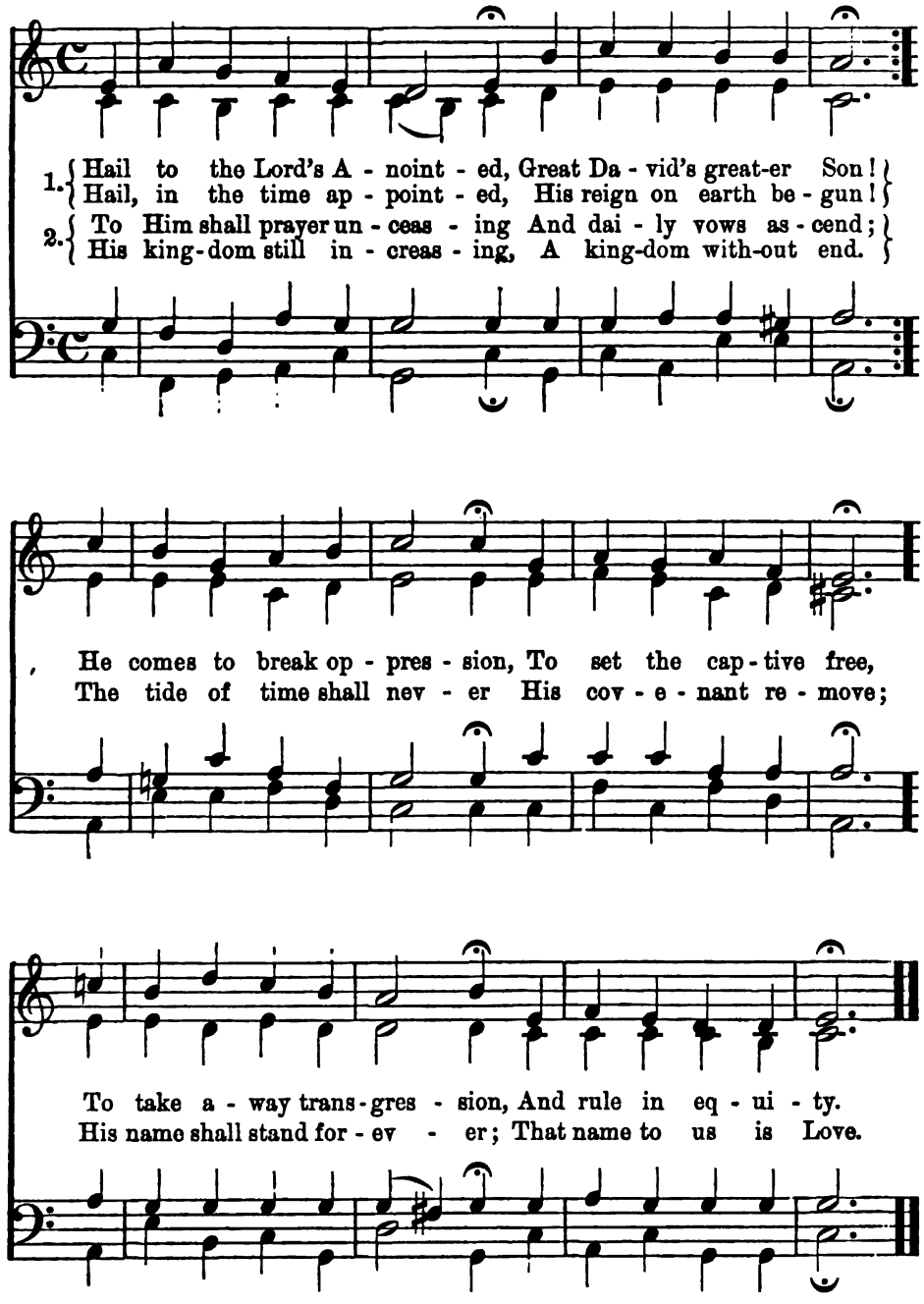
HOLY FATHER, WE ARE HERE.

Mel. JOHANN RUD. AHLE, 1664.



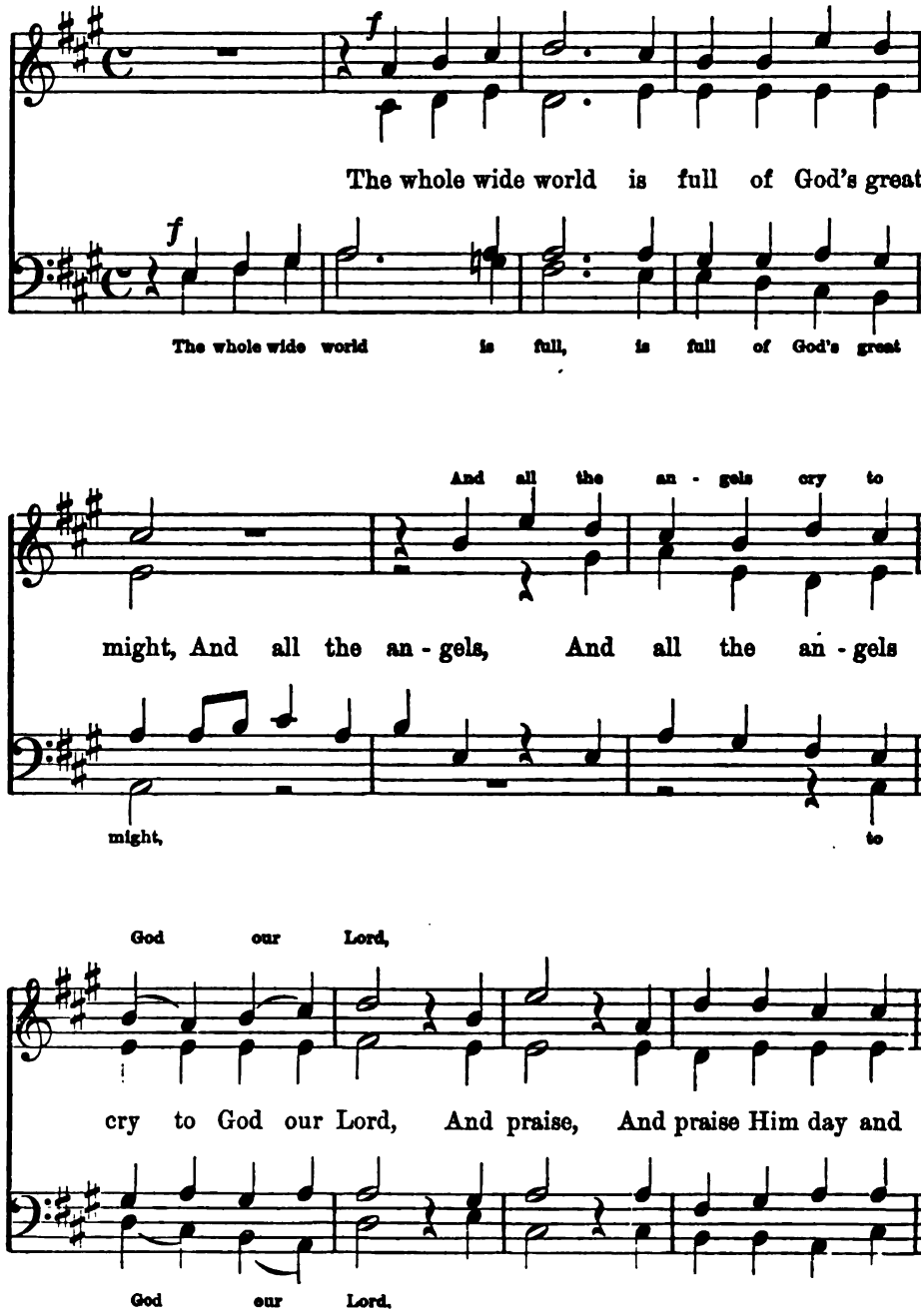
HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

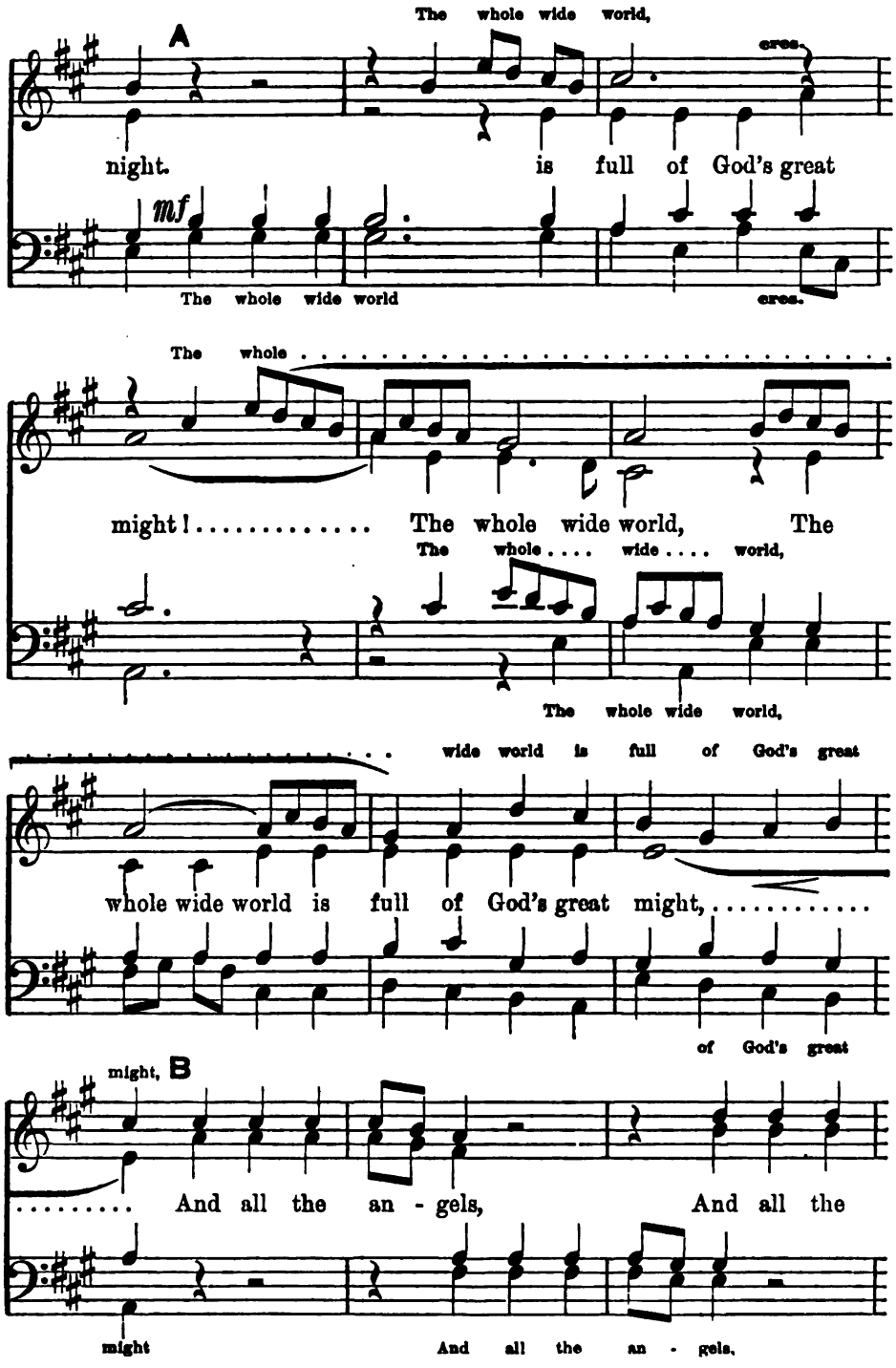
HANS LEO HASSLER, 1601.

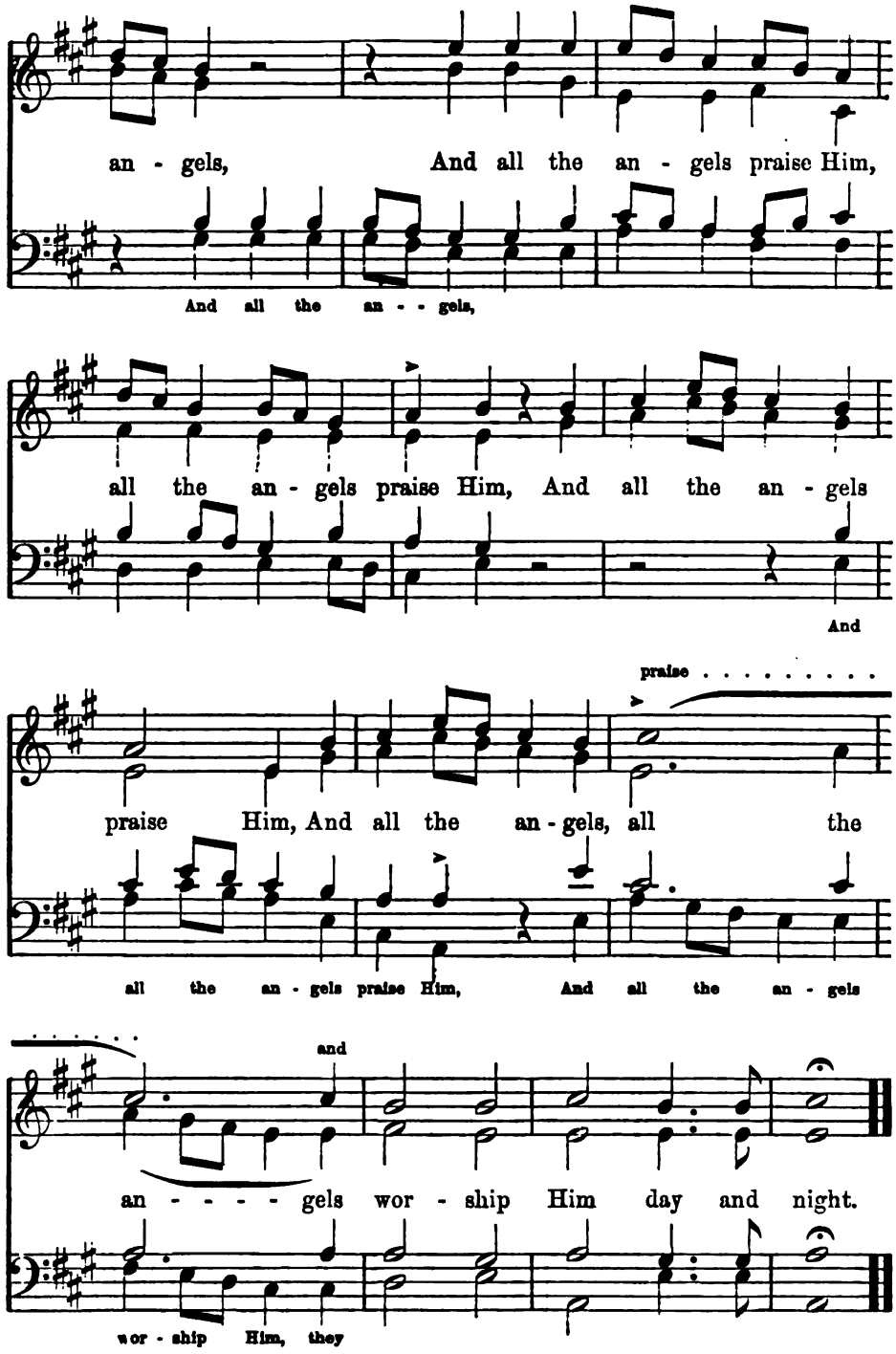


THE GLORY OF GOD.

BERNHARD KLEIN.

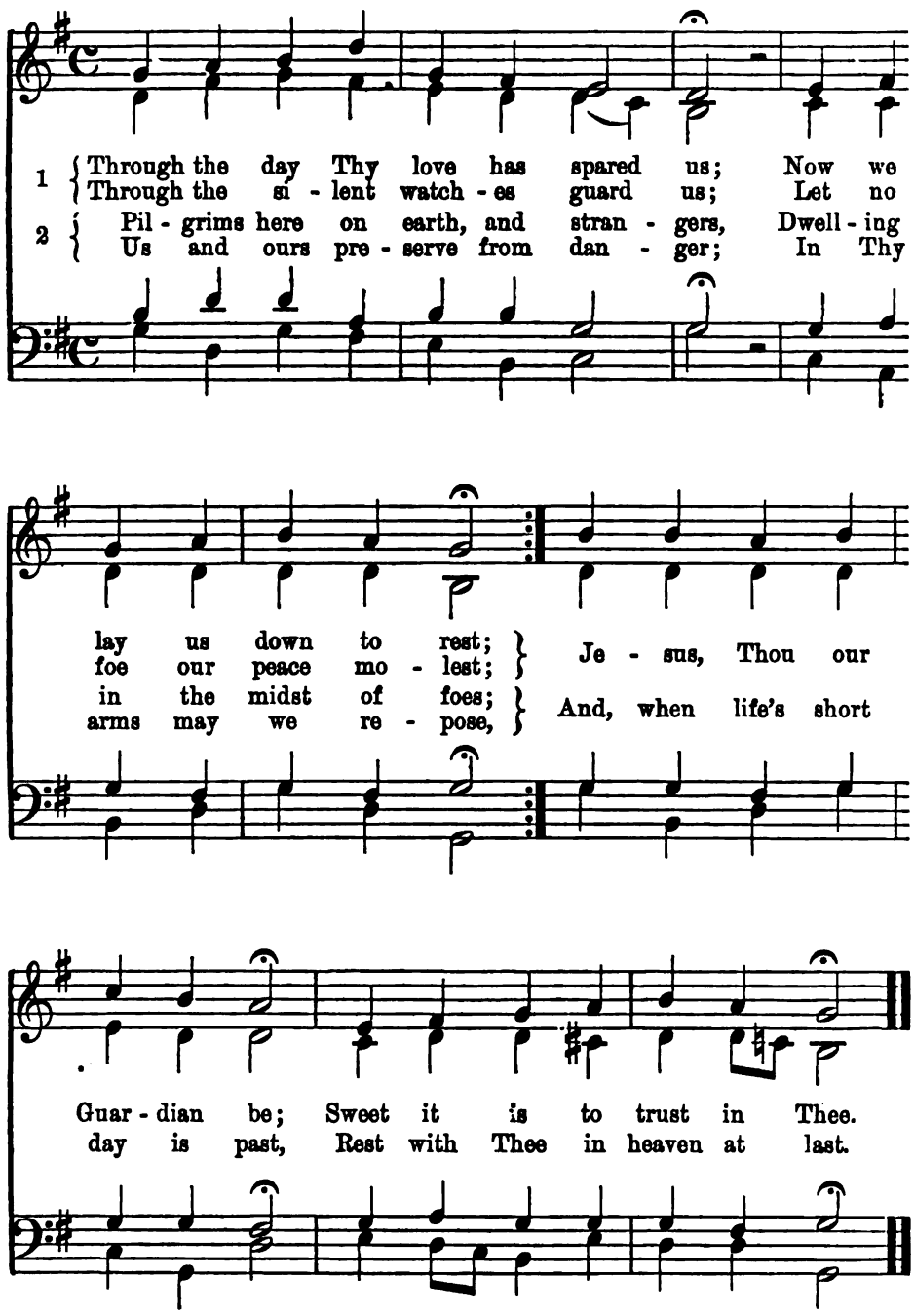



A
The whole wide world,
night.
is full of God's great
mf
The whole wide world
The whole . . . . . .
might! . . . . . The whole wide world, The
The whole . . . . wide . . . . world,
The whole wide world,
wide world is full of God's great
whole wide world is full of God's great might, ...
of God's great
might, B
. . . . . And all the an - gels, And all the
might
And all the an - gels,


an - gels, And all the an - gels praise Him,
And all the an - gels,
all the an - gels praise Him, And all the an - gels
And
praise
praise Him, And all the an - gels, all the
all the an - gels praise Him, And all the an - gels
and
an - - - - gels wor - ship Him day and night.
wor - ship Him, they

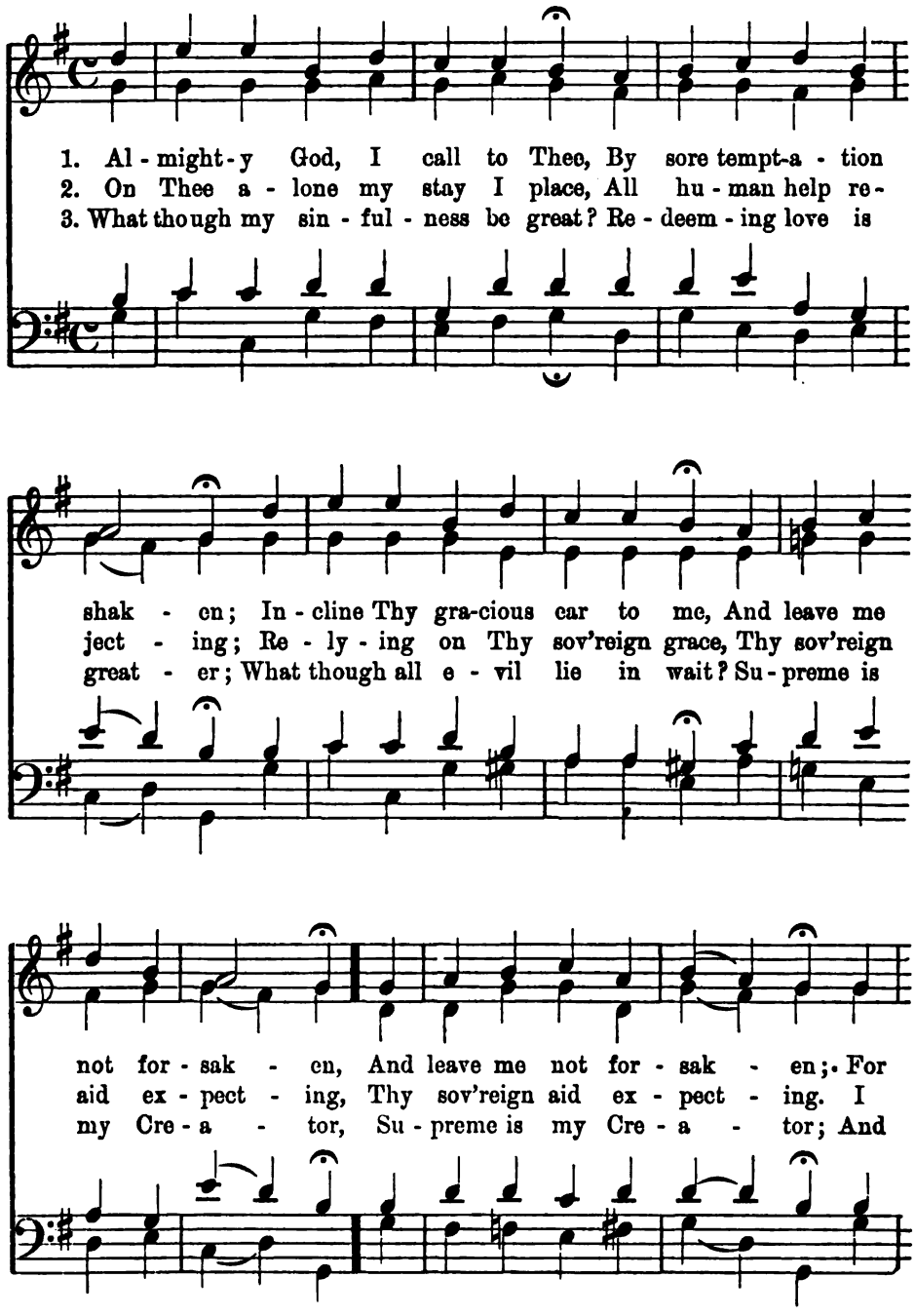
EVENING HYMN.

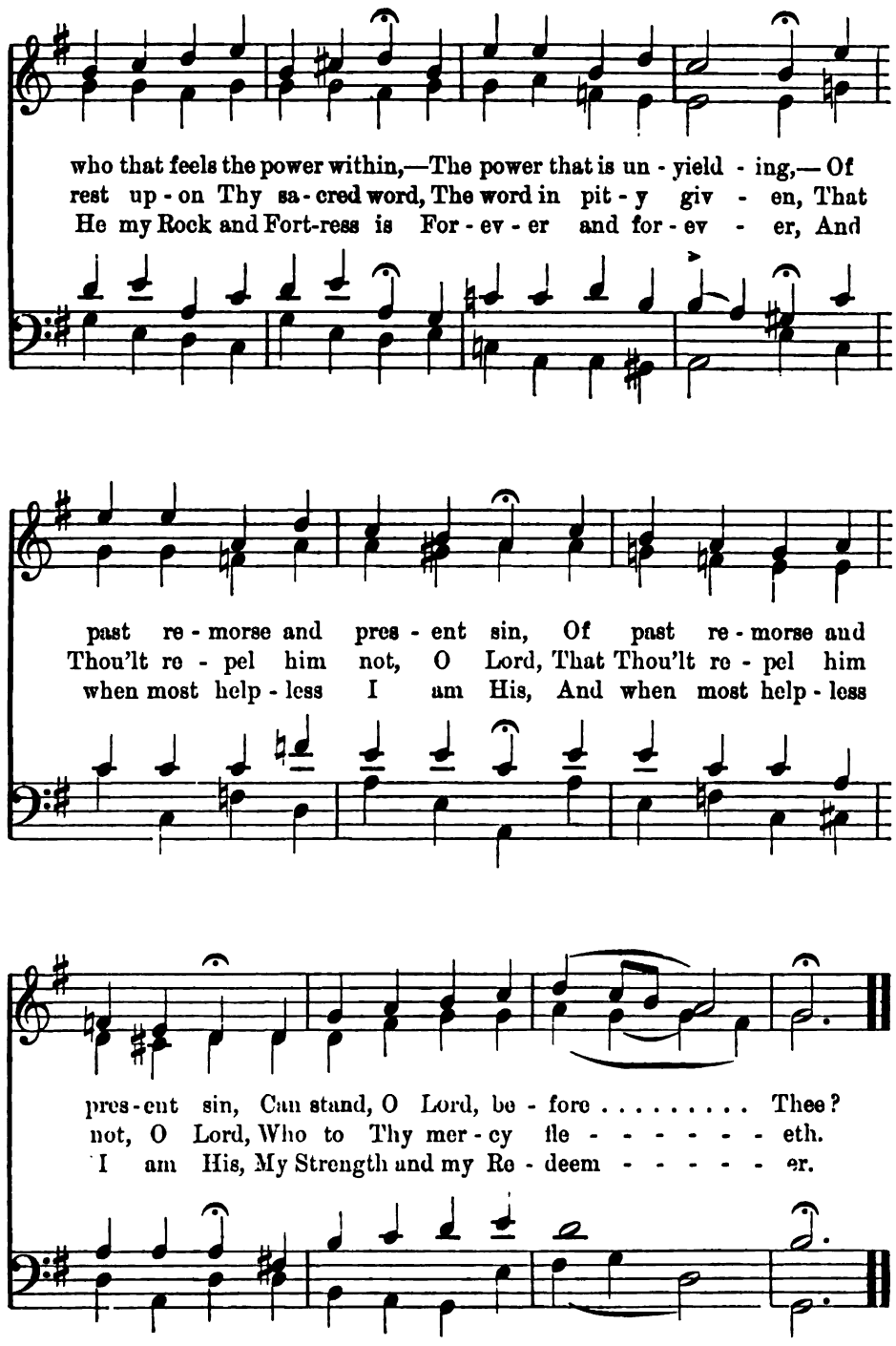
Mel. HEINRICH ALBERT, 1644.



ALMIGHTY GOD, I CALL TO THEE.

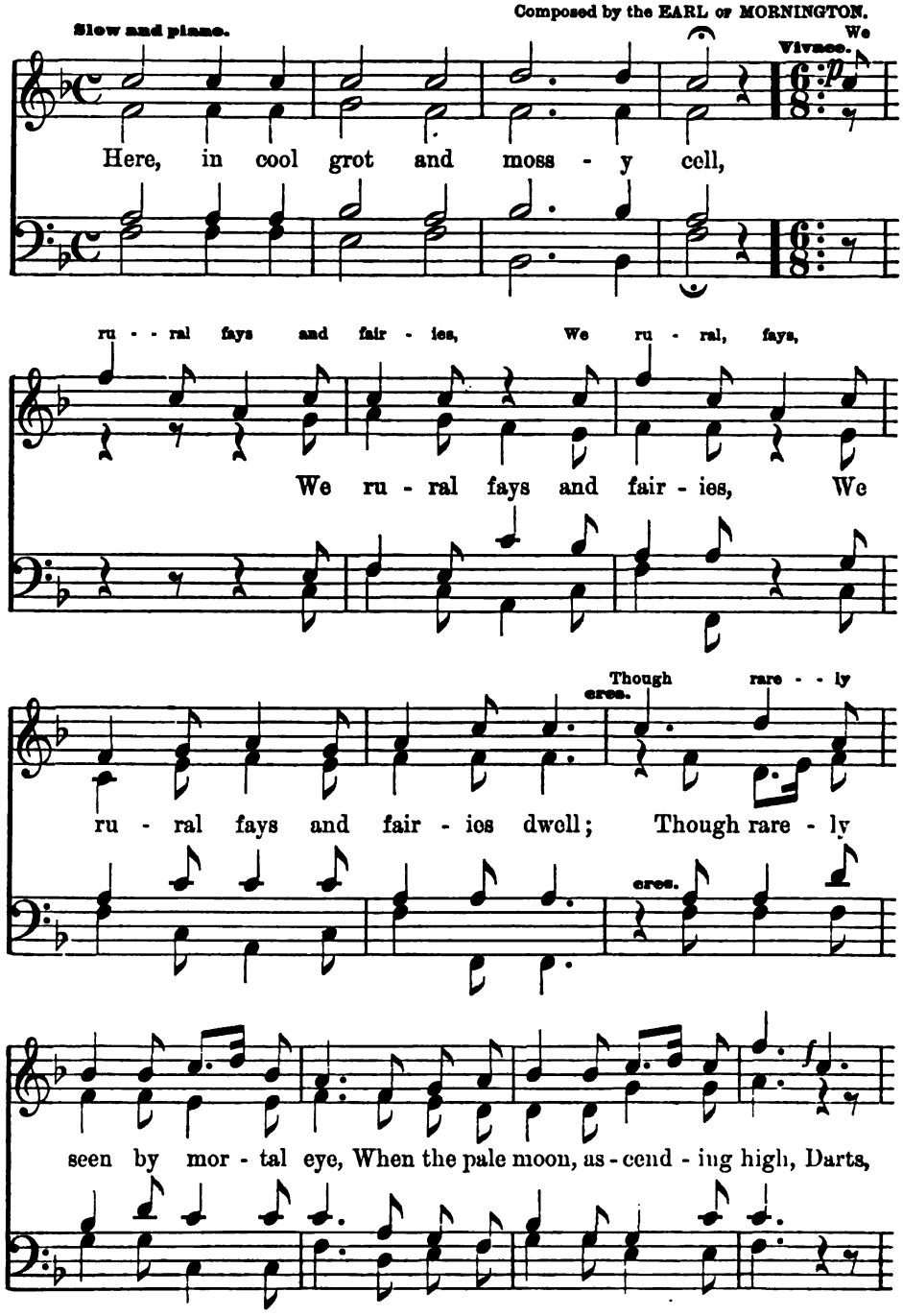
Mel. von WOLFGANG DACHSTEIN.

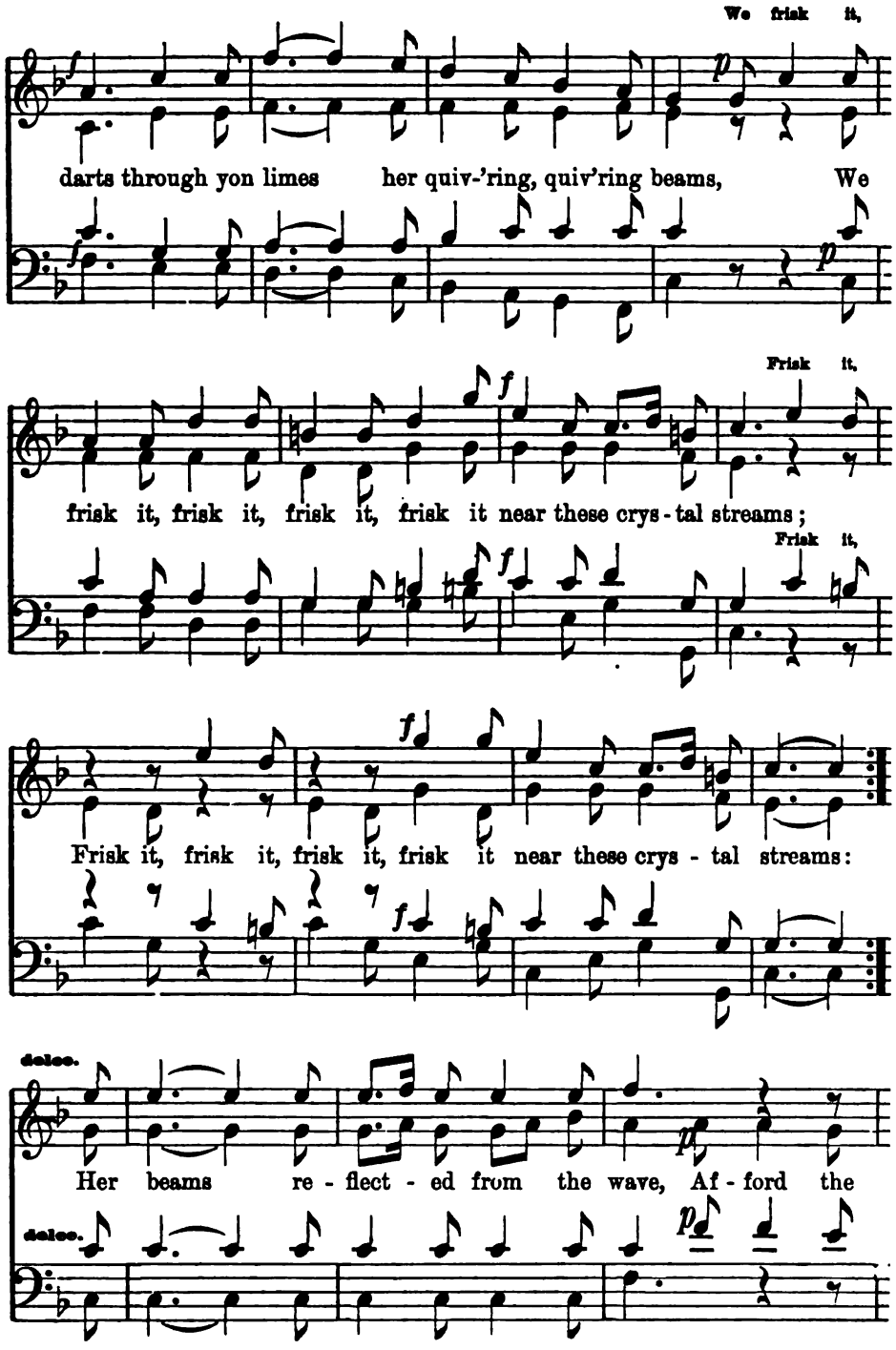


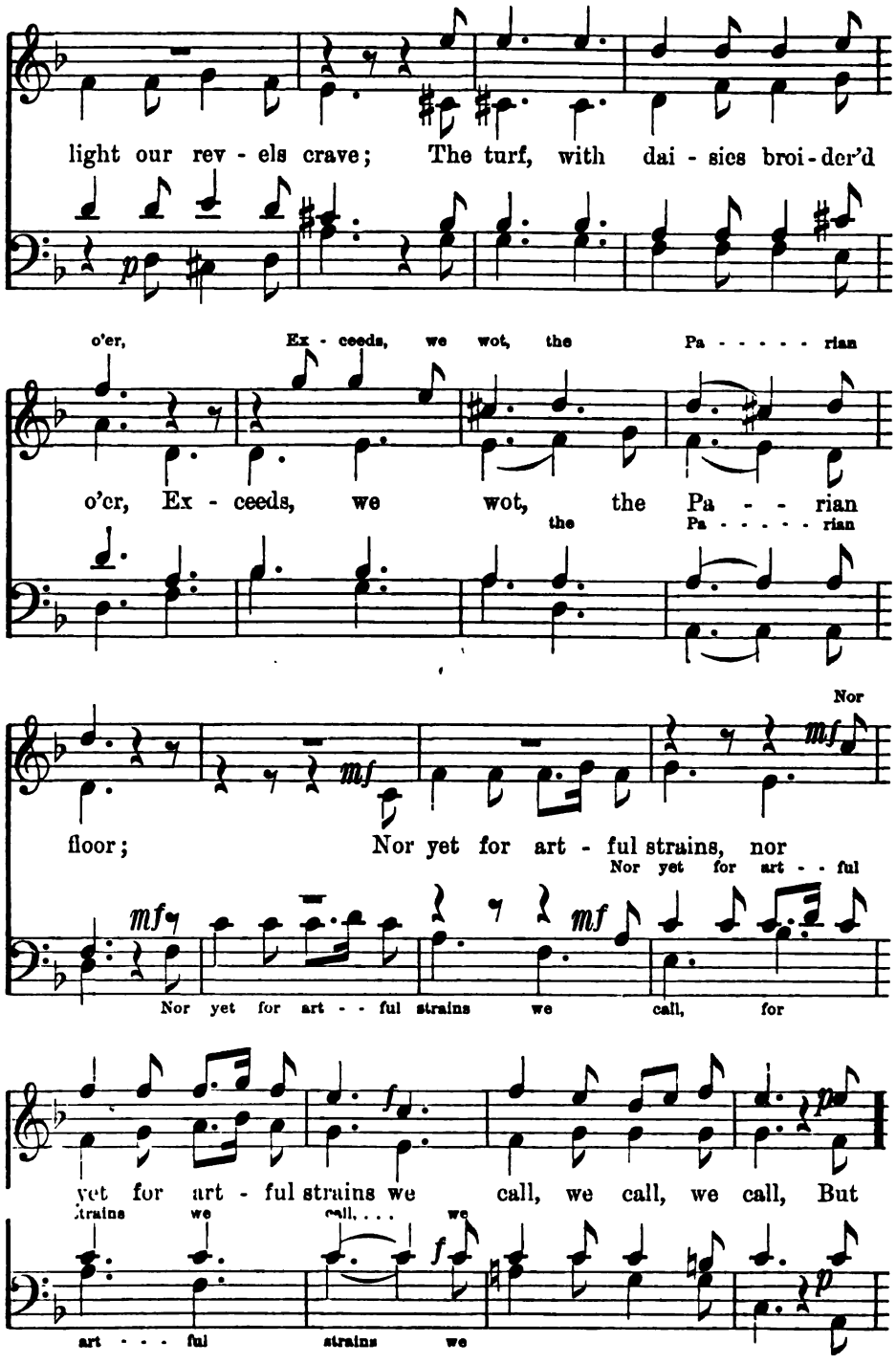

who that feels the power within,—The power that is un - yield - ing,— Of
rest up - on Thy sa - cred word, The word in pit - y giv - en, That
He my Rock and Fort-ress is For - ev - er and for - ev - er, And
past re - morse and pres - ent sin, Of past re - morse and
Thou'lt re - pel him not, O Lord, That Thou'lt re - pel him
when most help - less I am His, And when most help - less
pres - ent sin, Can stand, O Lord, be - fore . . . . . Thee?
not, O Lord, Who to Thy mer - cy fle - - - - - - eth.
I am His, My Strength and my Re - deem - - - - - er.

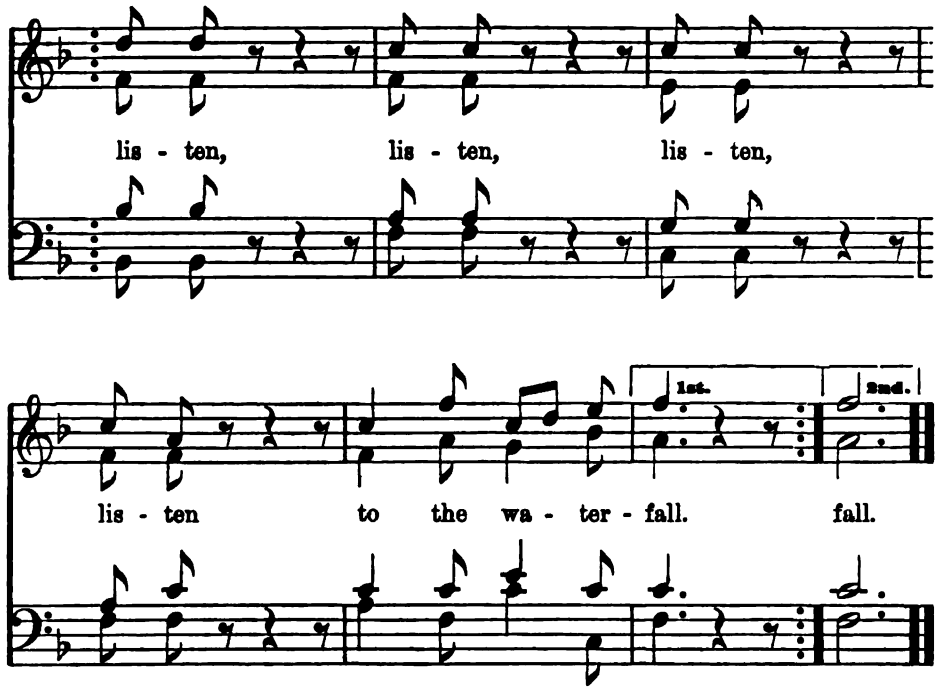
HERE, IN COOL GROT AND MOSSY CELL.

Composed by the EARL OF MORNINGTON.



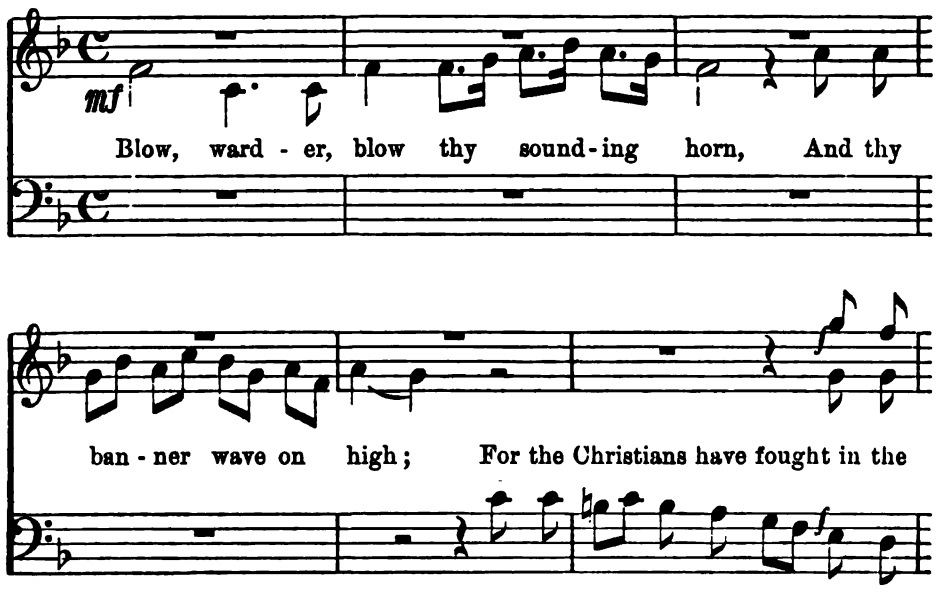

We frisk it,
darts through yon limes her quiv-'ring, quiv'ring beams, We
Frisk it,
frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys-tal streams;
Frisk it,
Frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, frisk it near these crys - tal streams:
dolce.
Her beams re - flect - ed from the wave, Af - ford the
dolce.

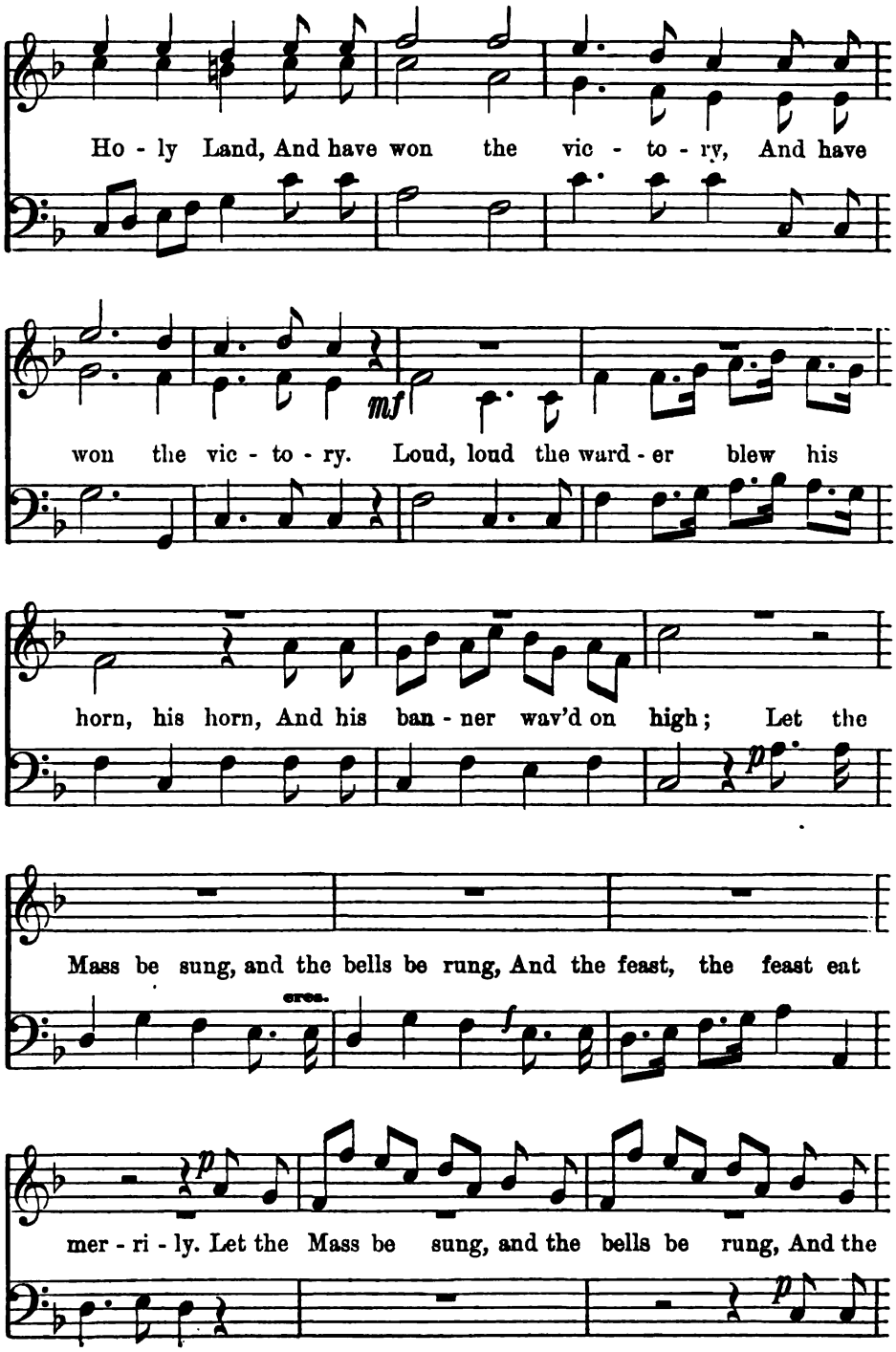

light our rev - els crave; The turf, with dai - sies broi - der'd
o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the Pa - - - - - rian
o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the Pa - - rian
the Pa - - - - - rian
Nor
floor; Nor yet for art - ful strains, nor
Nor yet for art - - ful
Nor yet for art - - ful strains we call, for
yet for art - ful strains we call, we call, we call, But
strains we call, . . . we
art - - - ful strains we

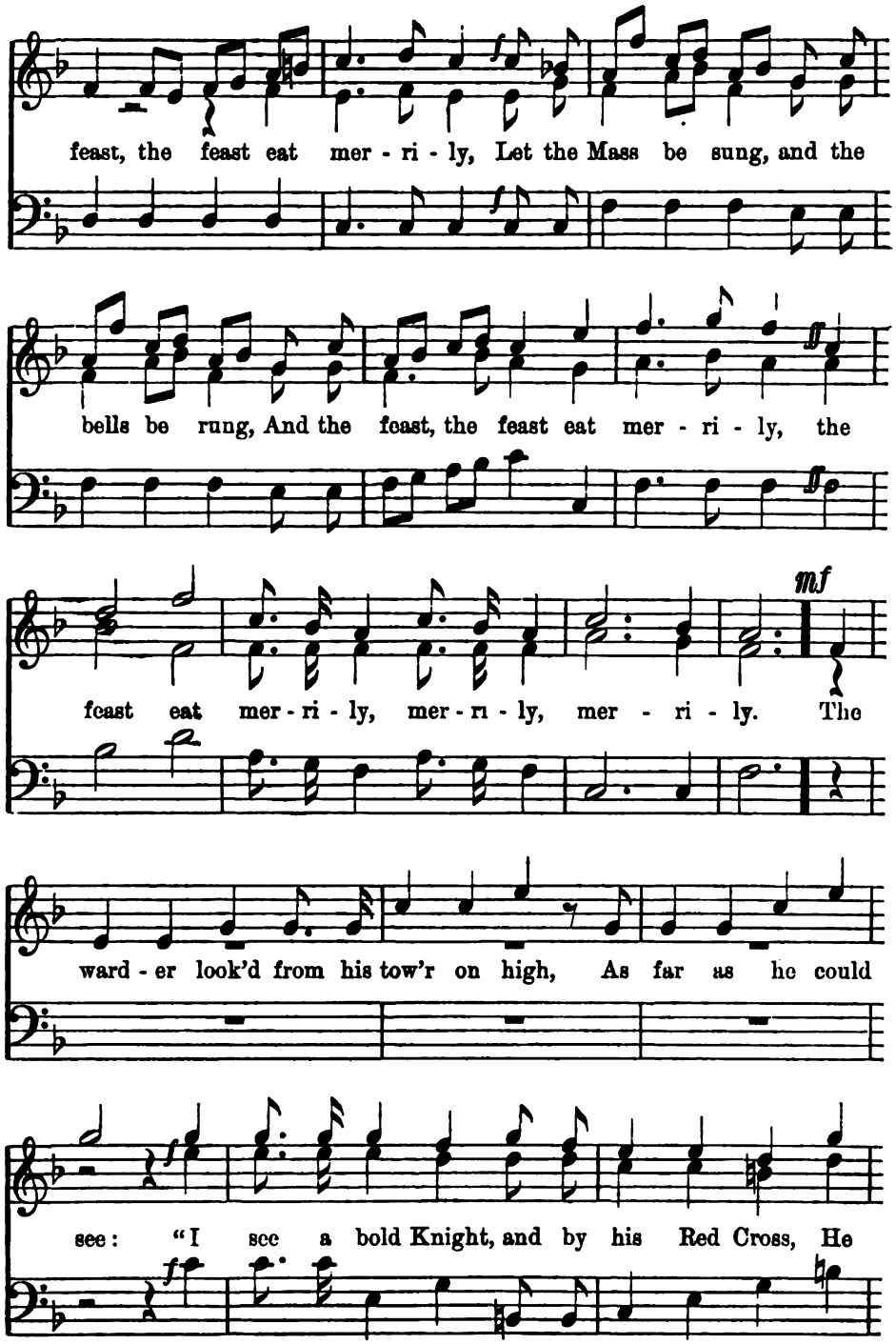


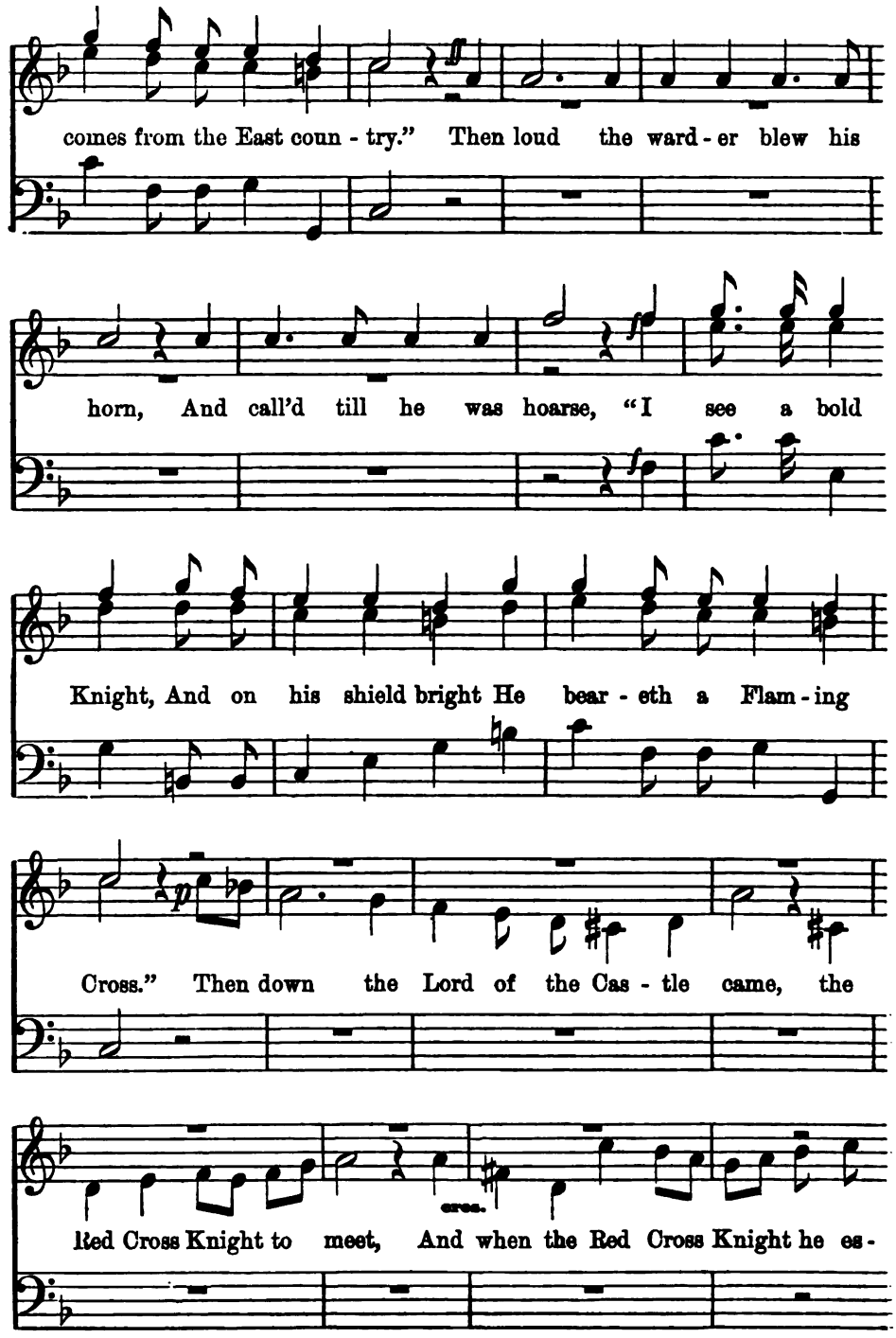
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

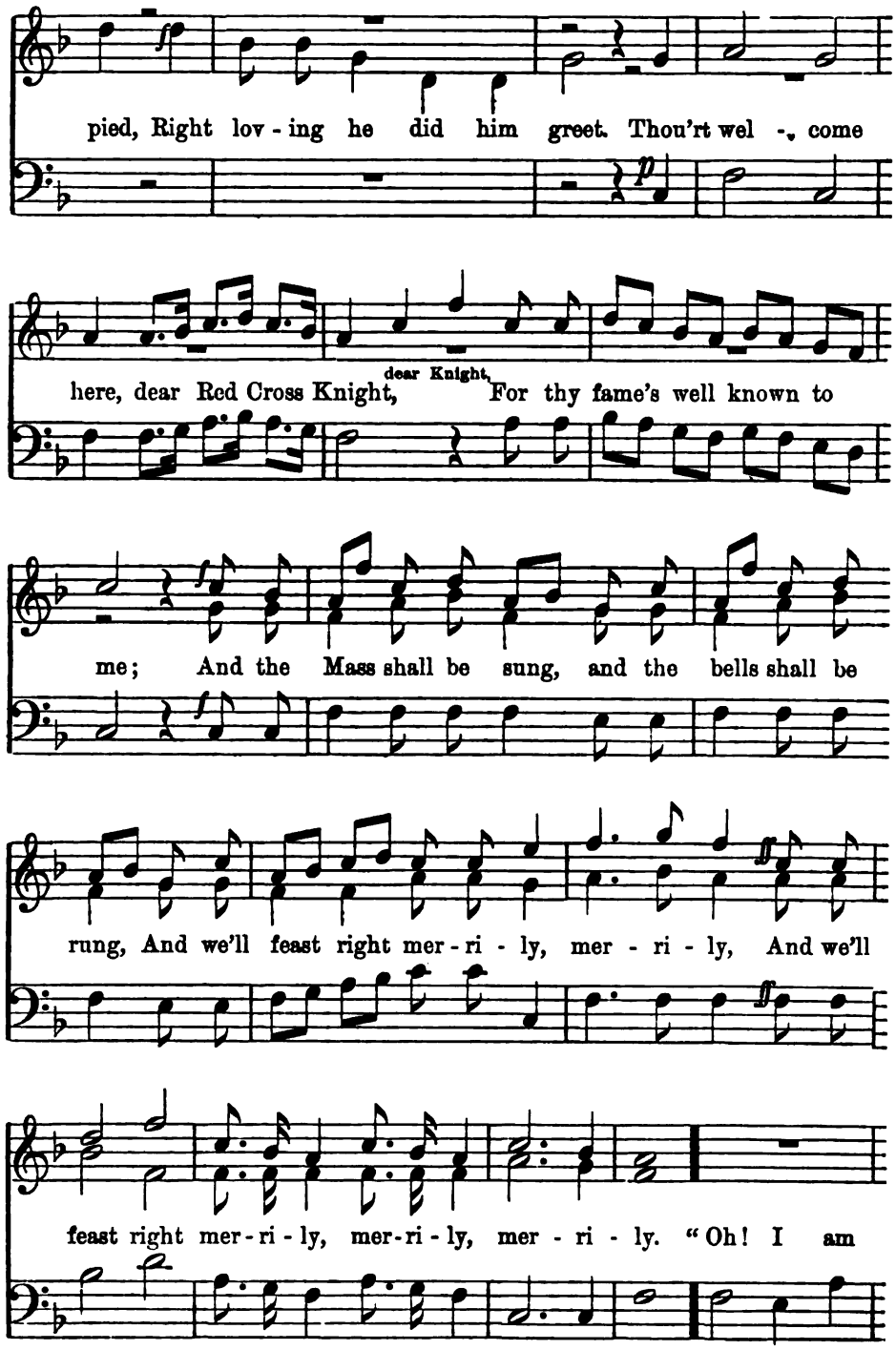
Composed by DR. CALLCOTT.

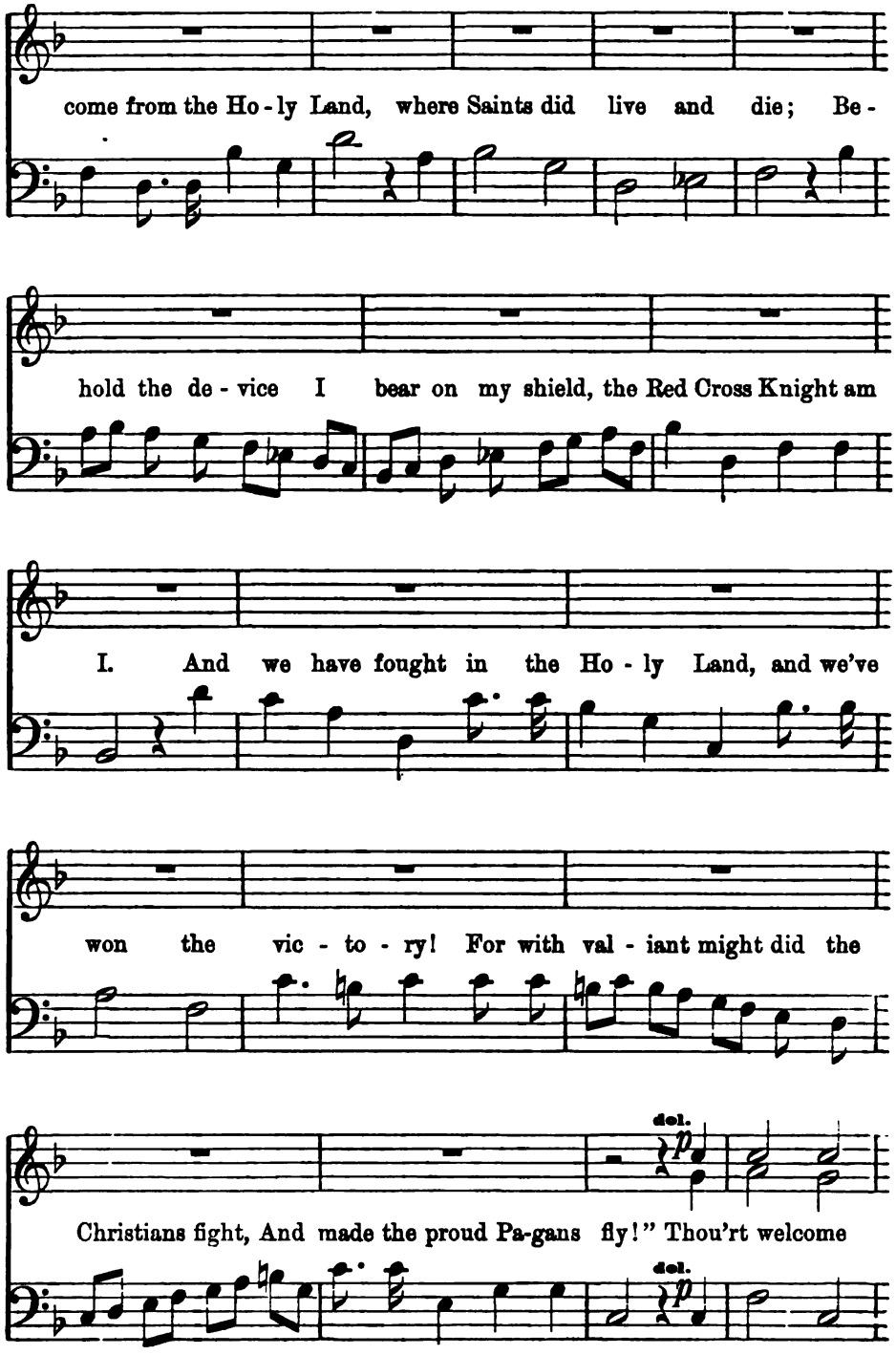


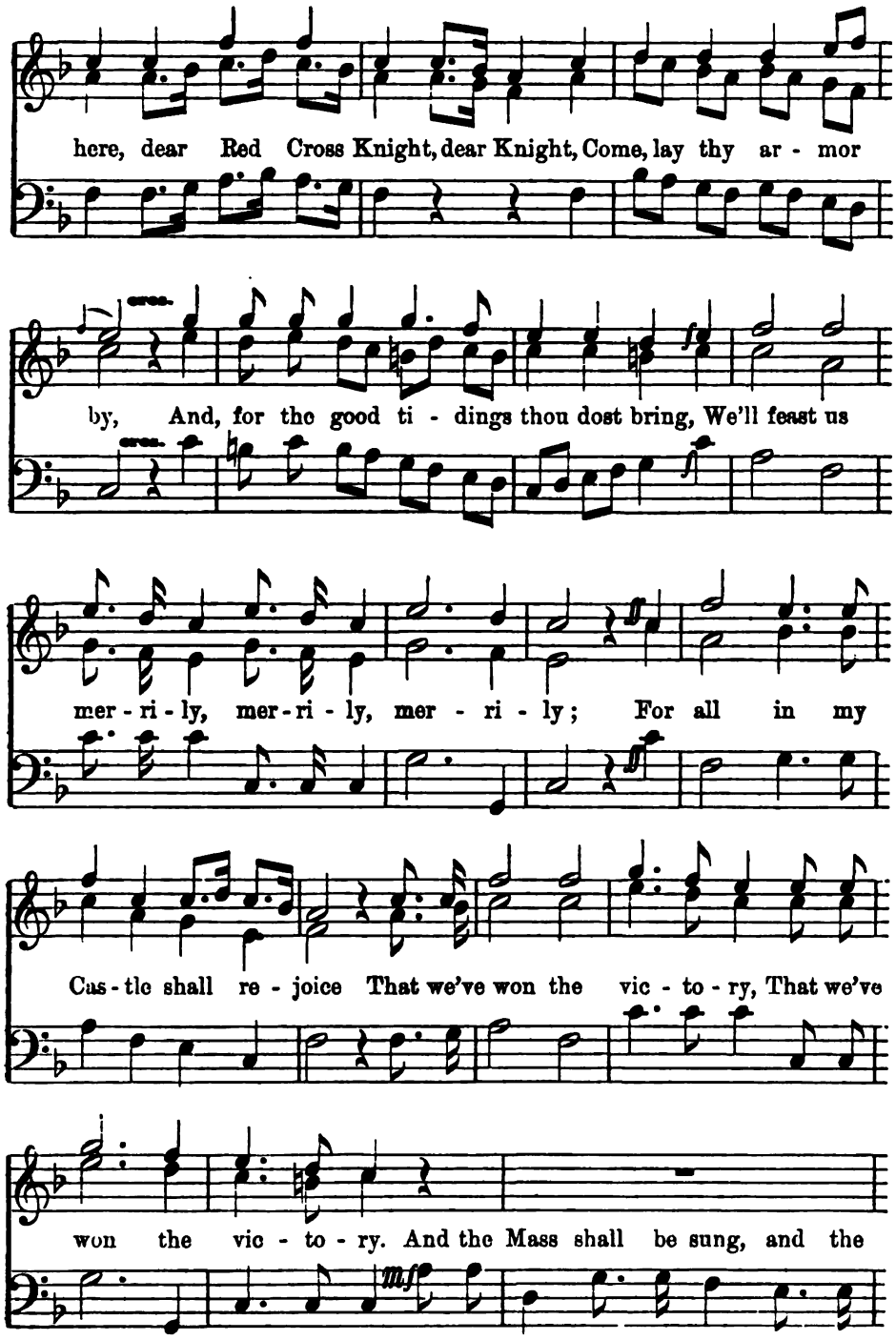

Ho - ly Land, And have won the vic - to - ry, And have
mf
won the vic - to - ry. Loud, loud the ward - er blew his
horn, his horn, And his ban - ner wav'd on high; Let the
cres.
Mass be sung, and the bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat
p
f
mer - ri - ly. Let the Mass be sung, and the bells be rung, And the
p

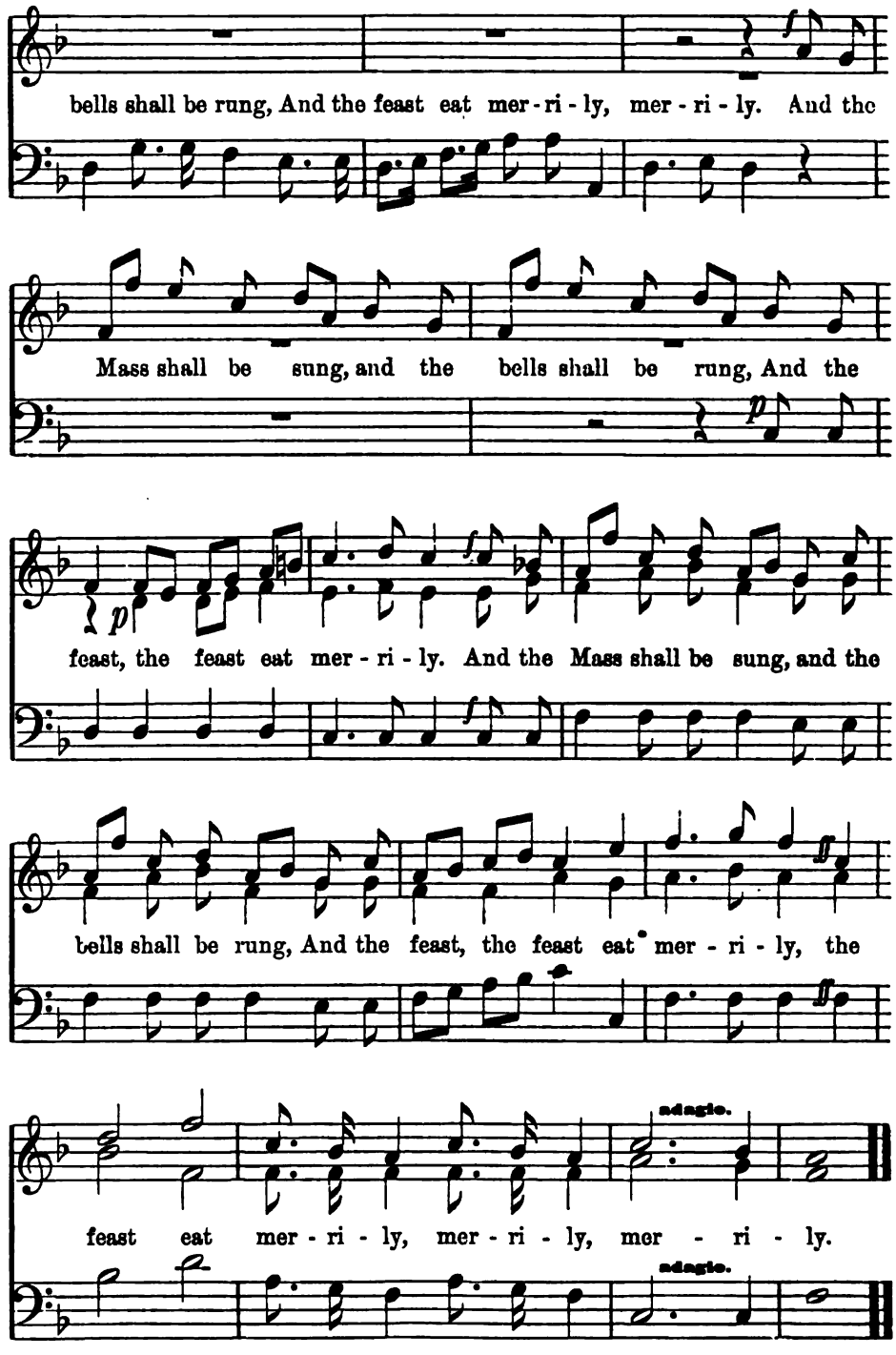

feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, Let the Mass be sung, and the
bells be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, the
mf
feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. The
ward - er look'd from his tow'r on high, As far as he could
see: "I see a bold Knight, and by his Red Cross, He


comes from the East coun - try." Then loud the ward - er blew his
horn, And call'd till he was hoarse, "I see a bold
Knight, And on his shield bright He bear - eth a Flam - ing
Cross." Then down the Lord of the Cas - tle came, the
cres.
red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross Knight he es -


pied, Right lov - ing he did him greet. Thou'rt wel - come
here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, For thy fame's well known to
me; And the Mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be
rung, And we'll feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, And we'll
feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. "Oh! I am

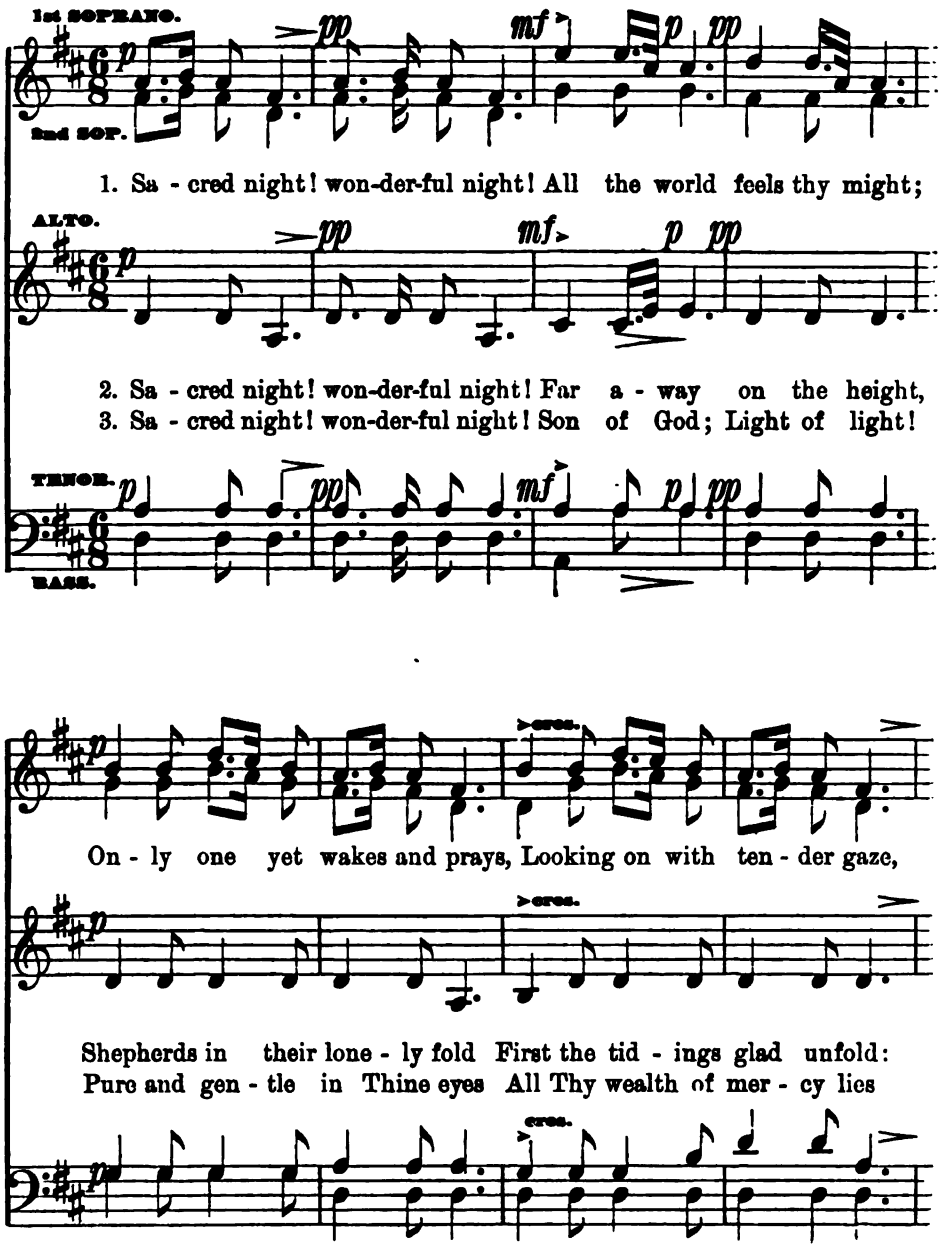

come from the Ho - ly Land, where Saints did live and die; Be -
hold the de - vice I bear on my shield, the Red Cross Knight am
I. And we have fought in the Ho - ly Land, and we've
won the vic - to - ry! For with val - iant might did the
del.
Christians fight, And made the proud Pa-gans fly!" Thou'rt welcome
del.

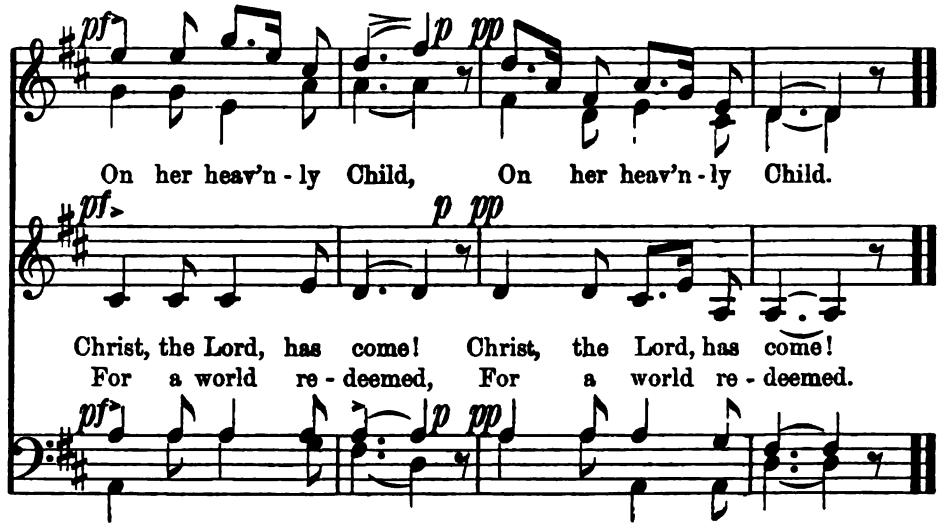

here, dear Red Cross Knight, dear Knight, Come, lay thy ar - mor
by, And, for the good ti - dings thou dost bring, We'll feast us
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; For all in my
Cas - tle shall re - joice That we've won the vic - to - ry, That we've
won the vic - to - ry. And the Mass shall be sung, and the
mf


bells shall be rung, And the feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly. And the
Mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung, And the
feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly. And the Mass shall be sung, and the
bells shall be rung, And the feast, the feast eat mer - ri - ly, the
adagio.
feast eat mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.
adagio.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

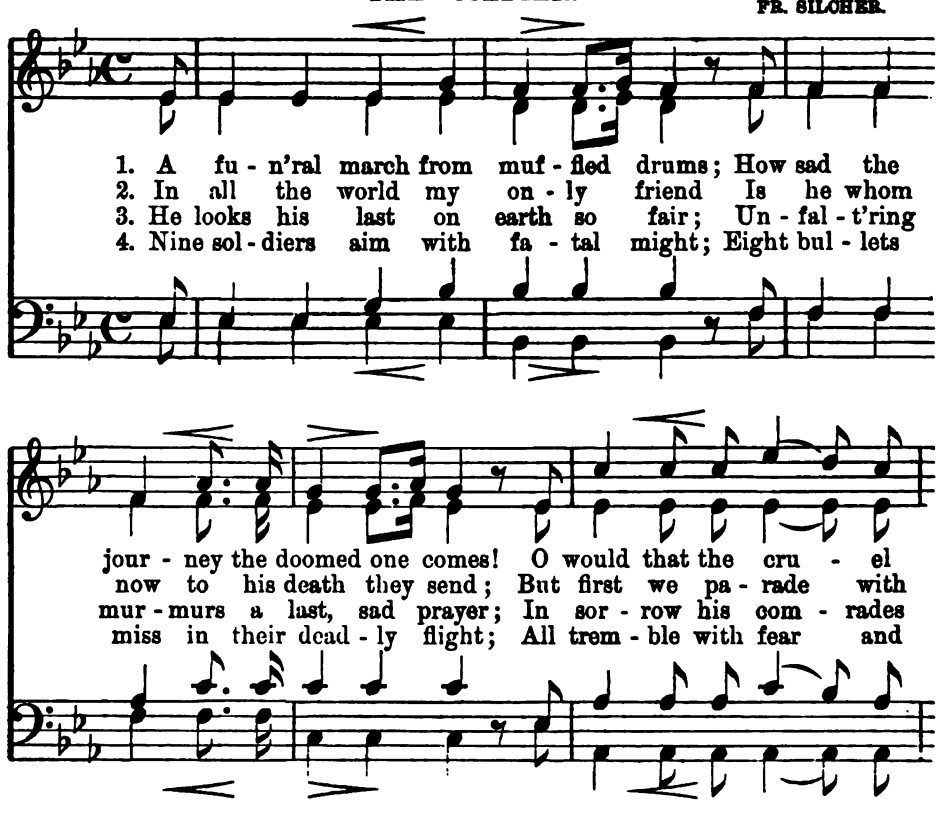
MICHAEL HAYDN.

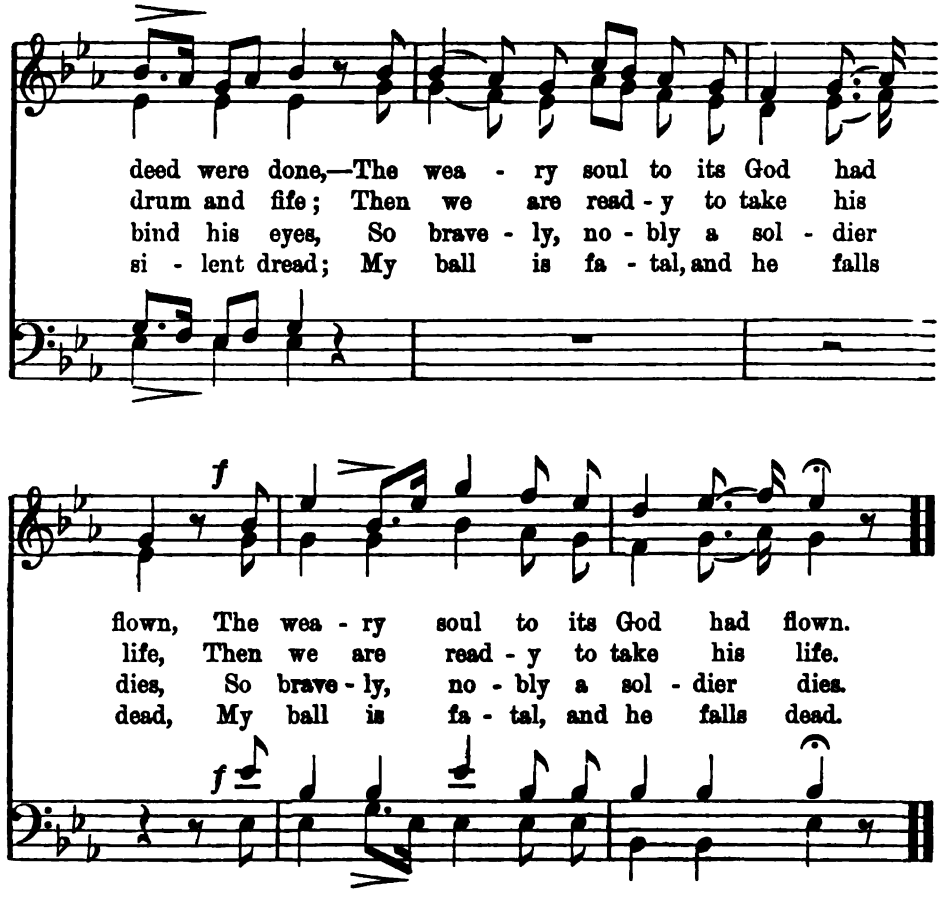




THE SOLDIER.

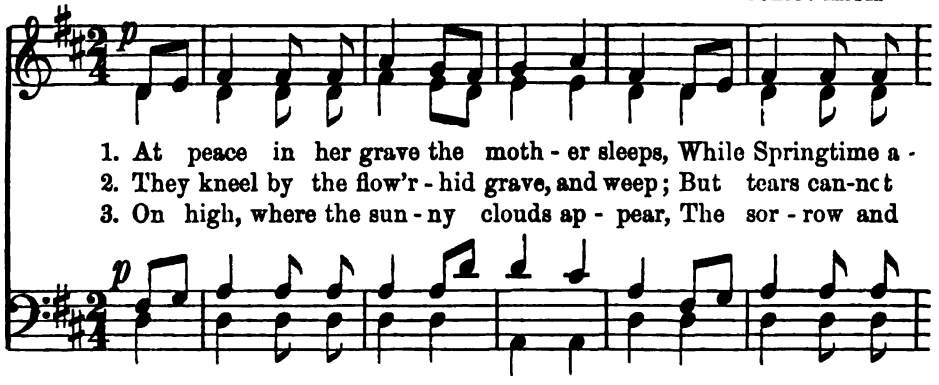
FR. SILCHER.

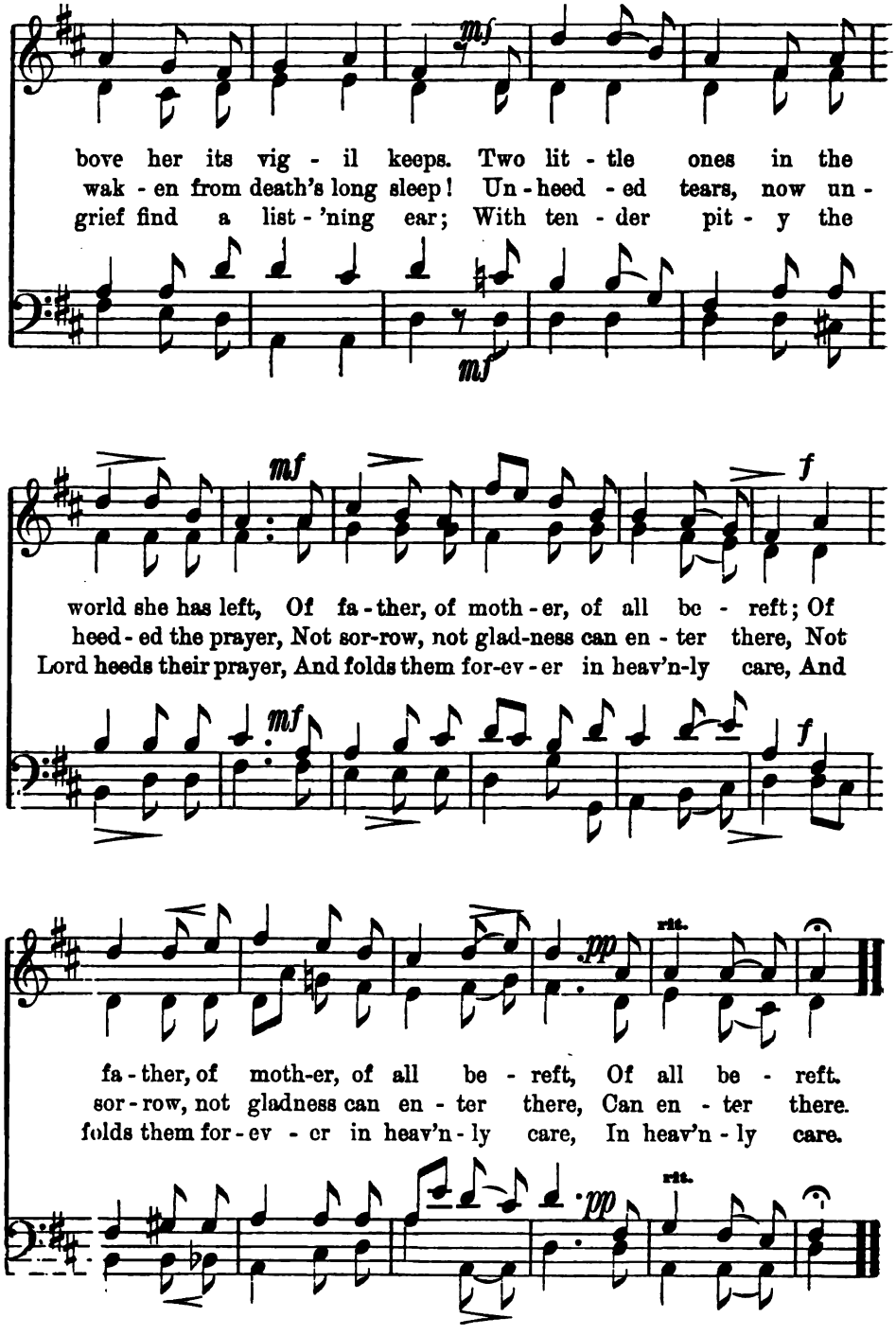




THE MOTHER.

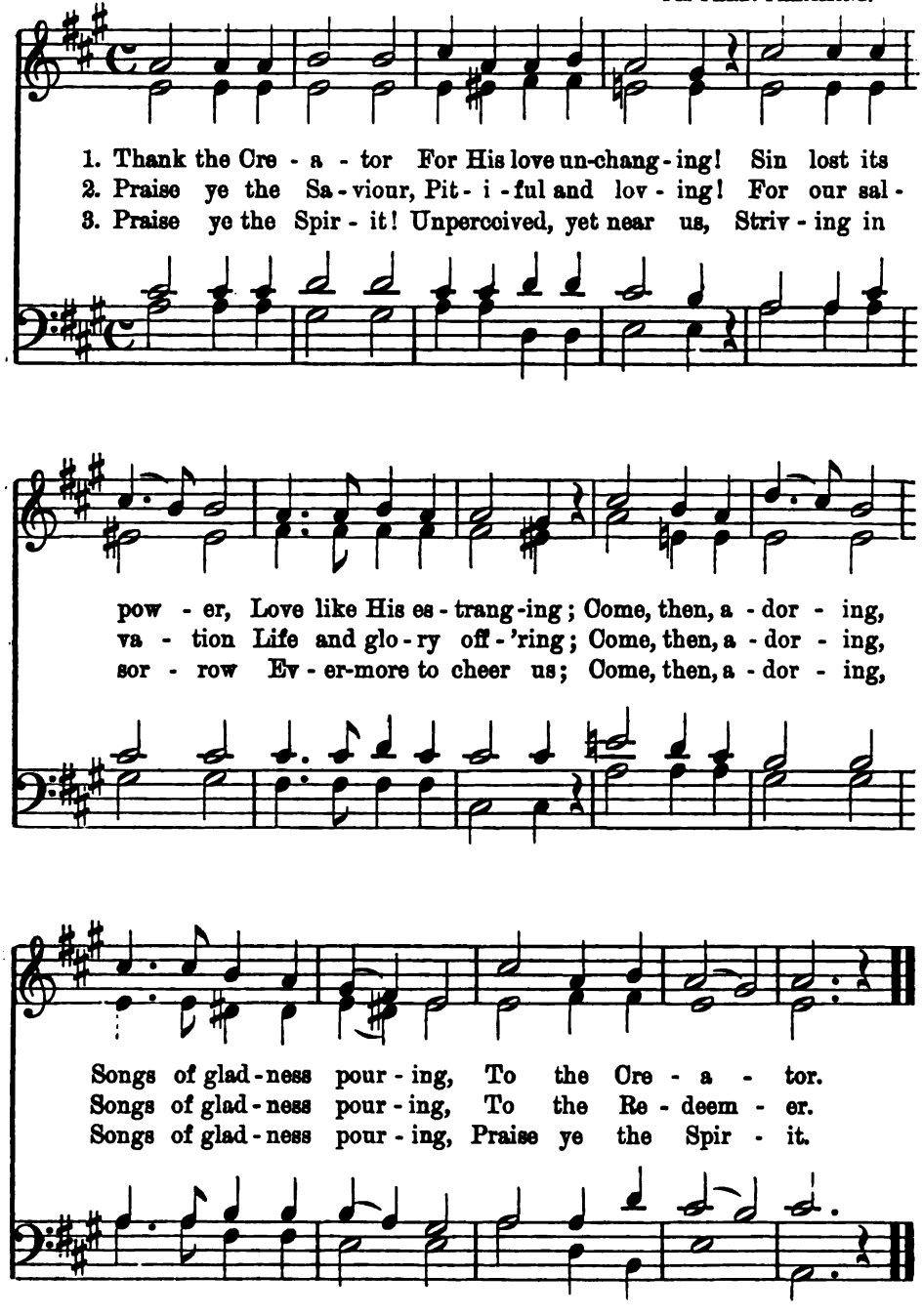
JULIUS MAUR.




bove her its vig - il keeps. Two lit - tle ones in the
wak - en from death's long sleep! Un - heed - ed tears, now un -
grief find a list - 'ning ear; With ten - der pit - y the
mf
world she has left, Of fa - ther, of moth - er, of all be - reft; Of
heed - ed the prayer, Not sor-row, not glad-ness can en - ter there, Not
Lord heeds their prayer, And folds them for-ev - er in heav'n-ly care, And
mf
f
fa - ther, of moth-er, of all be - reft, Of all be - reft.
sor - row, not gladness can en - ter there, Can en - ter there.
folds them for - ev - er in heav'n - ly care, In heav'n - ly care.
pp
rit.

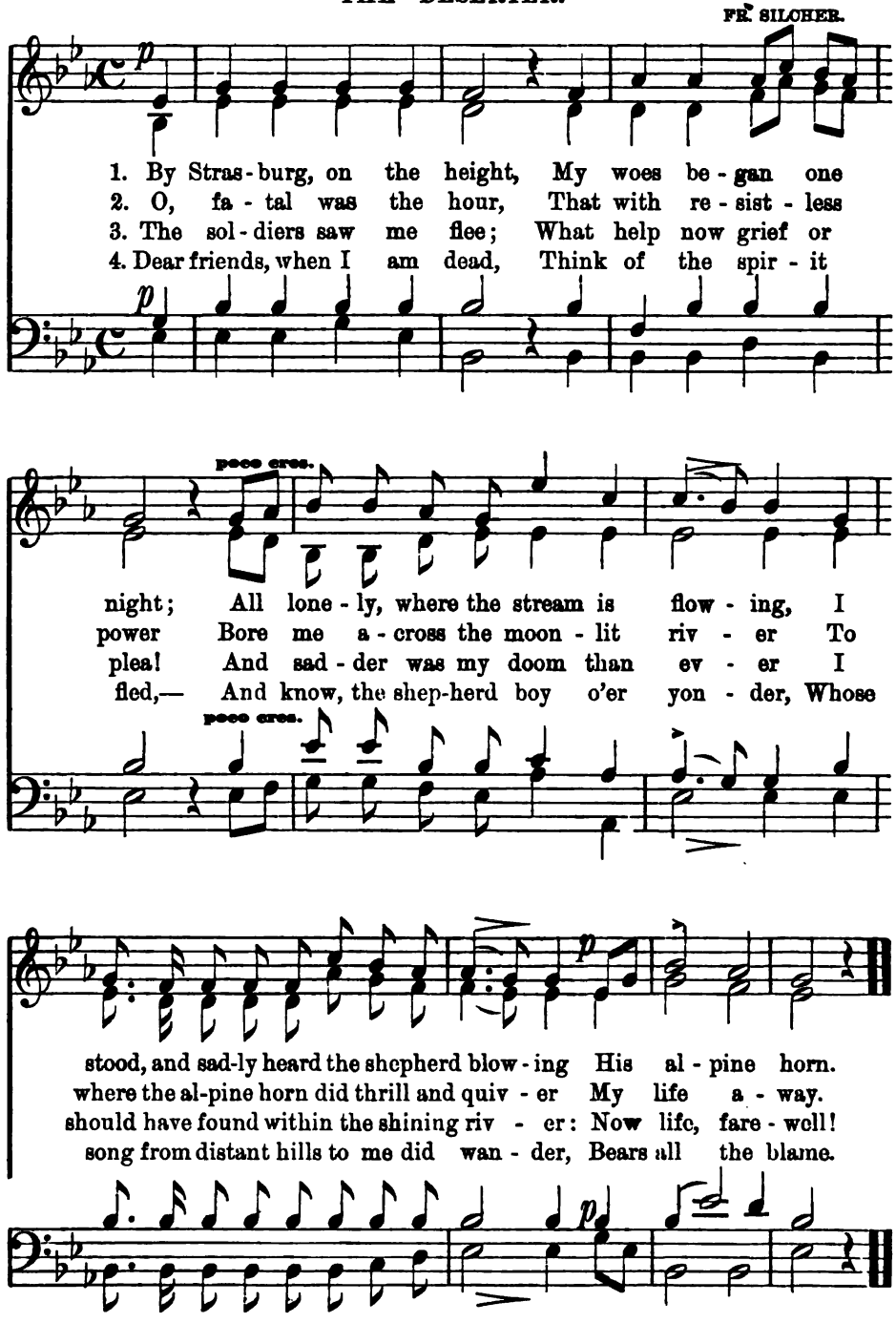
THANK THE CREATOR.

FR. FERD. FLEMMING.



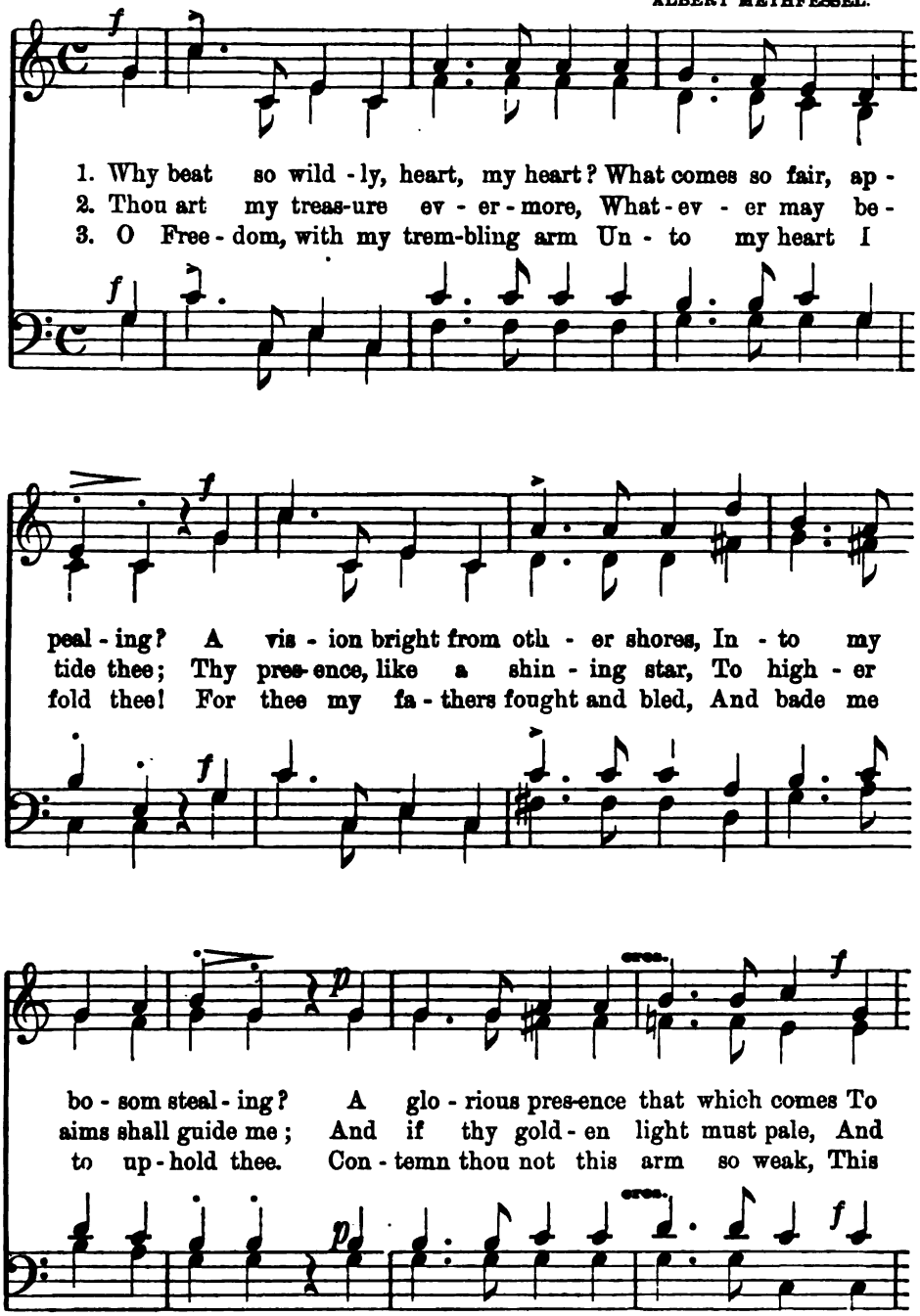
THE DESERTER.

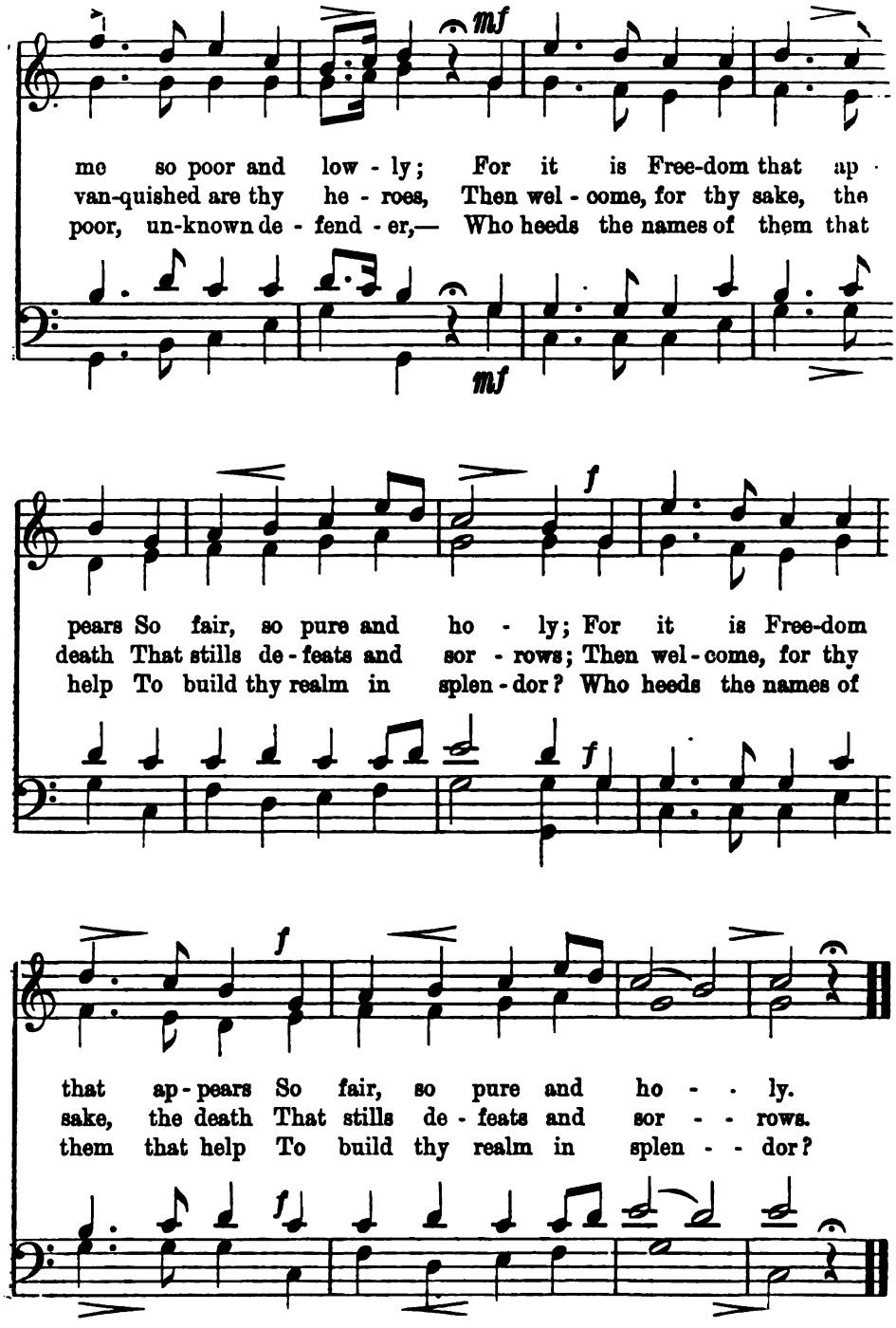
FR. SILCHER.



FREEDOM.

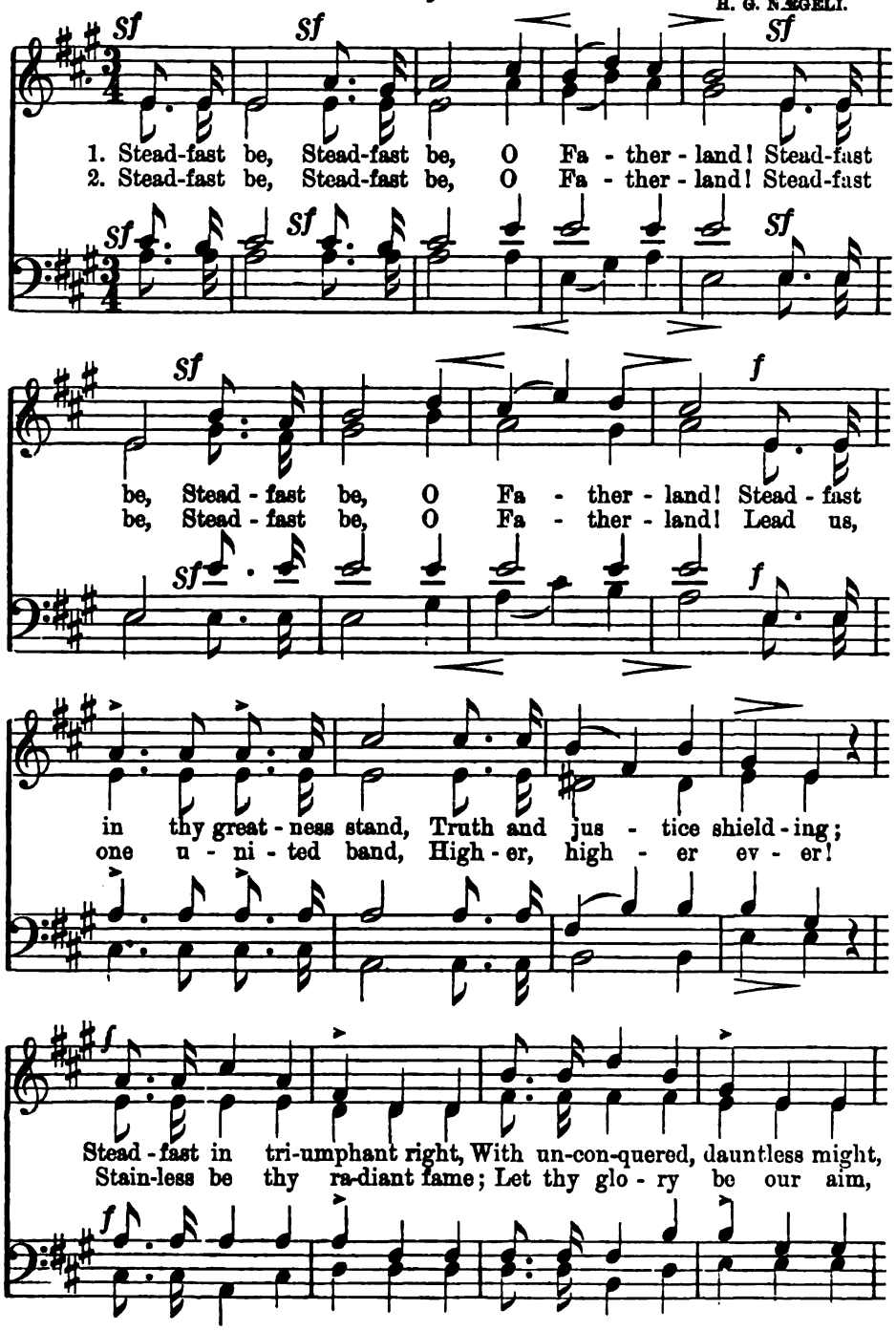
ALBERT METHFESSEL.

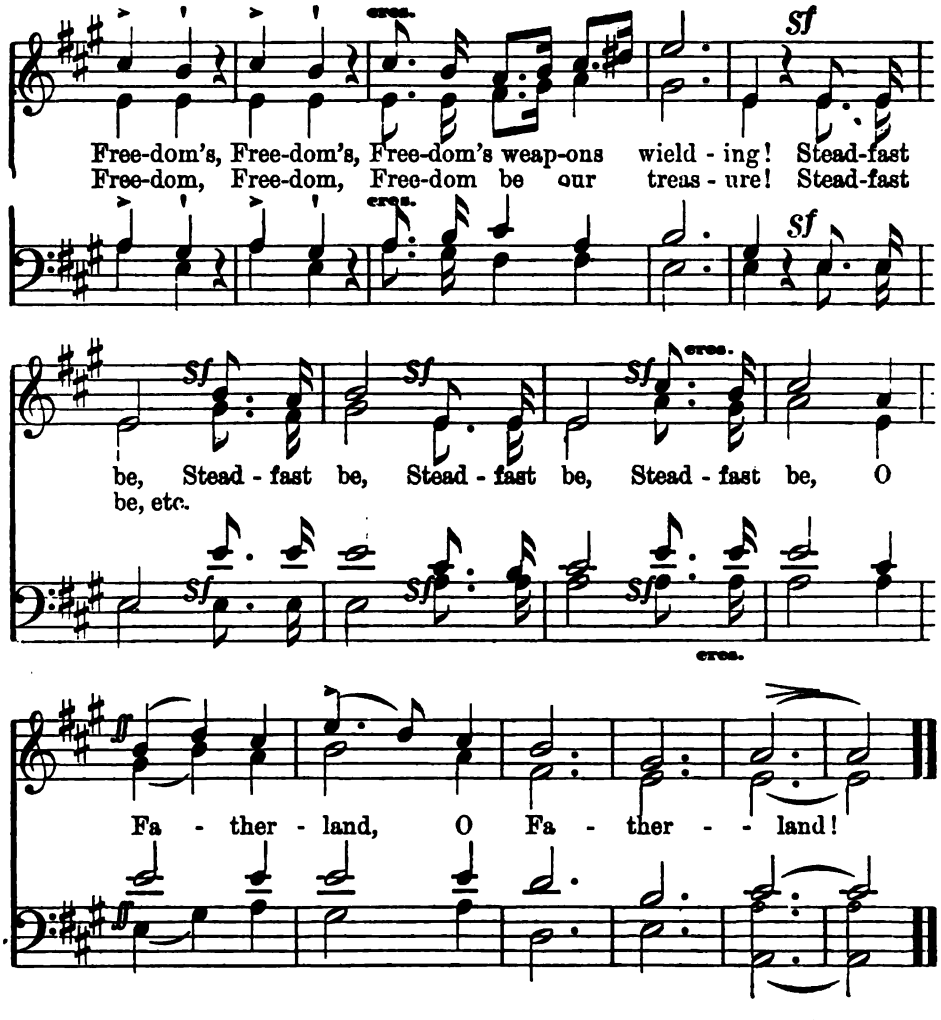



mf
me so poor and low - ly; For it is Free-dom that ap ·
van-quished are thy he - roes, Then wel - come, for thy sake, the
poor, un-known de - fend - er,— Who heeds the names of them that
mf
pears So fair, so pure and ho - ly; For it is Free-dom
death That stills de - feats and sor - rows; Then wel - come, for thy
help To build thy realm in splen - dor? Who heeds the names of
f
f
that ap - pears So fair, so pure and ho - - ly.
sake, the death That stills de - feats and sor - - rows.
them that help To build thy realm in splen - - dor?
f

STEADFAST BE, O FATHERLAND.

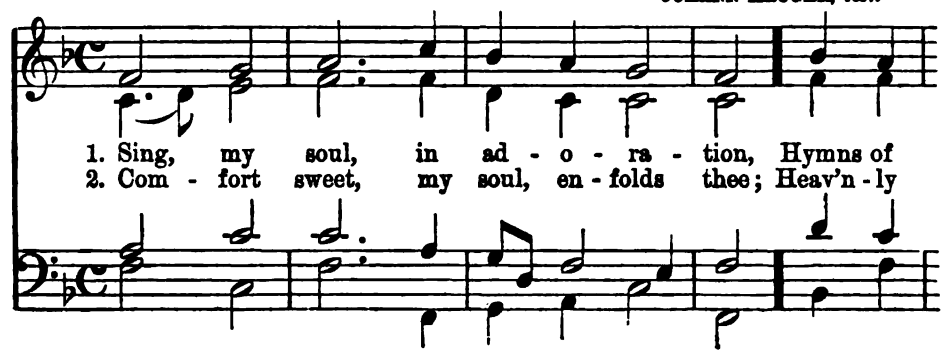
H. G. NÄGELI.

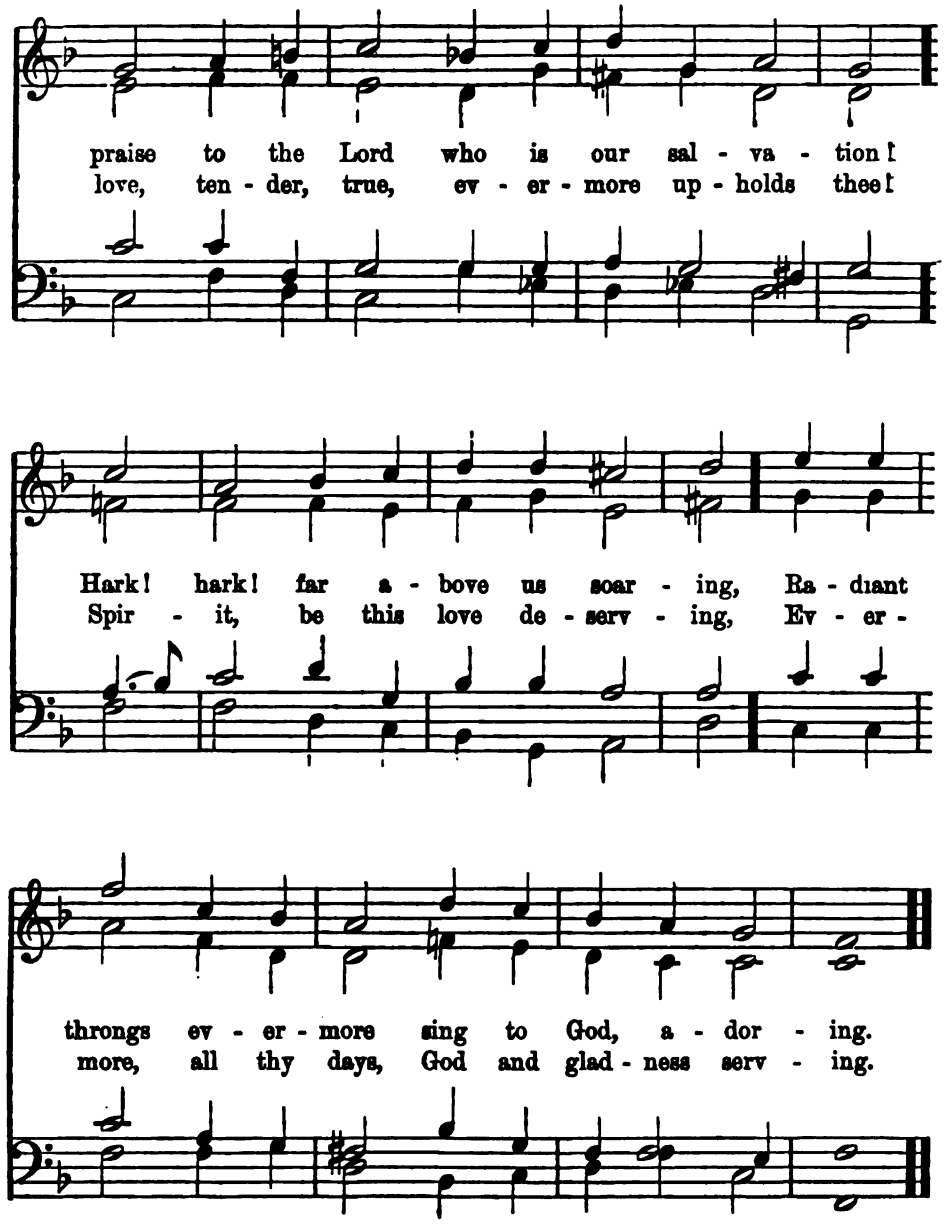




CHRISTMAS HYMN.

JOHANN KRUGER, 1657.

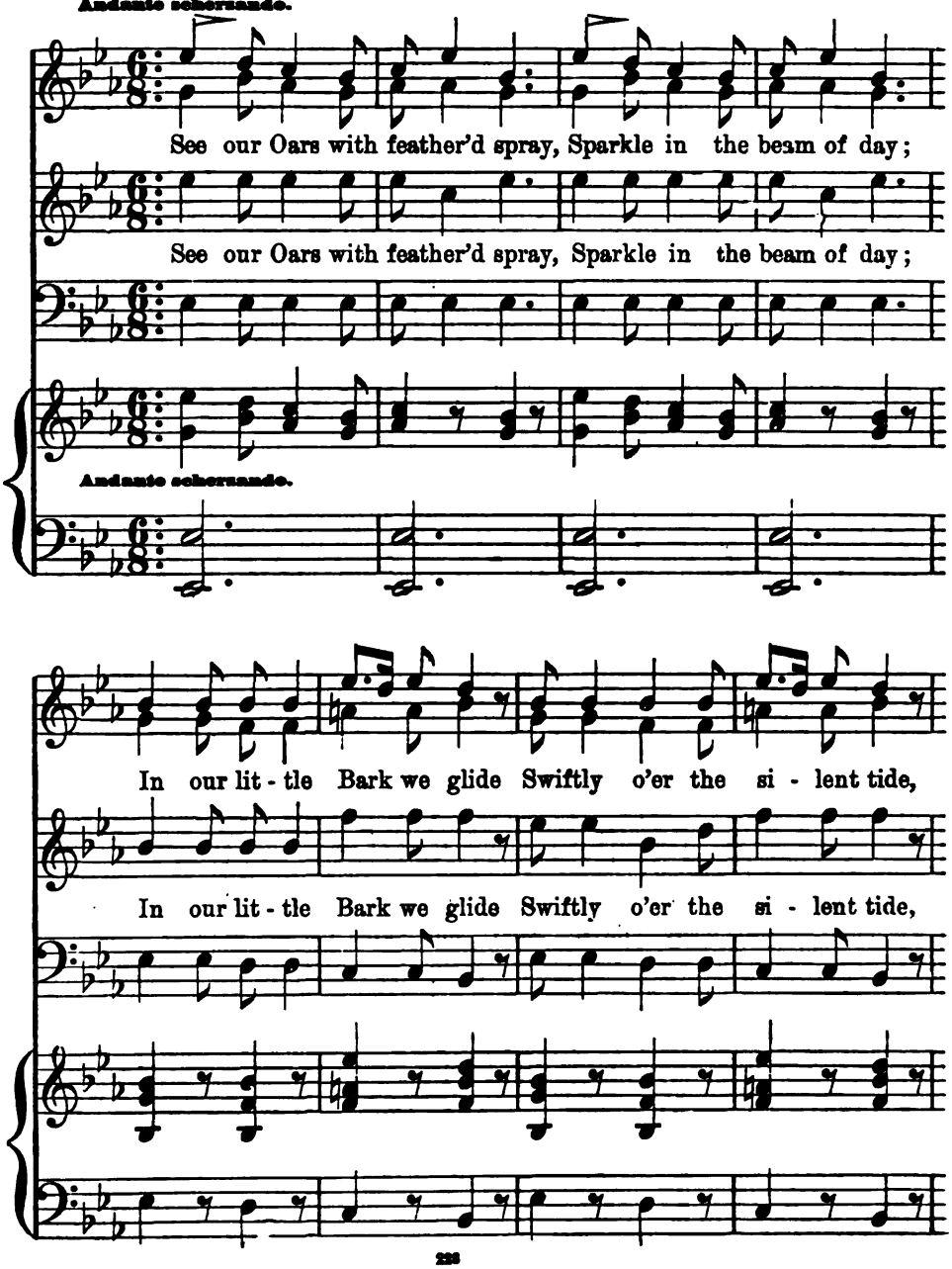


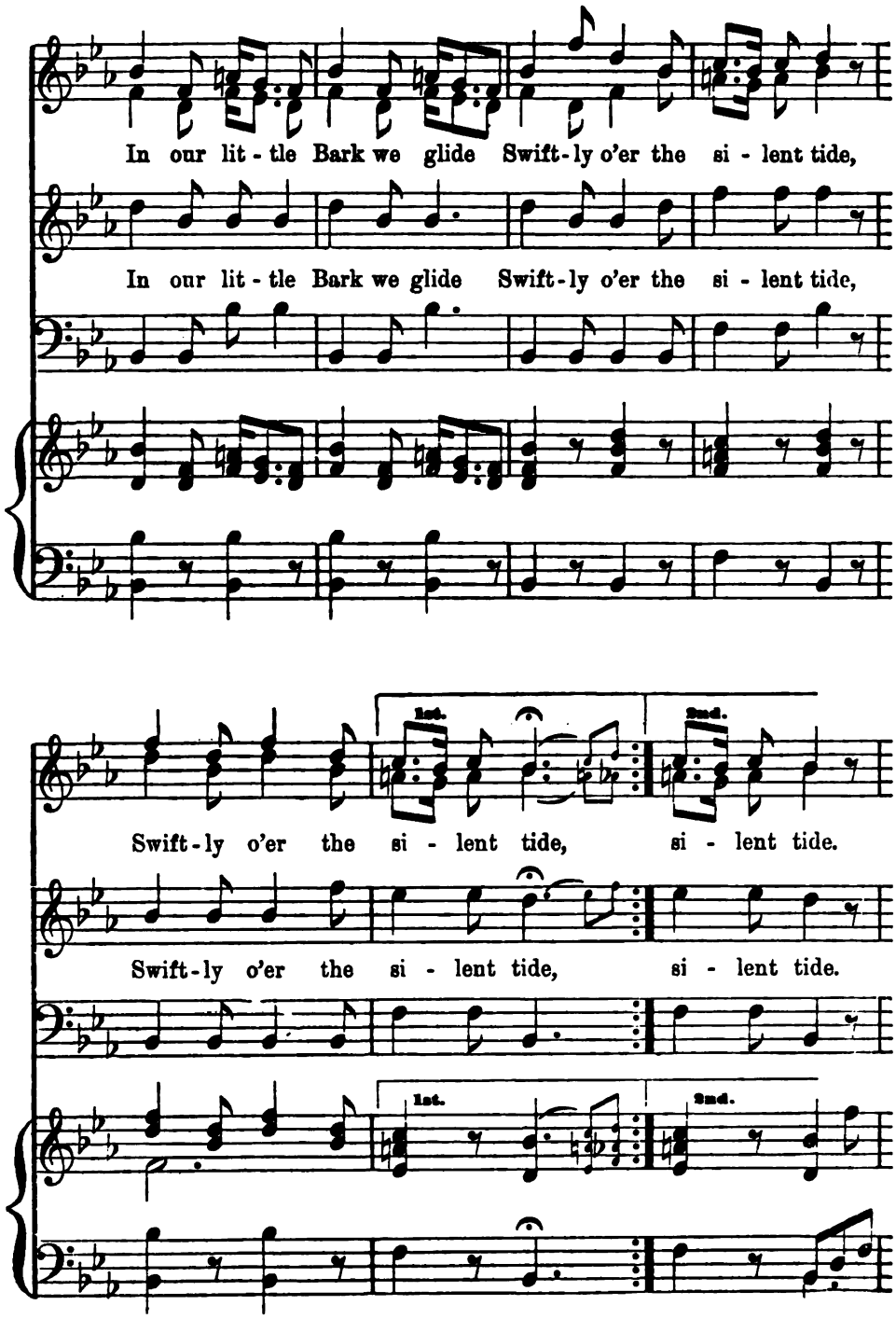

praise to the Lord who is our sal - va - tion!
love, ten - der, true, ev - er - more up - holds thee!
Hark! hark! far a - bove us soar - ing, Ra - diant
Spir - it, be this love de - serv - ing, Ev - er -
throngs ev - er - more sing to God, a - dor - ing.
more, all thy days, God and glad - ness serv - ing.

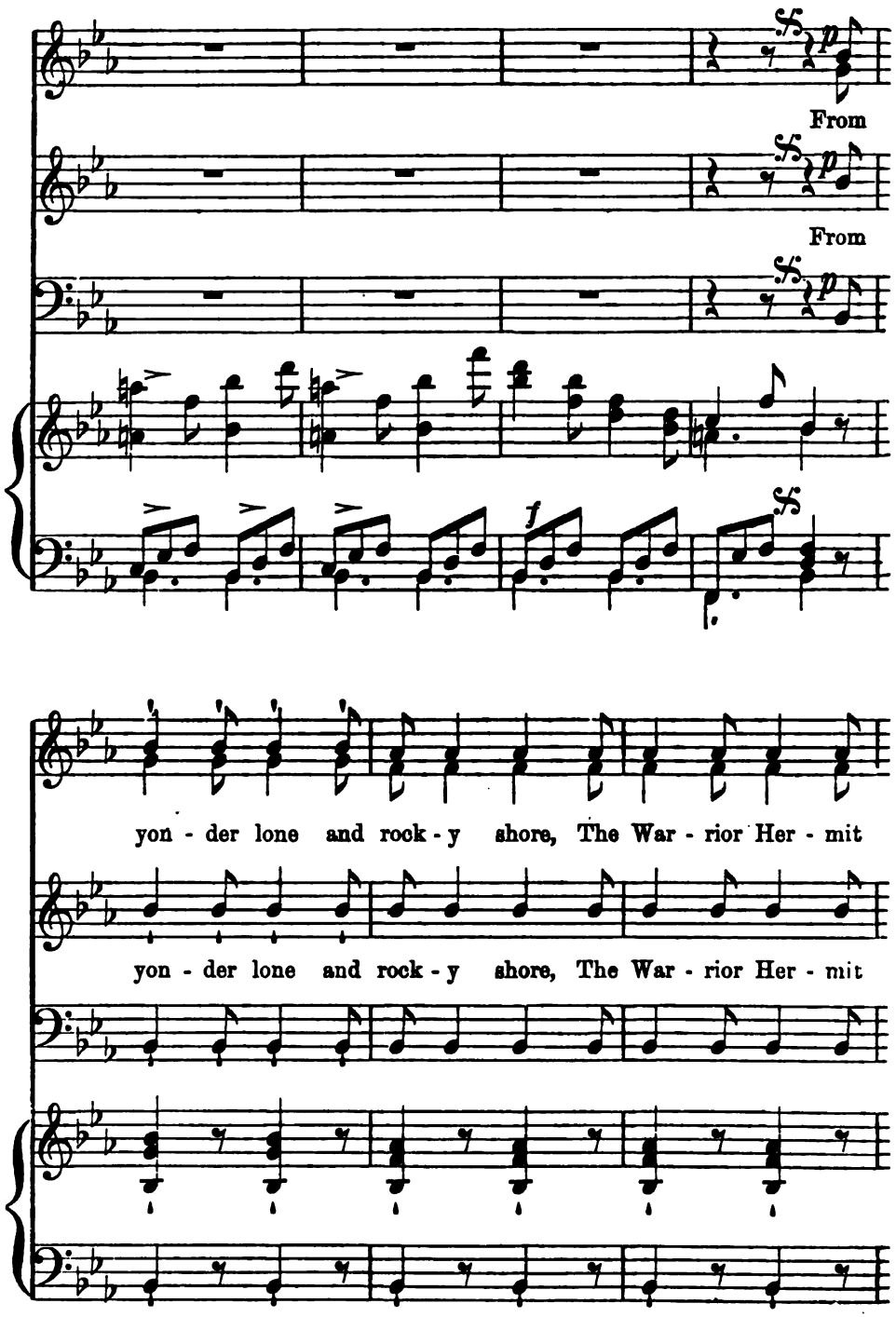
PIECES WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS.

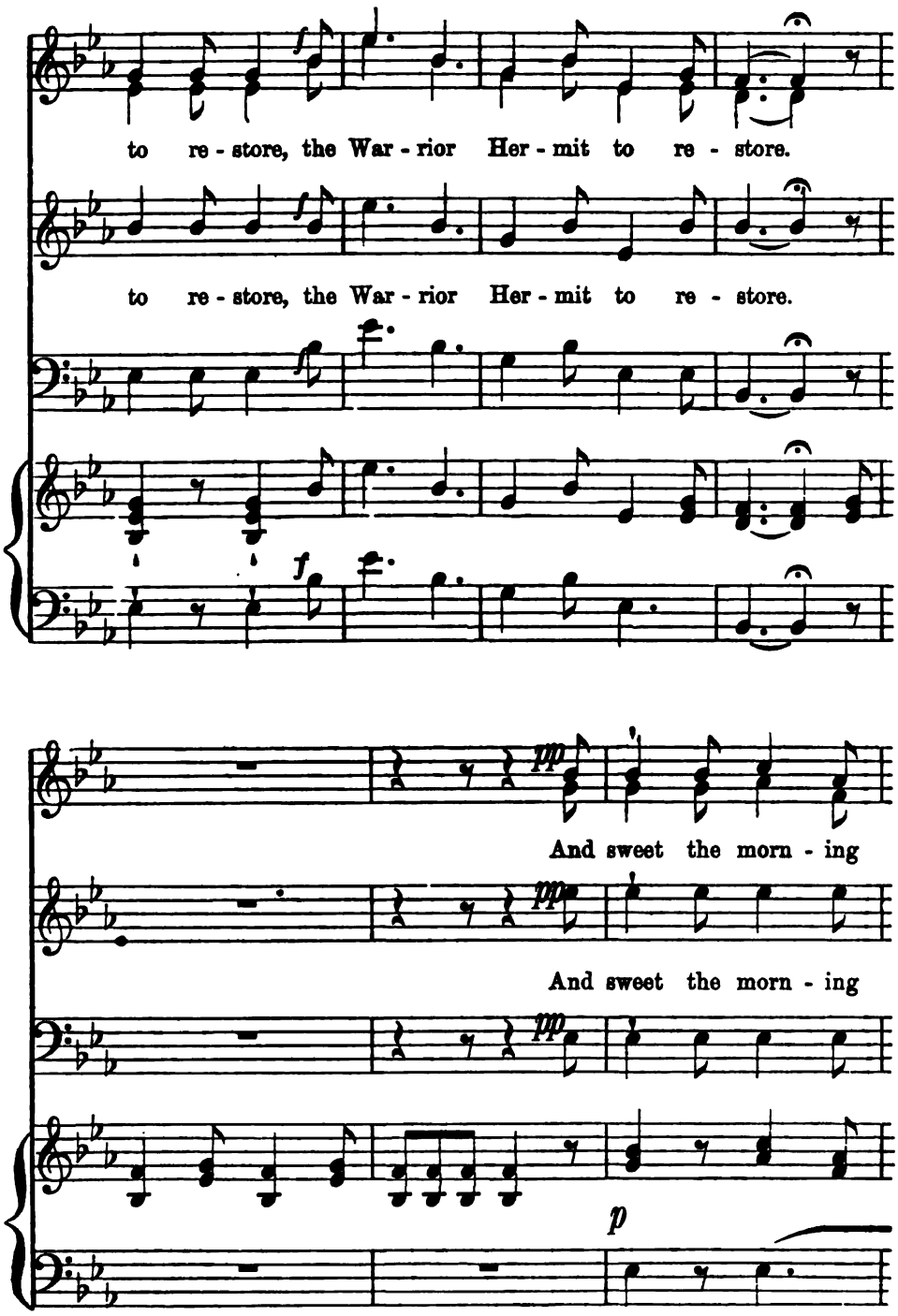
SEE OUR OARS WITH FEATHER'D SPRAY.

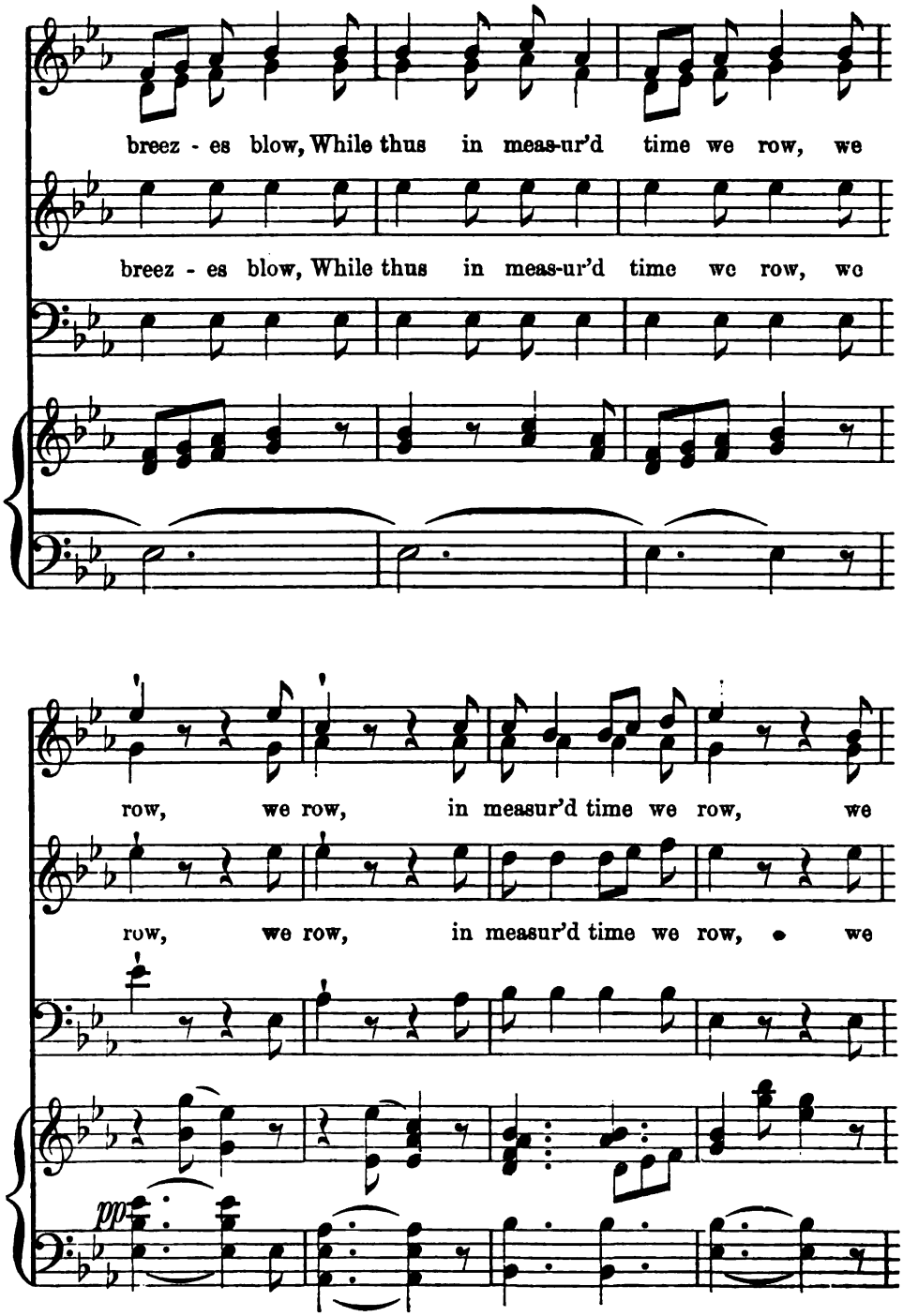
Composed by SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

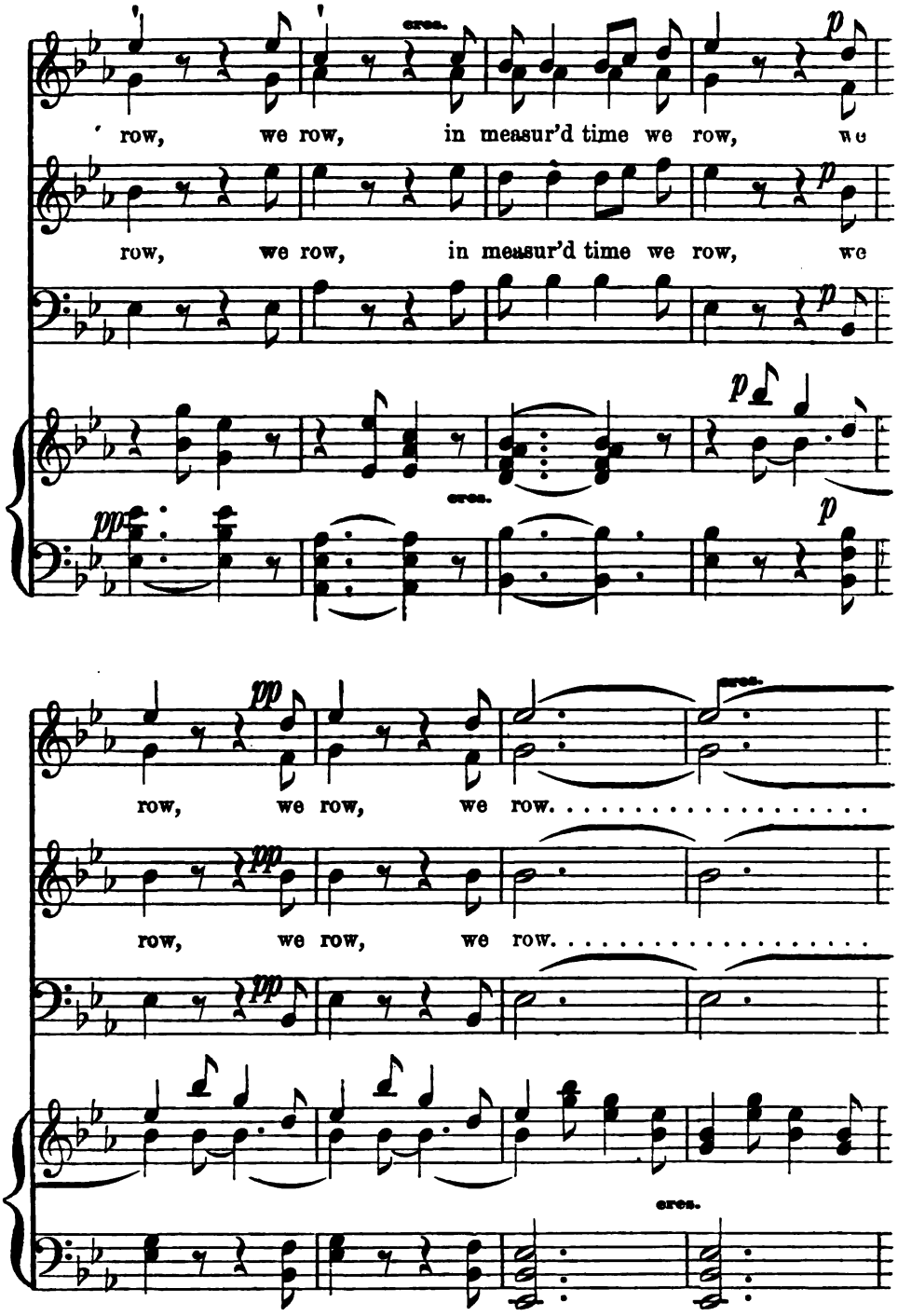


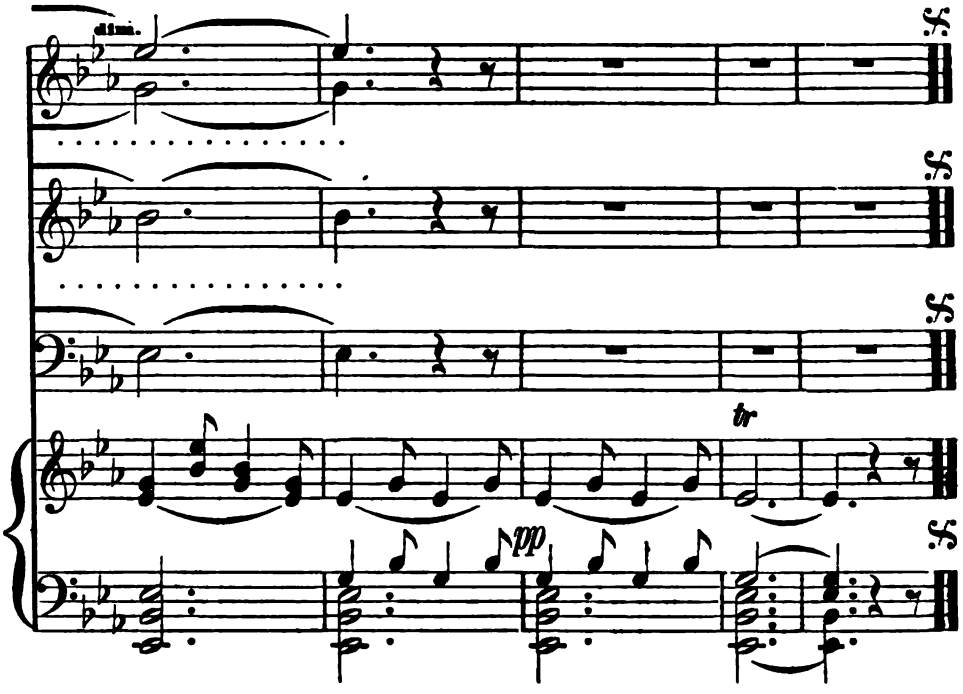

In our lit - tle Bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,
In our lit - tle Bark we glide Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide,
1st.
2nd.
Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide, si - lent tide.
Swift-ly o'er the si - lent tide, si - lent tide.
1st.
2nd.


From
From
yon - der lone and rock - y shore, The War - rior Her - mit
yon - der lone and rock - y shore, The War - rior Her - mit


to re - store, the War - rior Her - mit to re - store.
to re - store, the War - rior Her - mit to re - store.
And sweet the morn - ing
And sweet the morn - ing

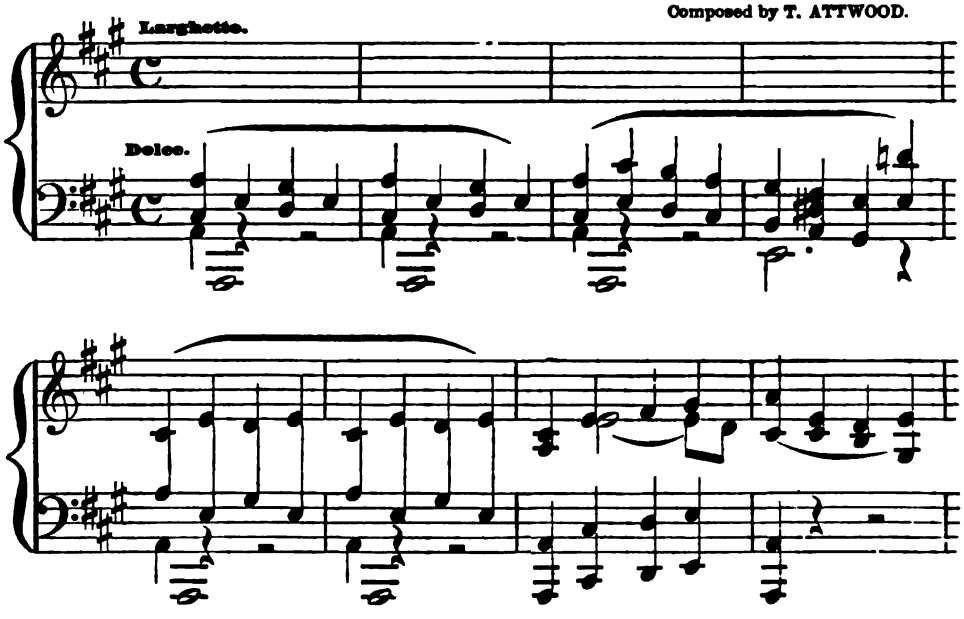

breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
breez - es blow, While thus in meas-ur'd time we row, we
row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we
row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we
pp

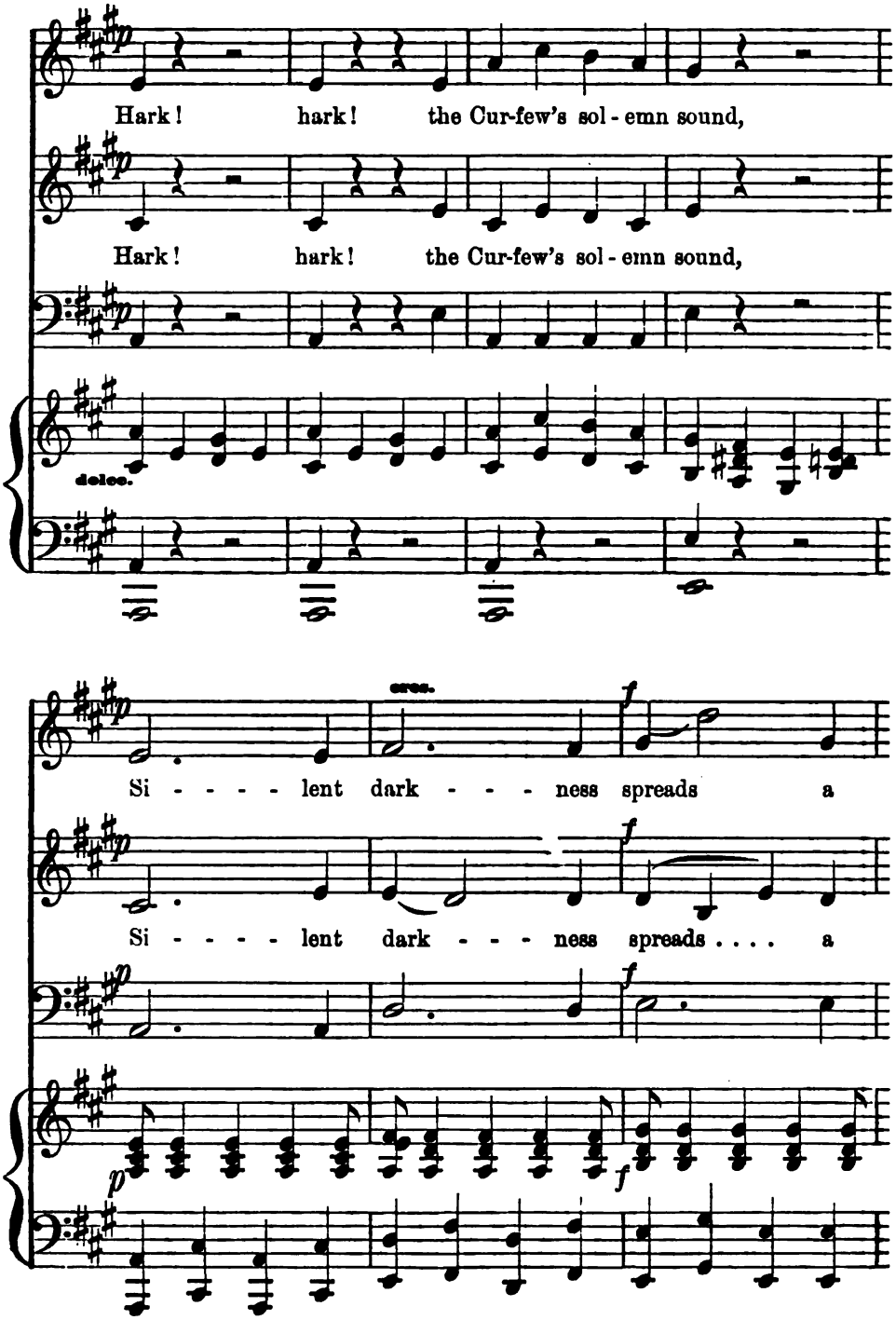

cres.
p
row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we
row, we row, in measur'd time we row, we
pp
cres.
p
pp
cres.
row, we row, we row.
row, we row, we row.
pp
pp
cres.

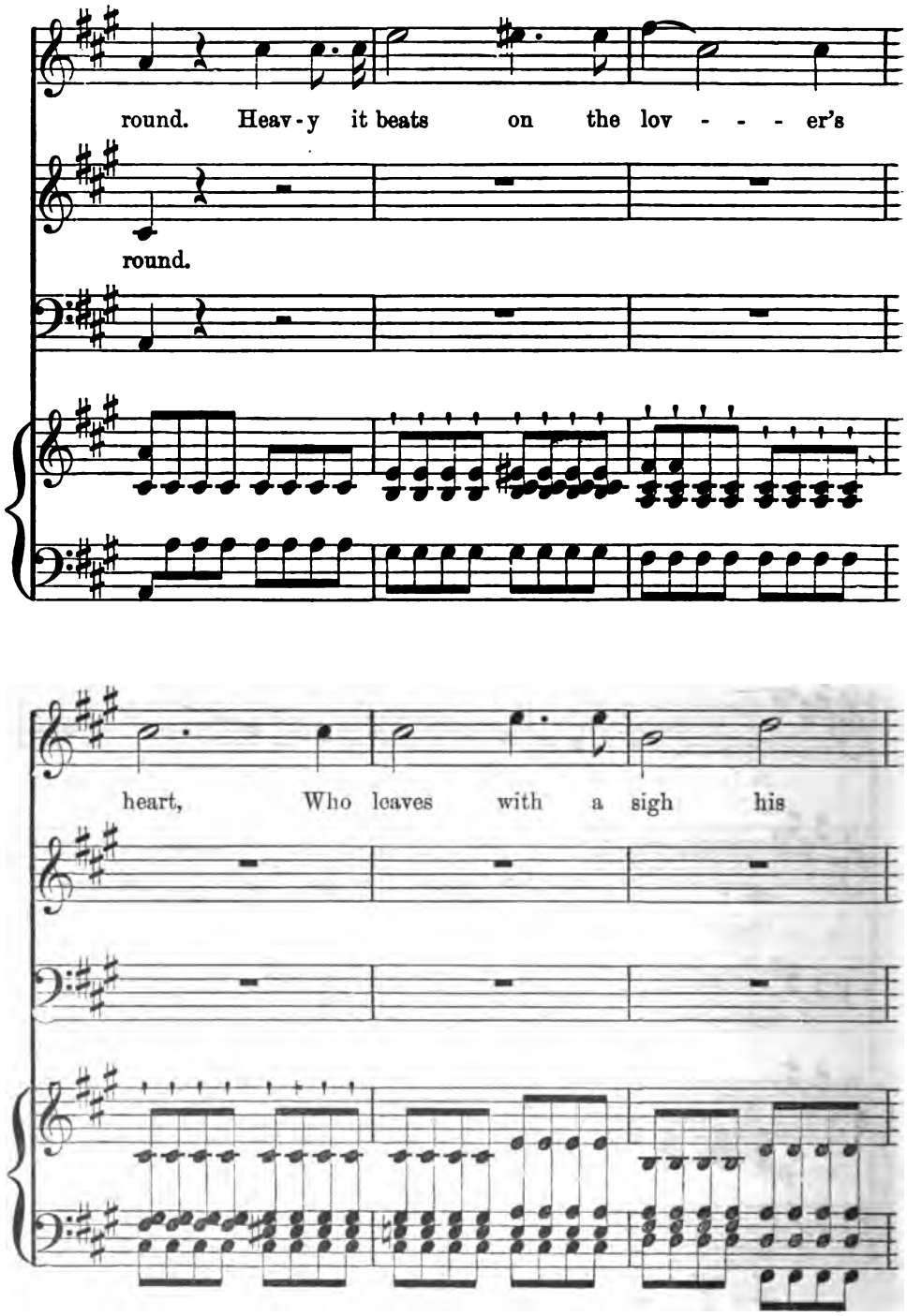


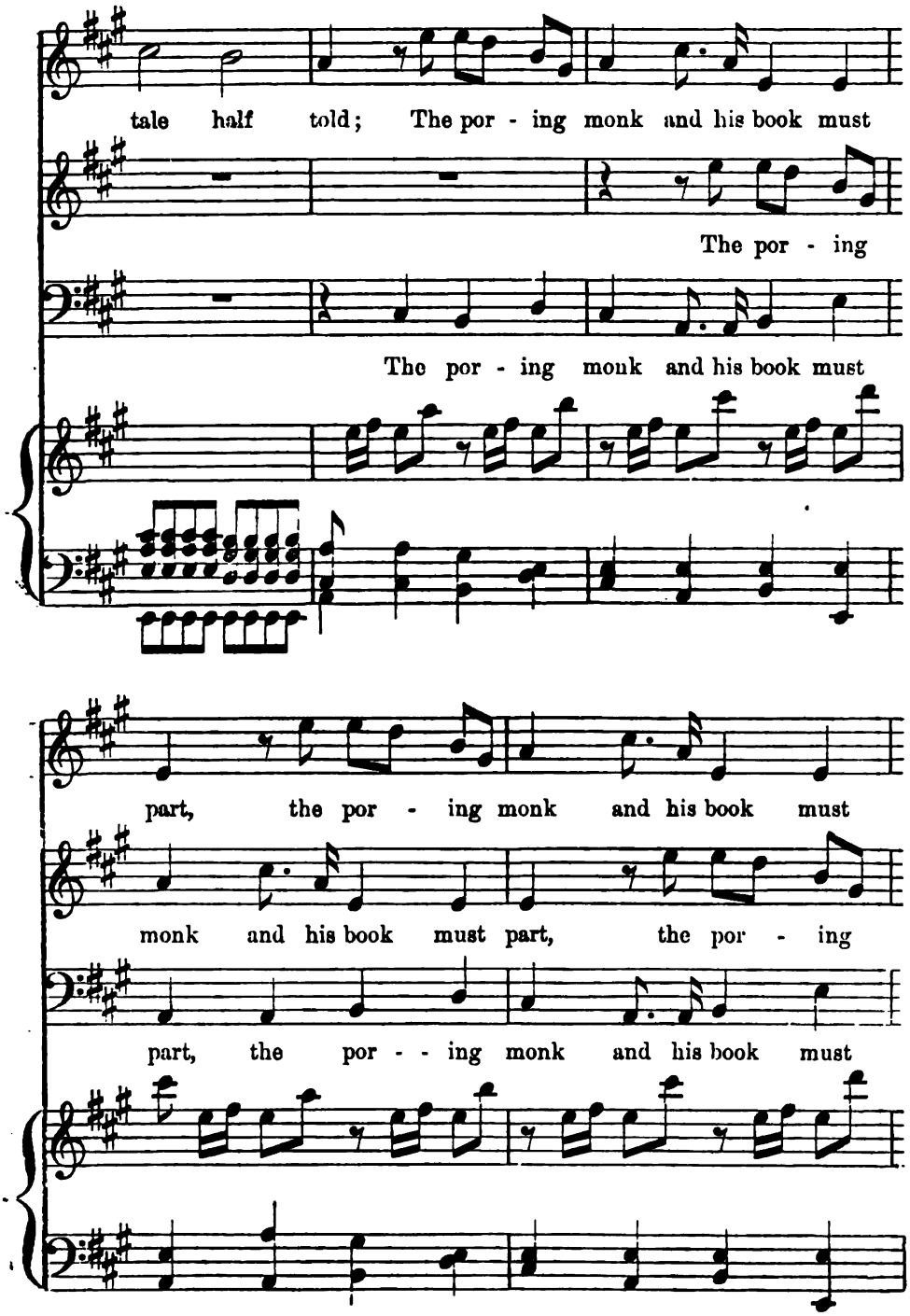
HARK, THE CURFEW'S SOLEMN SOUND.

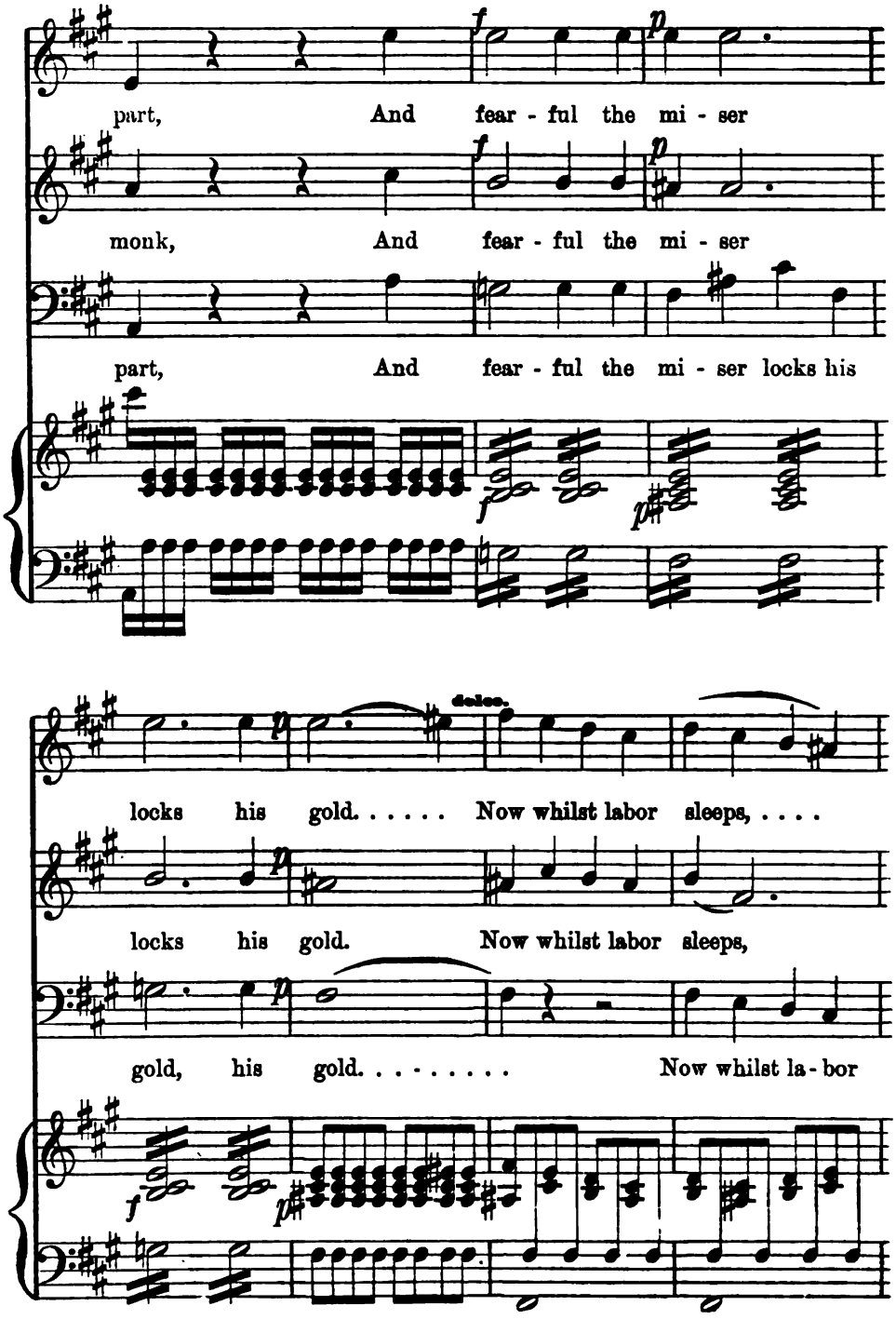
Composed by T. ATTWOOD.

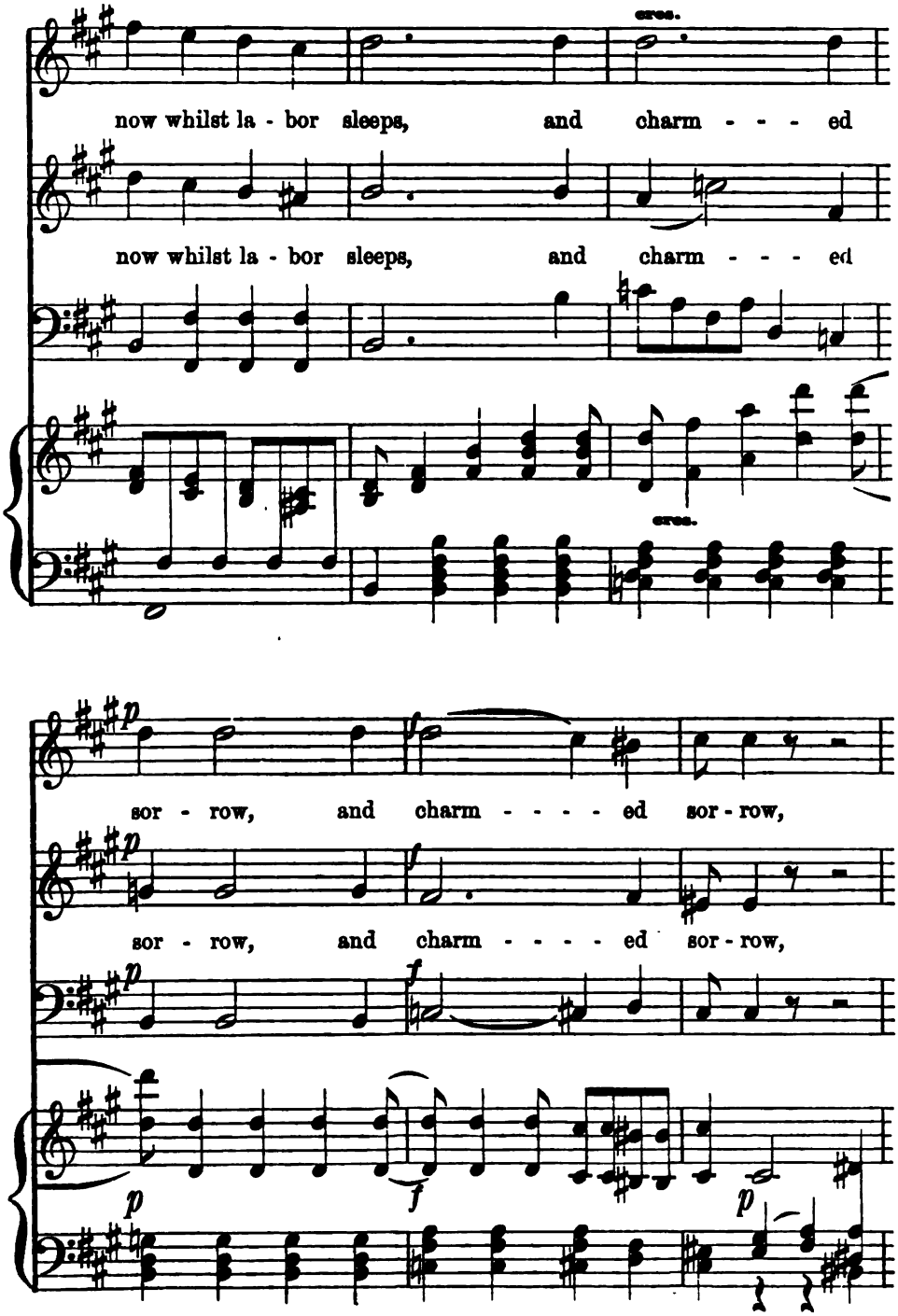


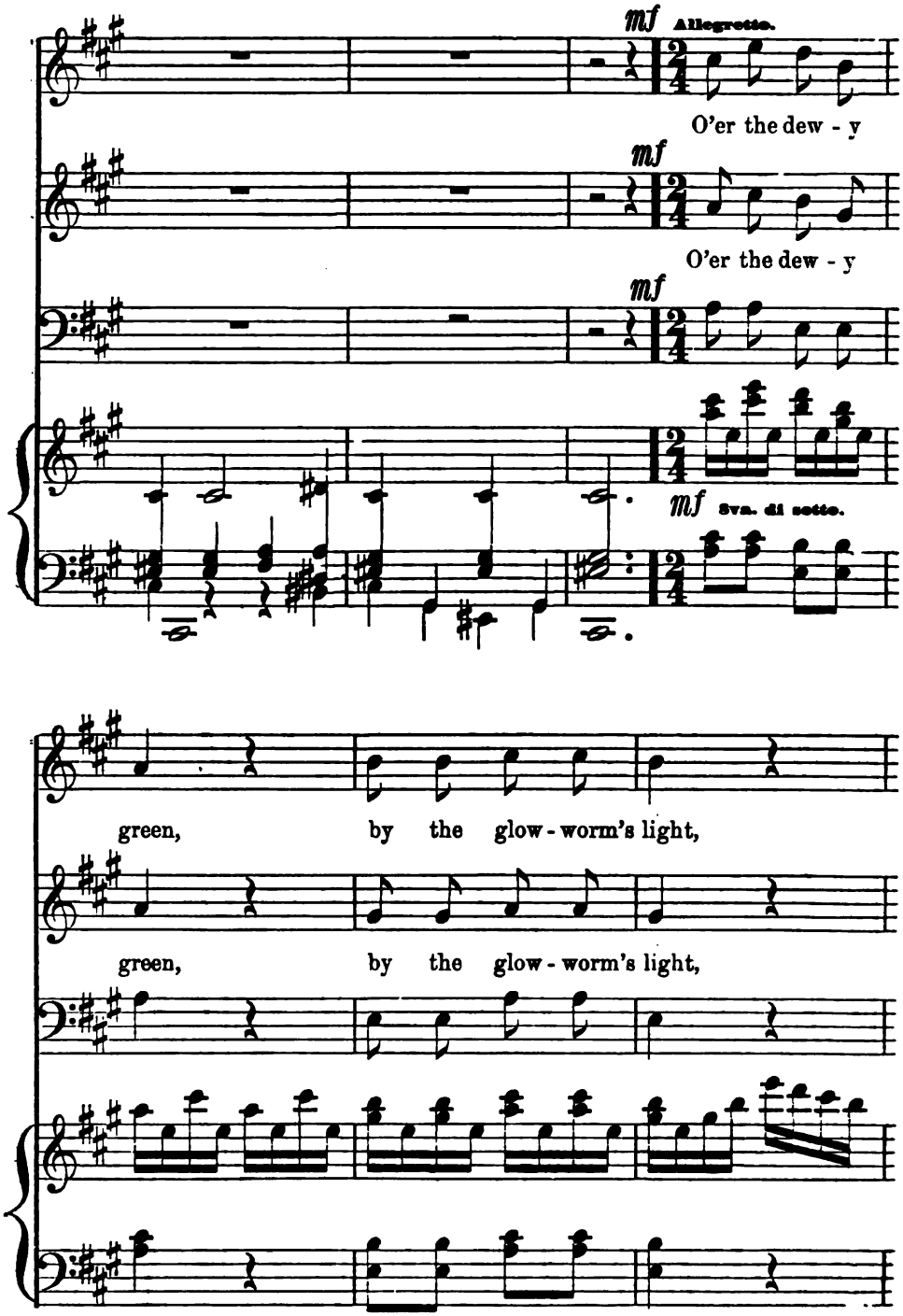

Hark! hark! the Cur-few's sol - emn sound,
Hark! hark! the Cur-few's sol - emn sound,
dolce.
cres.
f
Si - - - - lent dark - - - ness spreads a
Si - - - - lent dark - - - ness spreads . . . . a
f
p
f

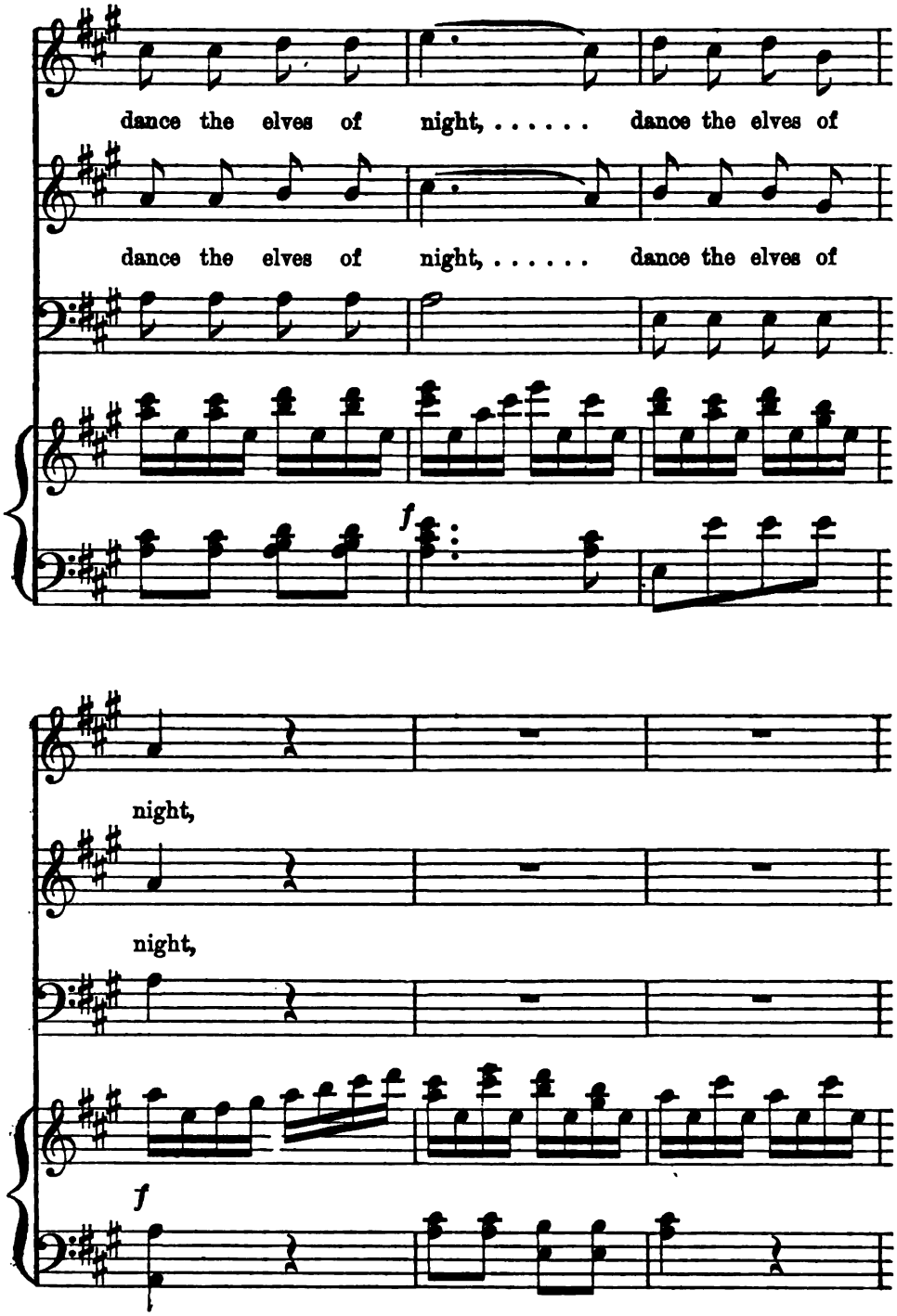

round. Heav-y it beats on the lov - - - er's
round.
heart, Who leaves with a sigh his

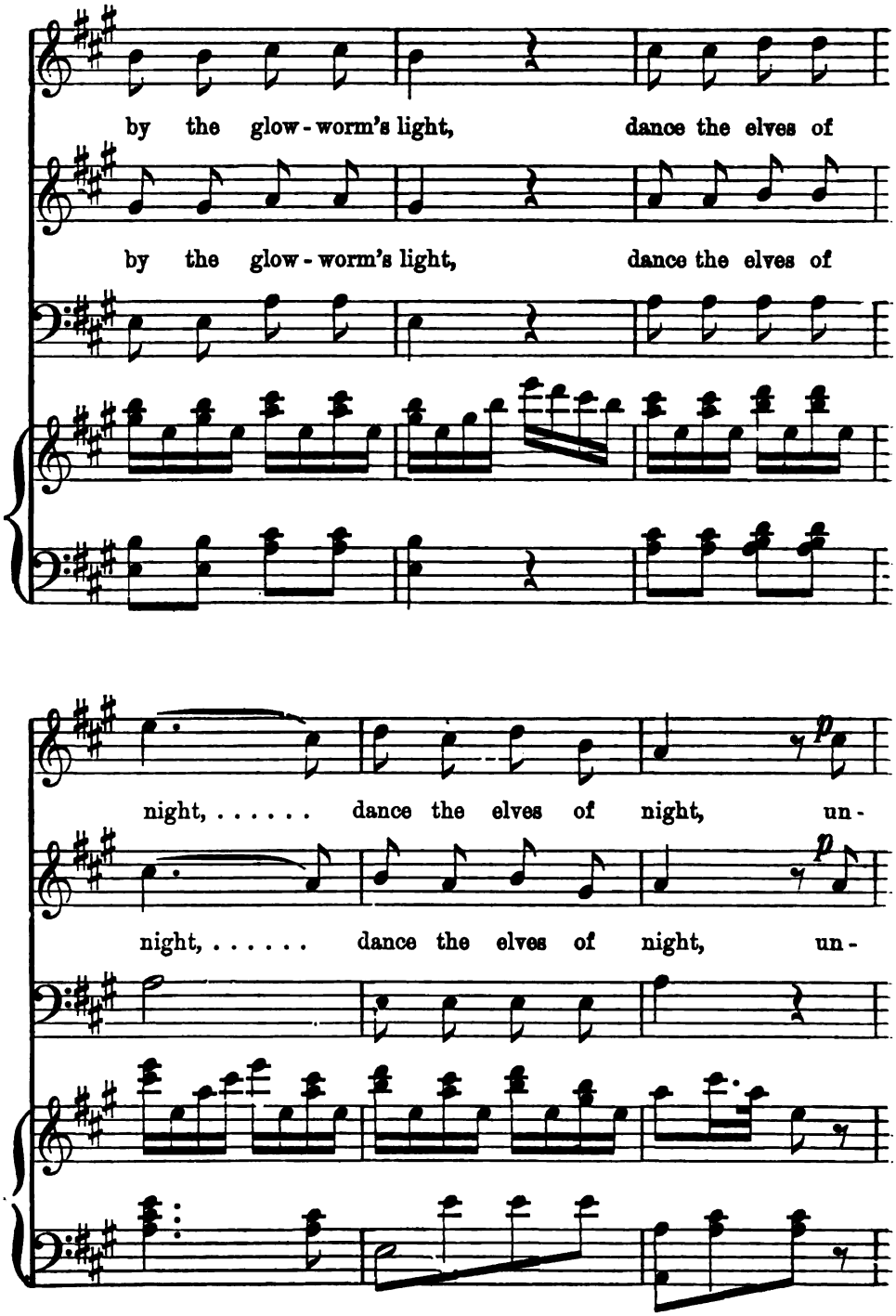

tale half told; The por - ing monk and his book must
The por - ing
The por - ing monk and his book must
part, the por - ing monk and his book must
monk and his book must part, the por - ing
part, the por - - ing monk and his book must

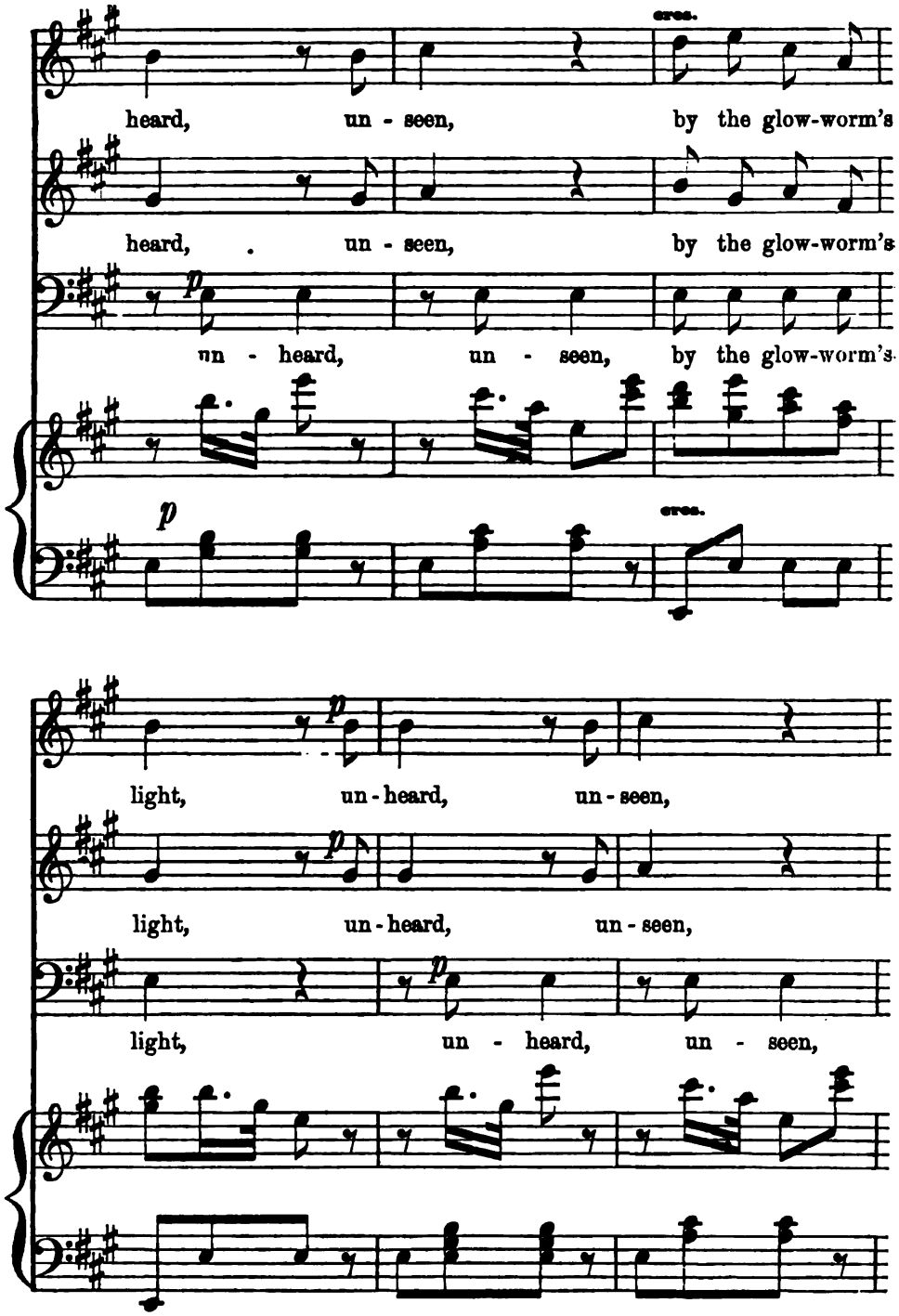

part, And fear - ful the mi - ser
monk, And fear - ful the mi - ser
part, And fear - ful the mi - ser locks his
dolce.
locks his gold. . . . . Now whilst labor sleeps, ...
locks his gold. Now whilst labor sleeps,
gold, his gold. . . . . Now whilst la - bor

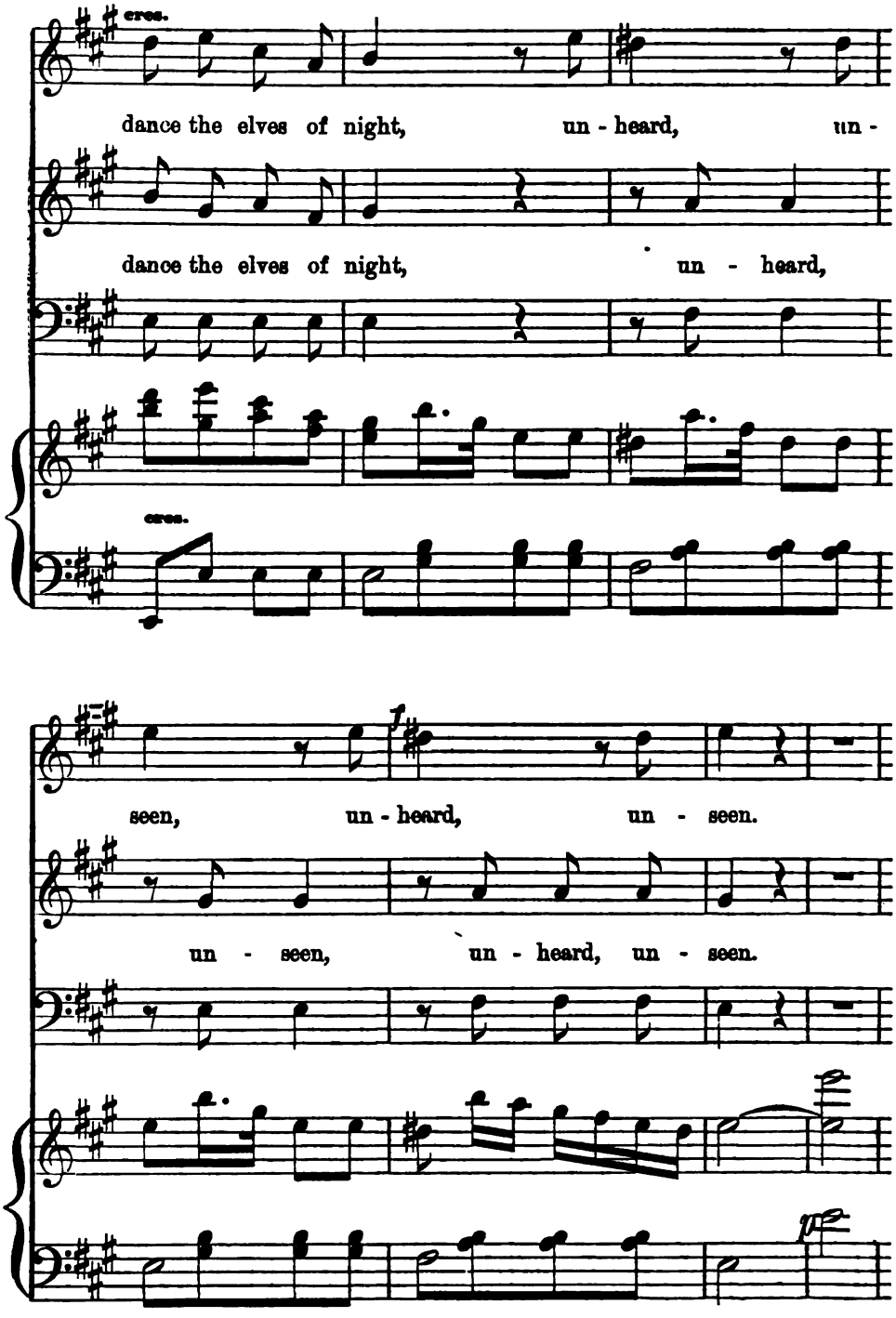

cres.
now whilst la - bor sleeps, and charm - - - ed
now whilst la - bor sleeps, and charm - - - ed
cres.
sor - row, and charm - - - - ed sor - row,
sor - row, and charm - - - - ed sor - row,
p
f
p
f
p

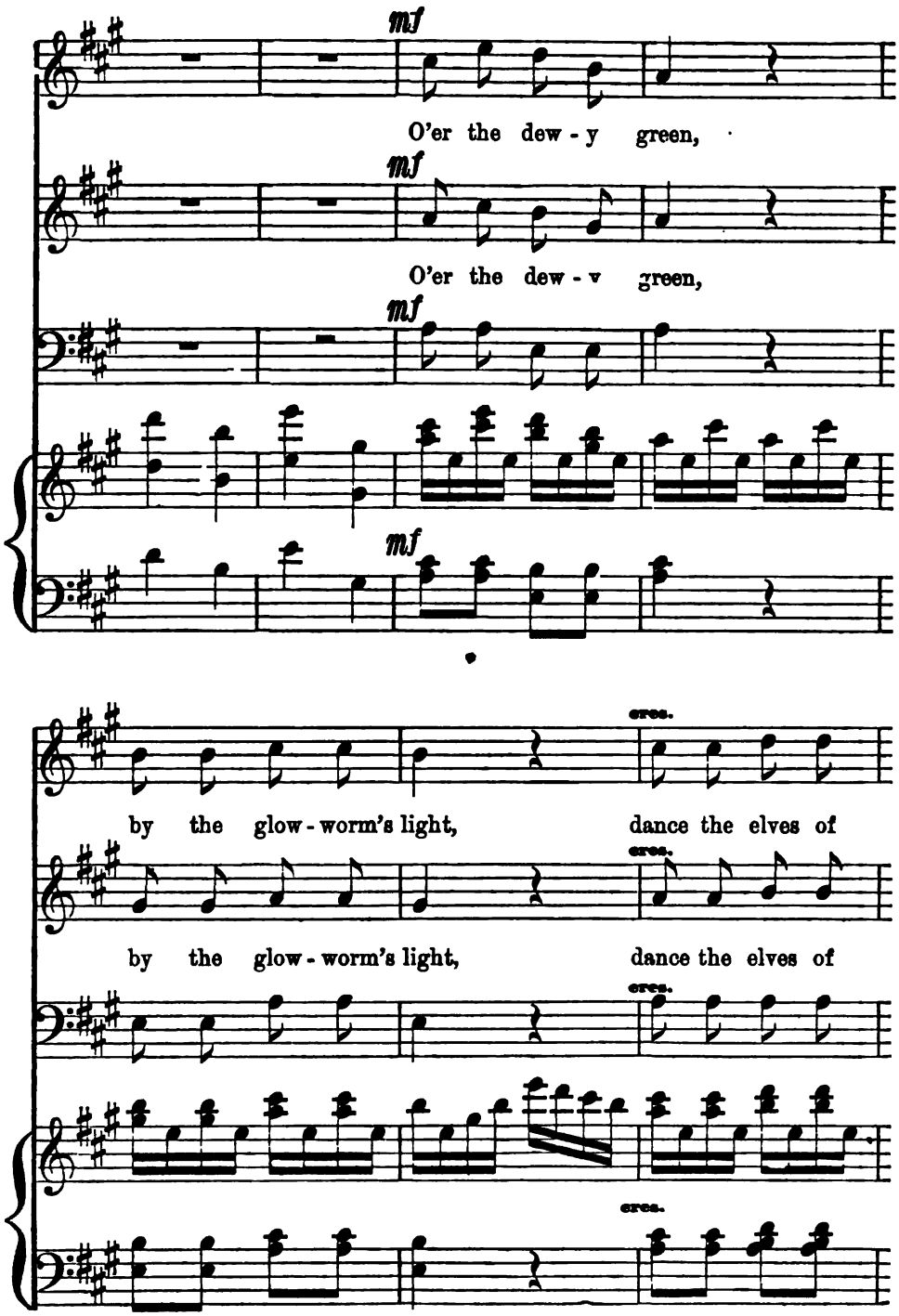

mf
Allegretto.
O'er the dew - y
mf
O'er the dew - y
mf
mf
8va. di sotto.
green, by the glow - worm's light,
green, by the glow - worm's light,

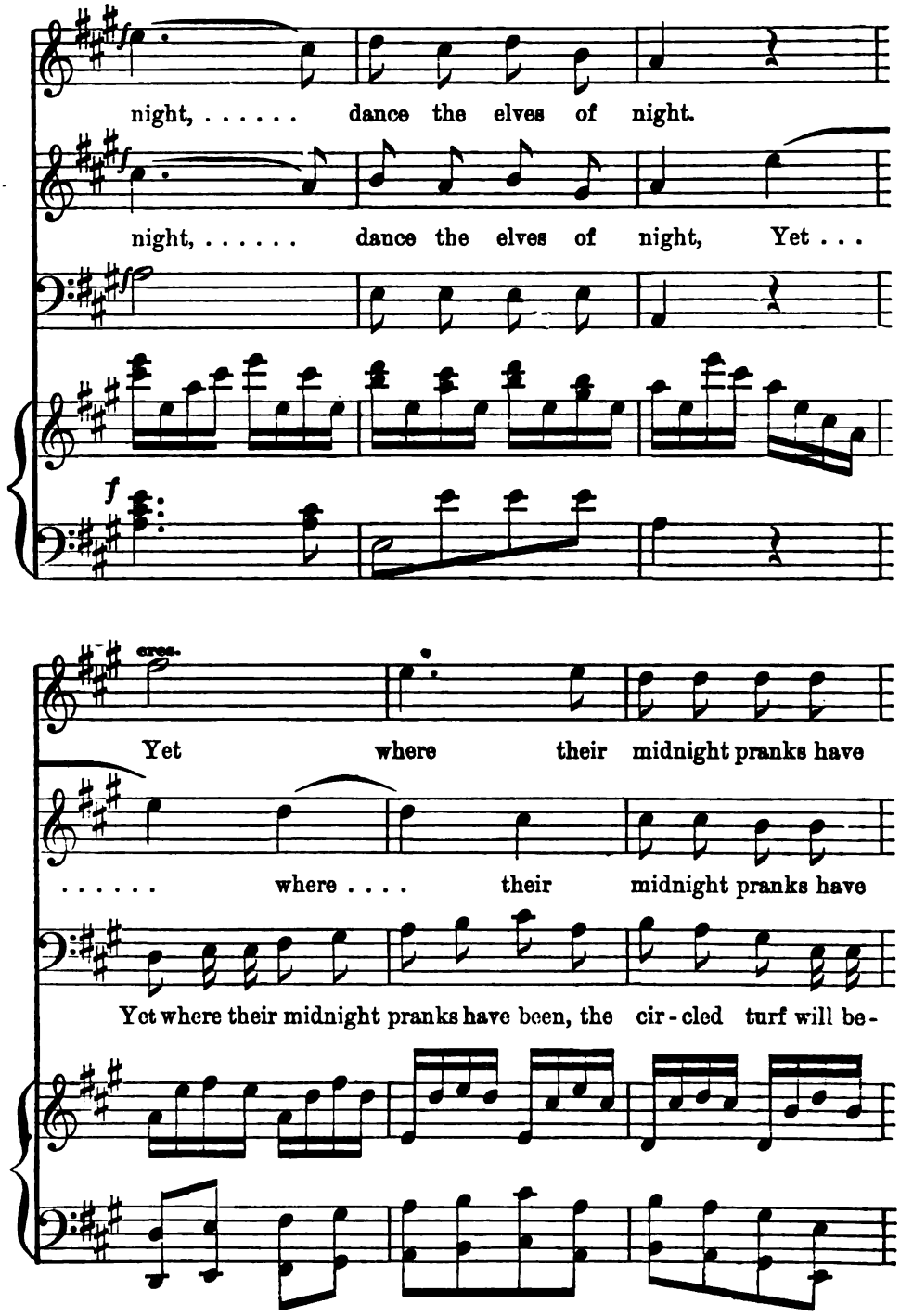

dance the elves of night, ... dance the elves of
dance the elves of night, ... dance the elves of
f
night,
night,
f

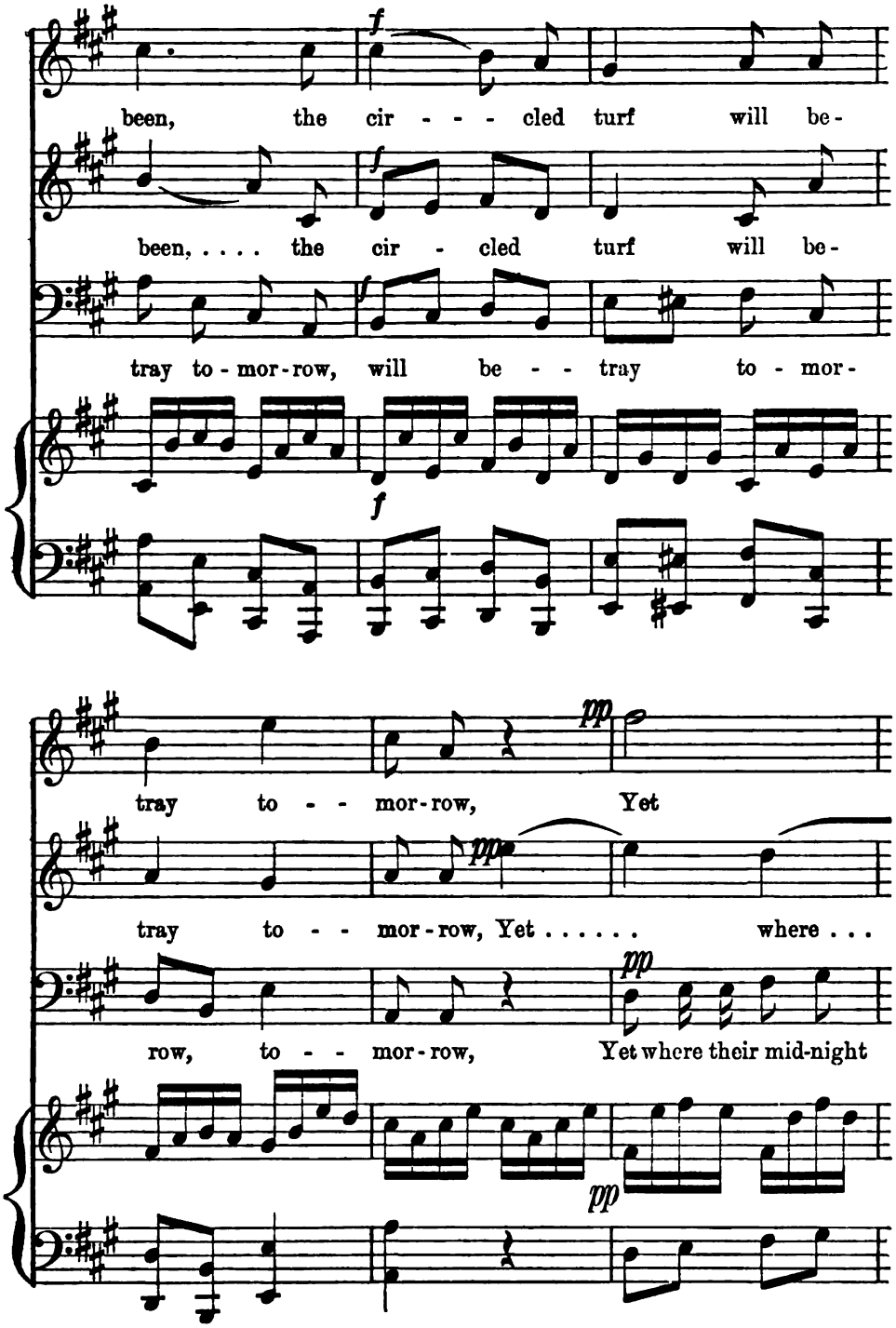

by the glow-worm's light, dance the elves of
by the glow-worm's light, dance the elves of
night, ... dance the elves of night, un-
night, ... dance the elves of night, un-

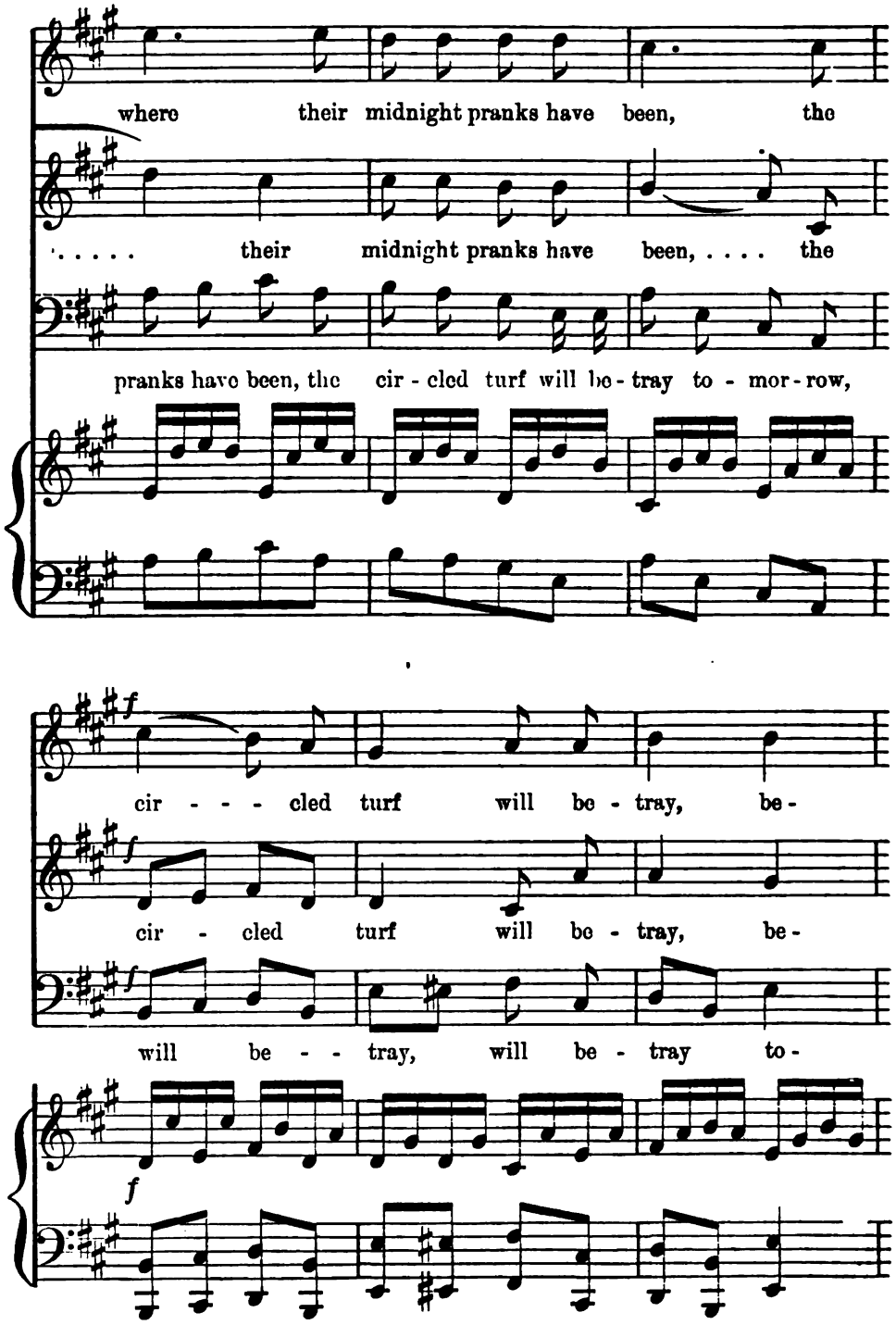

cres.
heard, un - seen, by the glow-worm's
heard, un - seen, by the glow-worm's
un - heard, un - seen, by the glow-worm's
p
cres.
light, un - heard, un - seen,
light, un - heard, un - seen,
light, un - heard, un - seen,

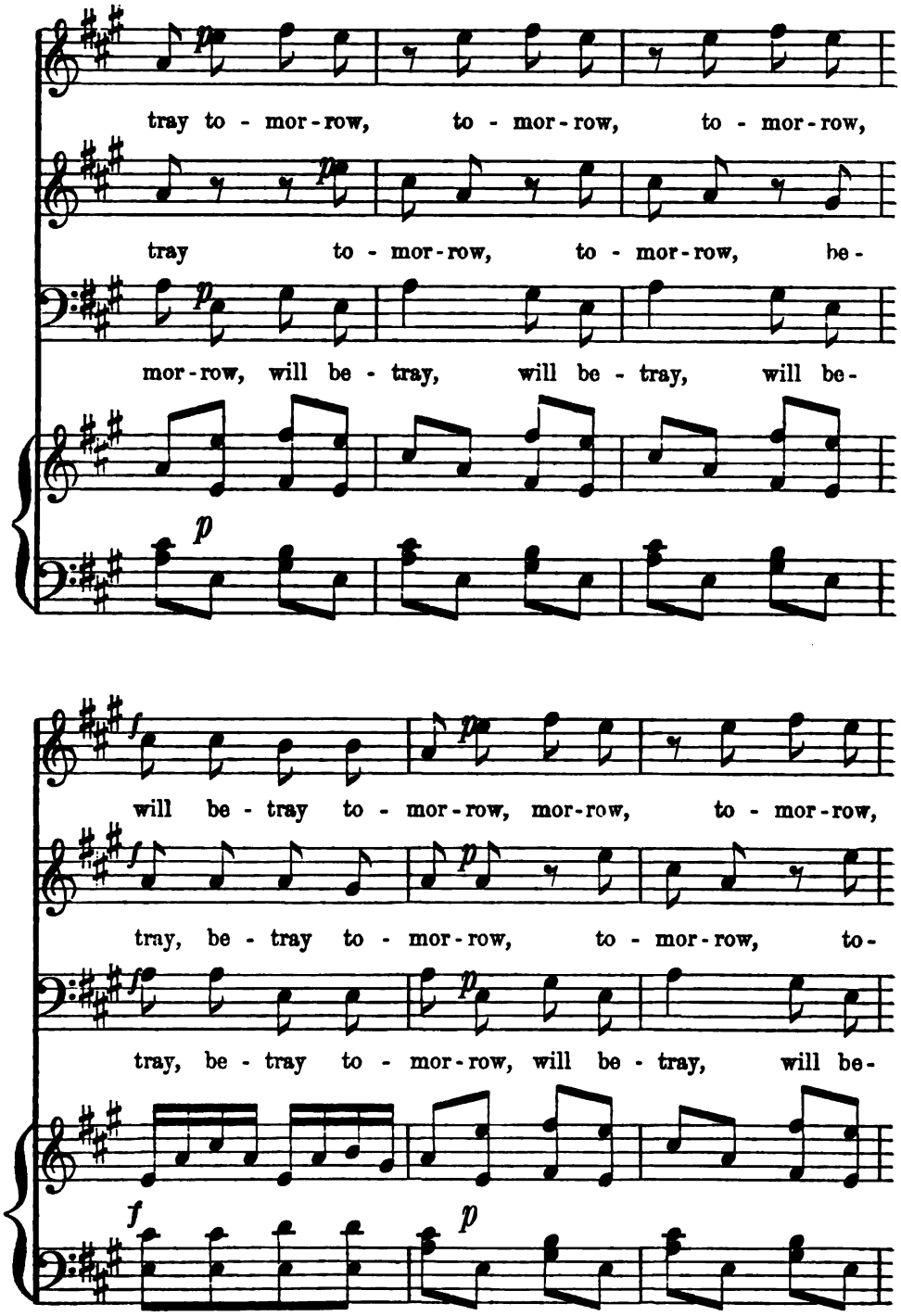

cres.
dance the elves of night, un - heard, un -
dance the elves of night, un - heard,
cres.
seen, un - heard, un - seen.
un - seen, un - heard, un - seen.

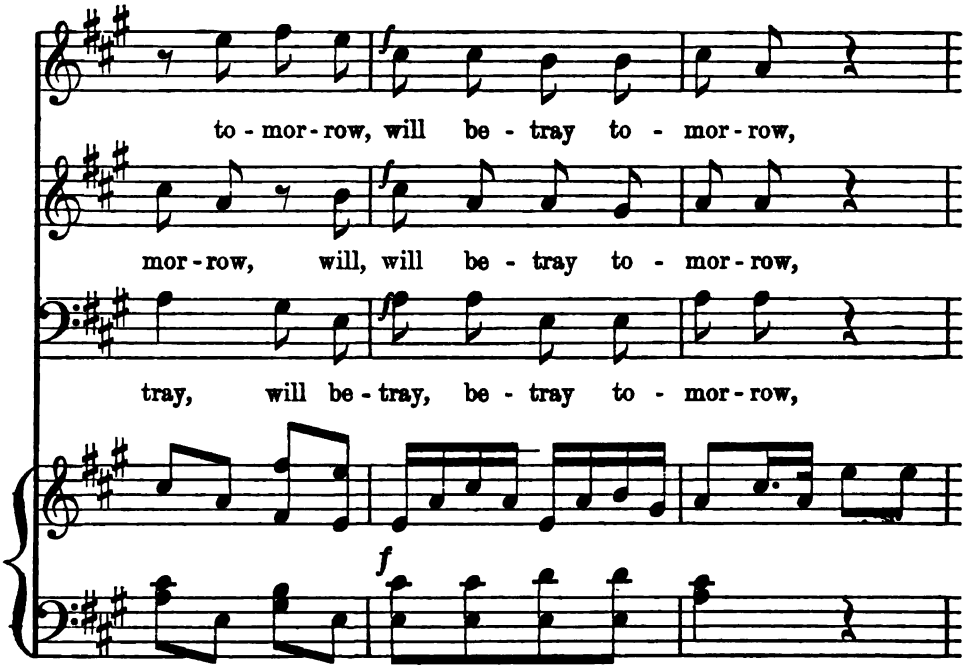

mf
O'er the dew - y green,
mf
O'er the dew - y green,
mf
mf
cres.
by the glow - worm's light, dance the elves of
cres.
by the glow - worm's light, dance the elves of
cres.
cres.

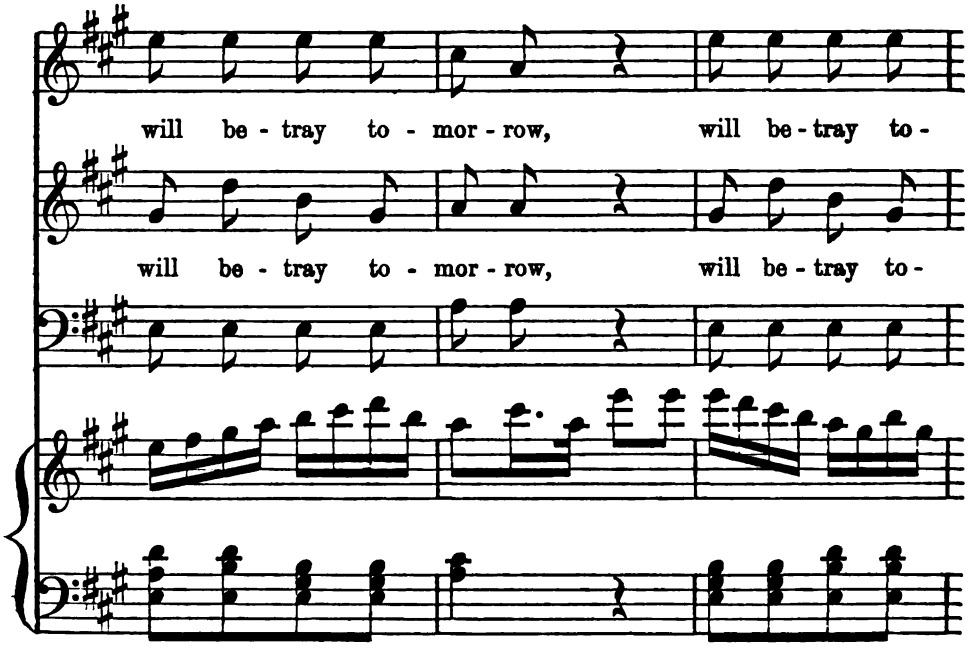

night, ... dance the elves of night.
night, ... dance the elves of night, Yet . . .
cresc.
Yet where their midnight pranks have
. . . . . where . . . . their midnight pranks have
Yet where their midnight pranks have been, the cir - cled turf will be -

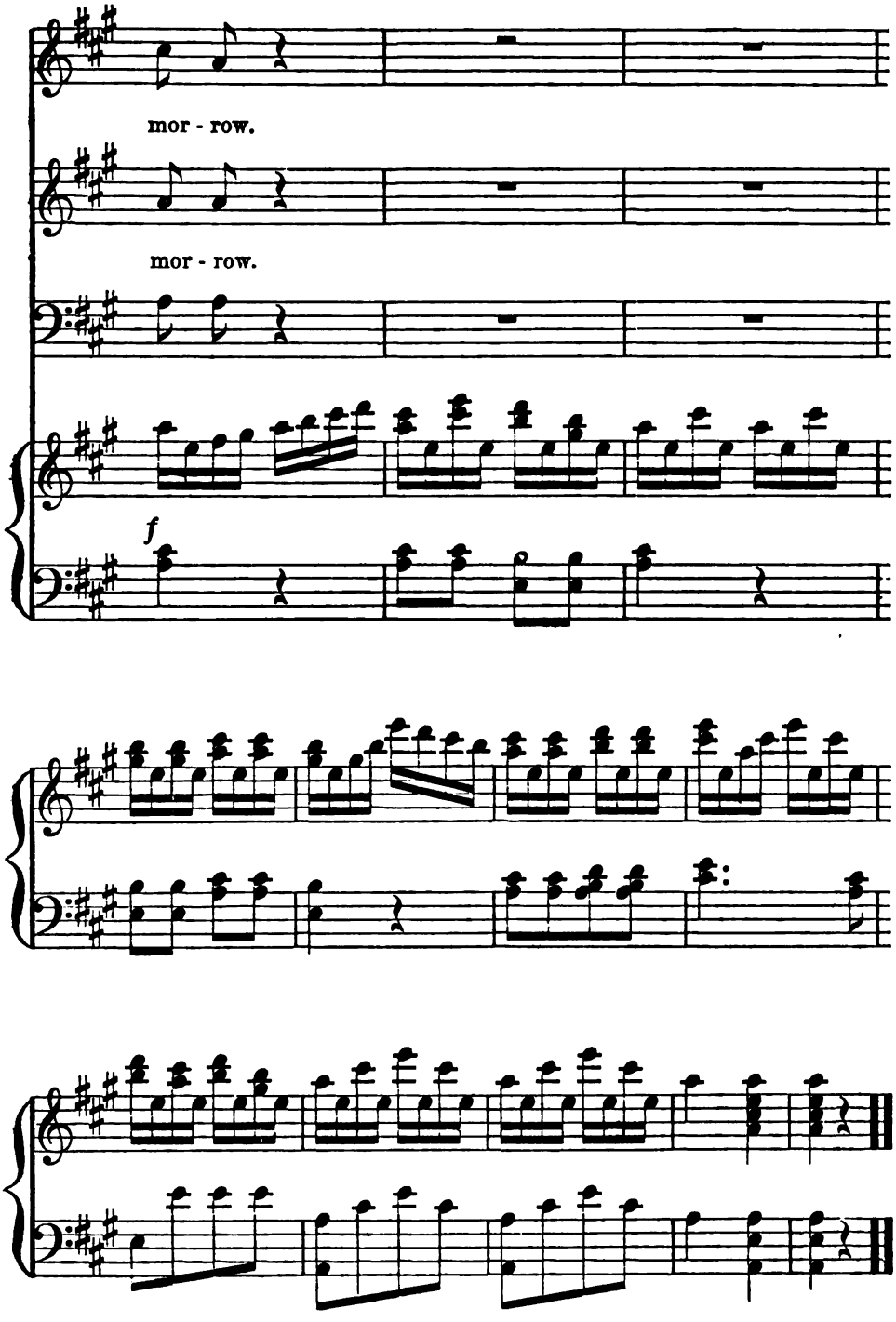

been, the cir - - - cled turf will be-
been, ... the cir - cled turf will be-
tray to-mor-row, will be - - tray to - mor-
tray to - - mor-row, Yet
tray to - - mor-row, Yet . . . . . where . . .
row, to - - mor-row, Yet where their mid-night


where their midnight pranks have been, the
. . . . . their midnight pranks have been, ... the
pranks have been, the cir - cled turf will be - tray to - mor - row,
cir - - - cled turf will be - tray, be -
cir - cled turf will be - tray, be -
will be - - tray, will be - tray to -


tray to - mor - row, to - mor - row, to - mor - row,
tray to - mor - row, to - mor - row, be -
mor - row, will be - tray, will be - tray, will be -
will be - tray to - mor - row, mor - row, to - mor - row,
tray, be - tray to - mor - row, to - mor - row, to -
tray, be - tray to - mor - row, will be - tray, will be -

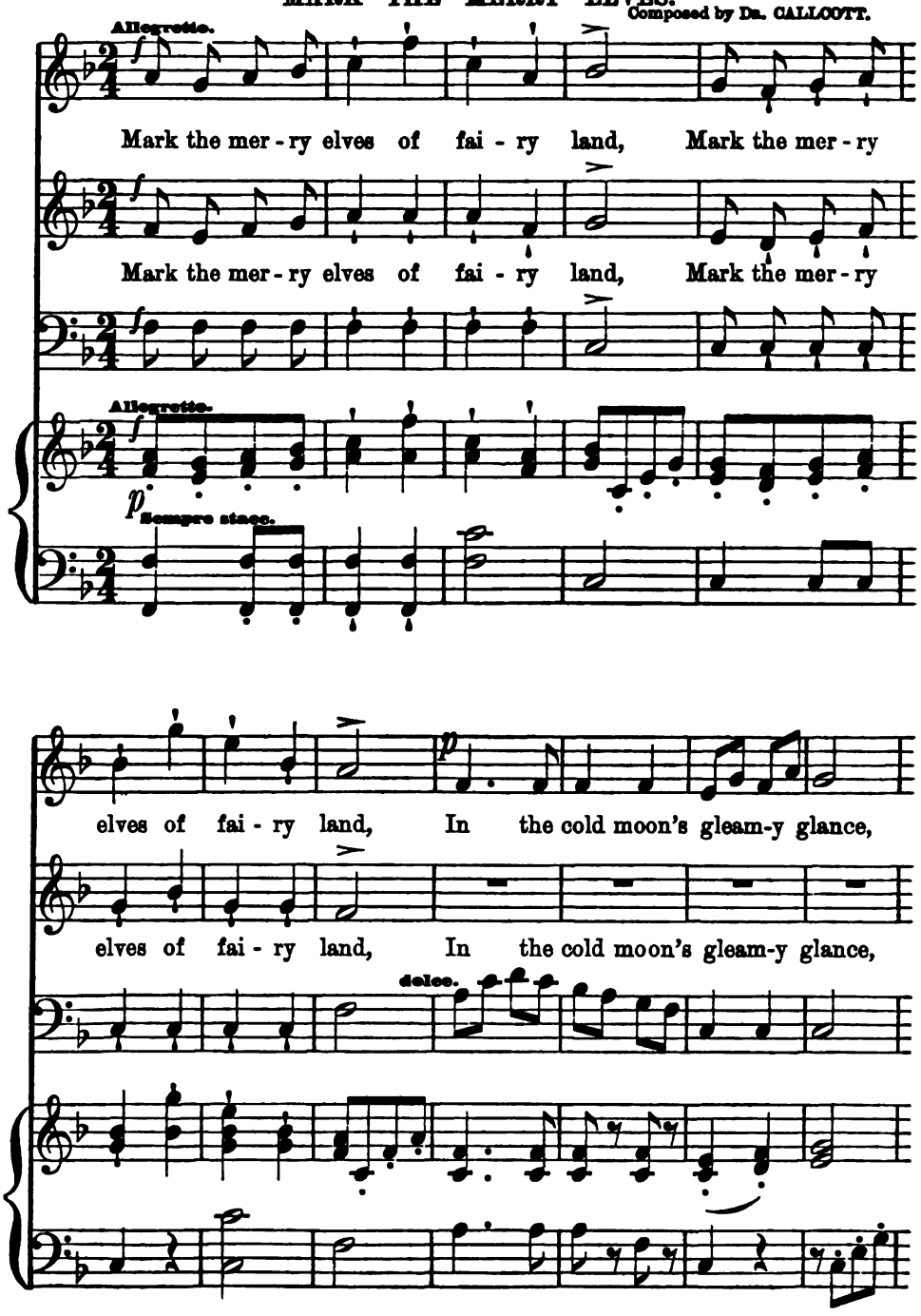

to - mor - row, will be - tray to - mor - row,
mor - row, will, will be - tray to - mor - row,
tray, will be - tray, be - tray to - mor - row,

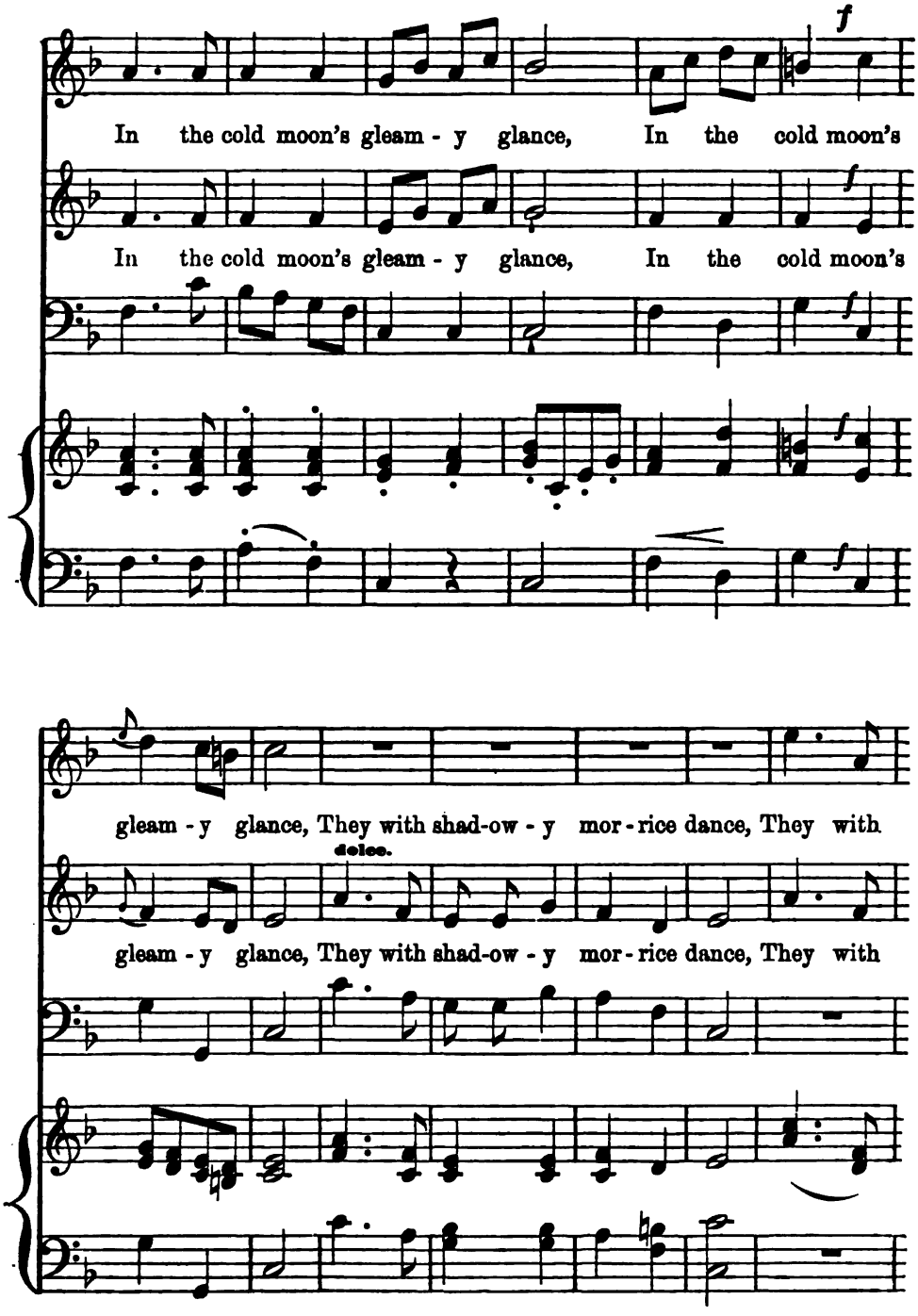

will be - tray to - mor - row, will be - tray to -
will be - tray to - mor - row, will be - tray to -

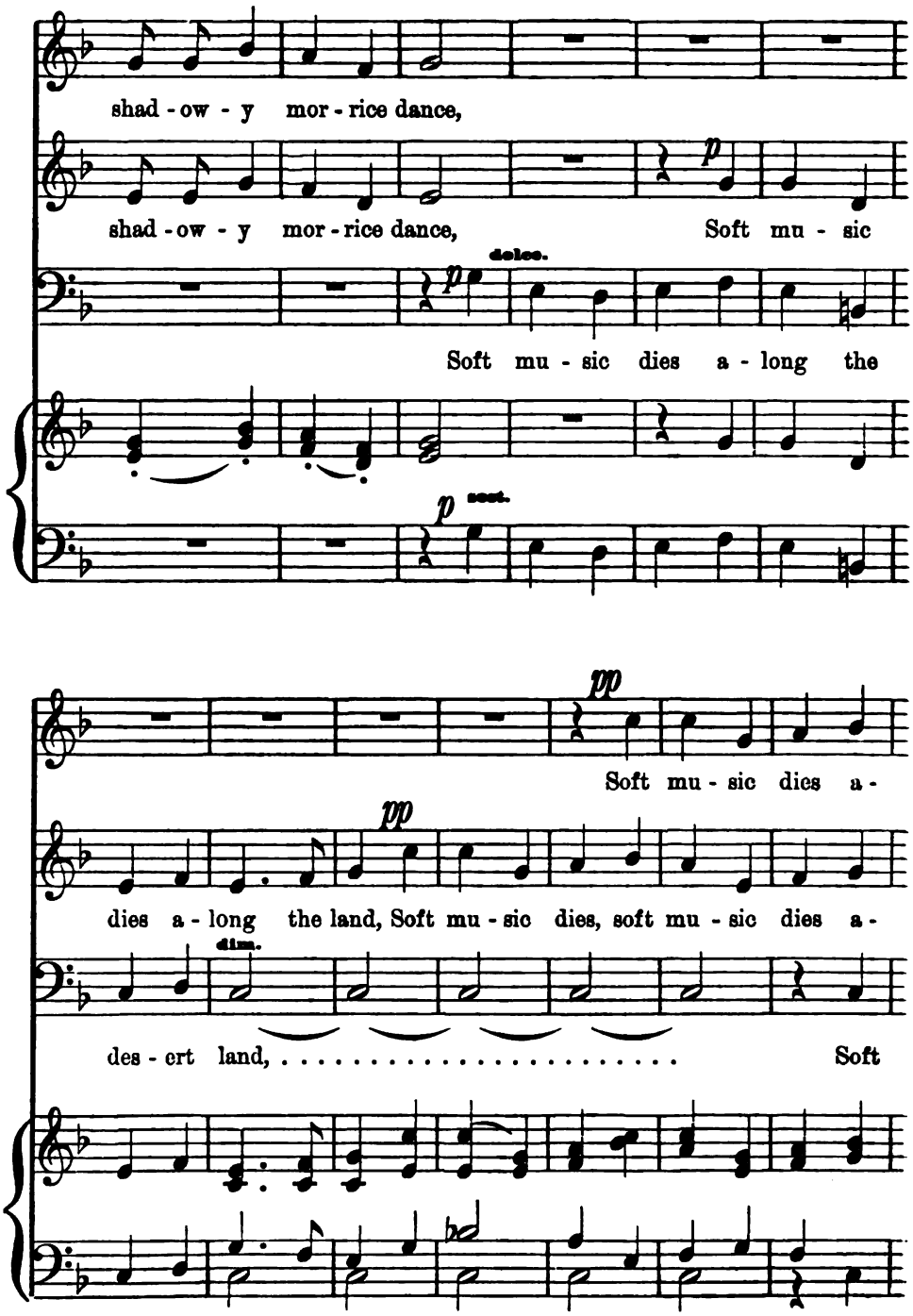

mor - row.
mor - row.
f

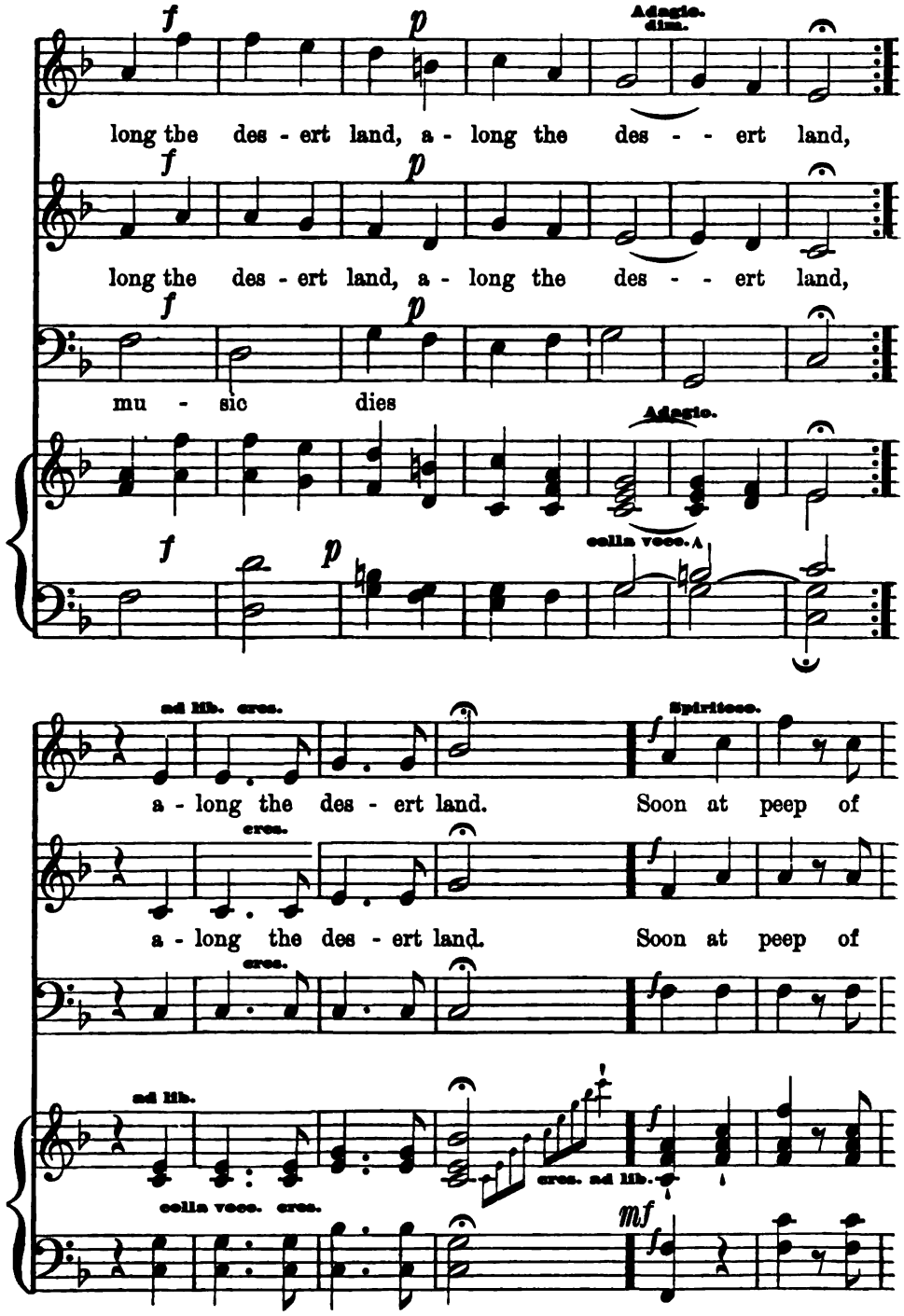
MARK THE MERRY ELVES.

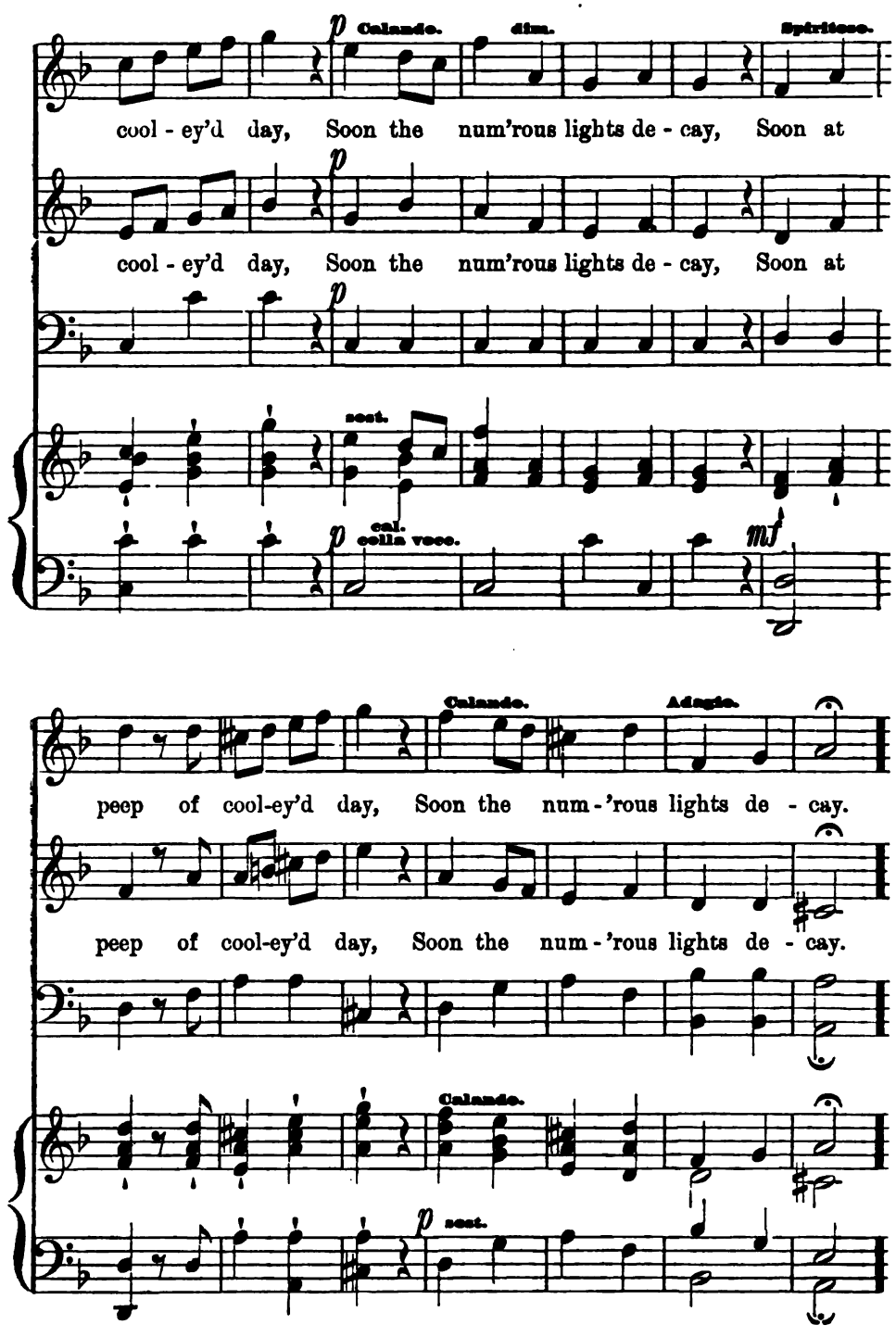
Composed by Dr. CALLCOTT.

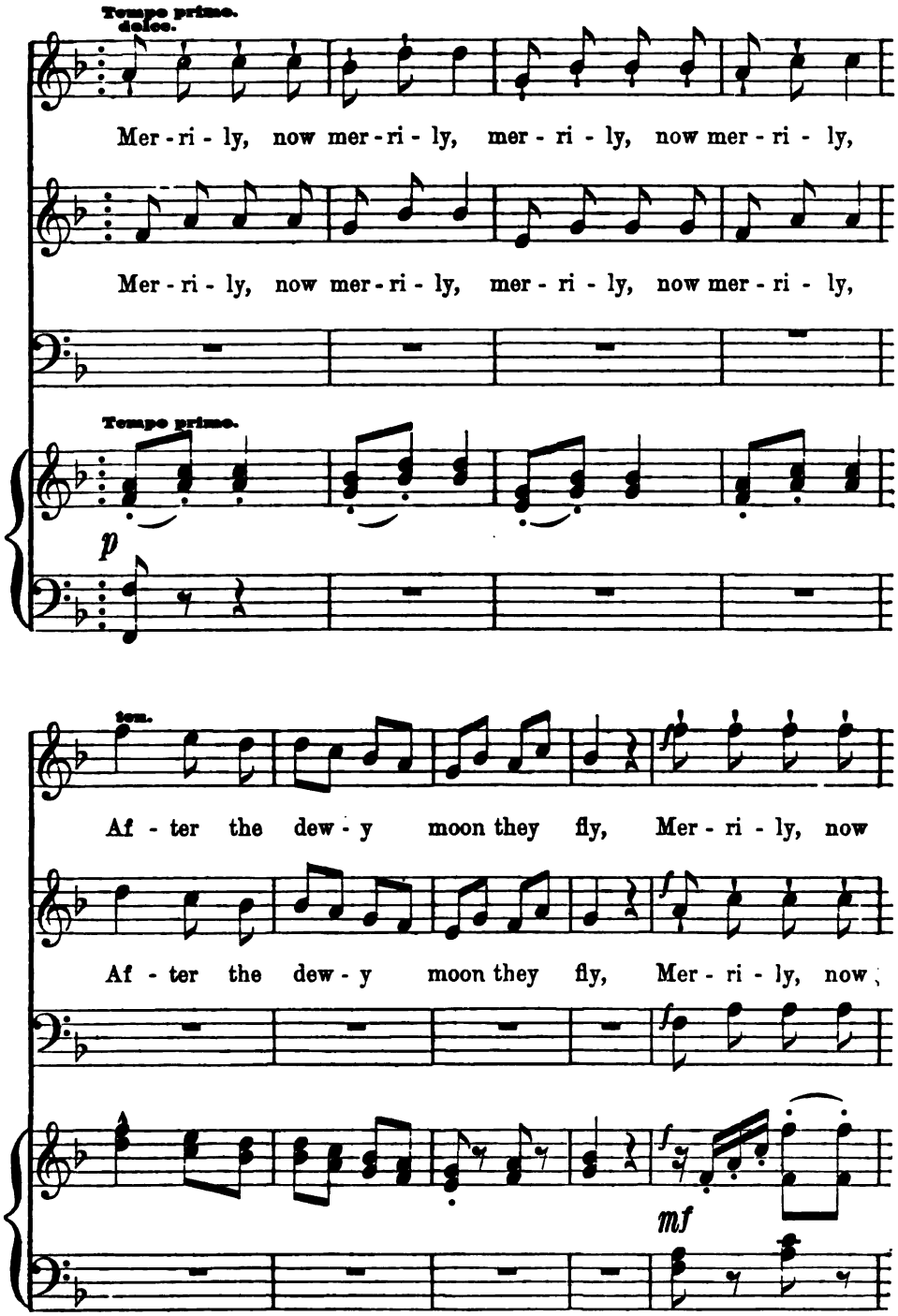


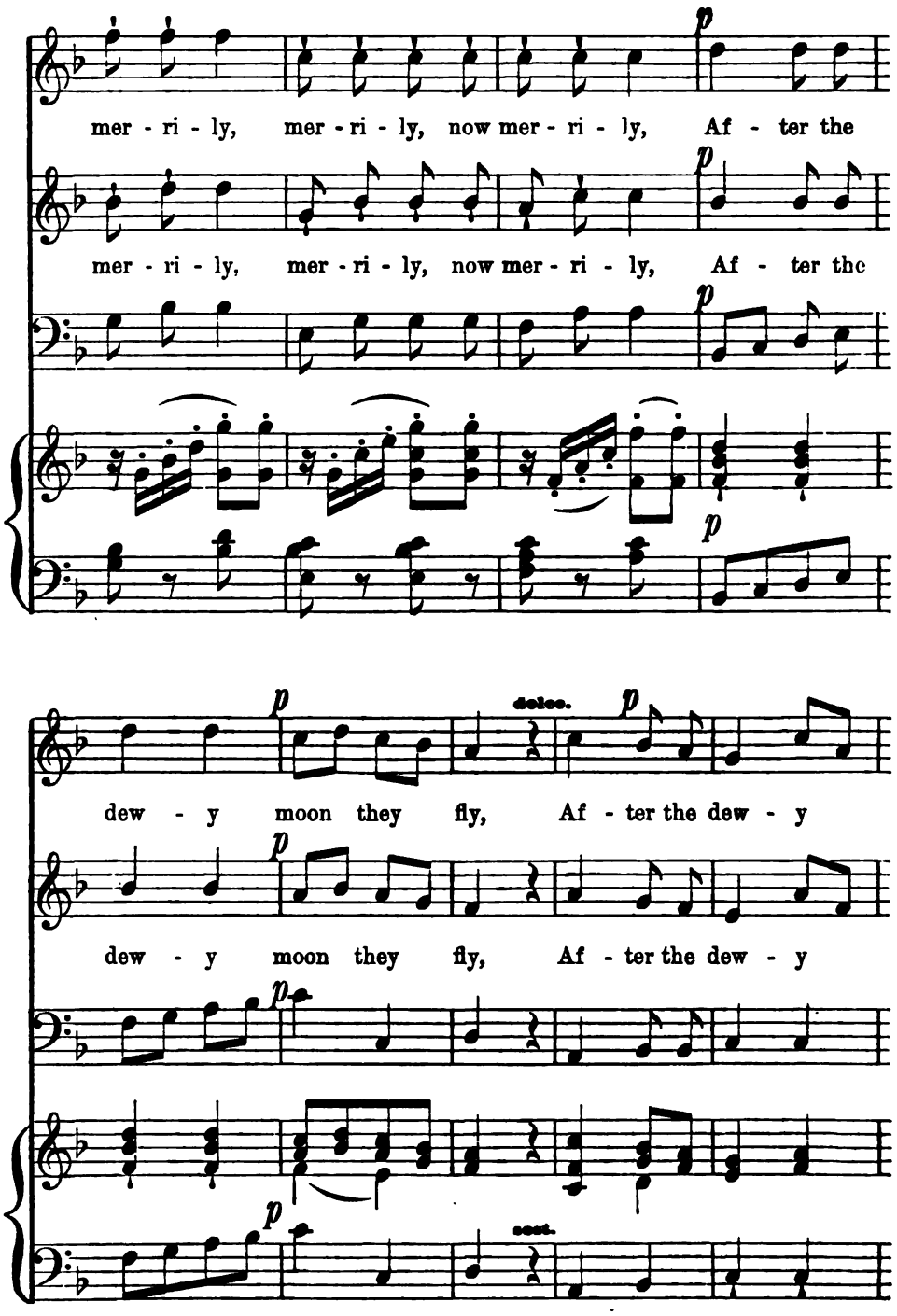

In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, In the cold moon's
In the cold moon's gleam - y glance, In the cold moon's
gleam - y glance, They with shad-ow - y mor - rice dance, They with
dolce.
gleam - y glance, They with shad-ow - y mor - rice dance, They with

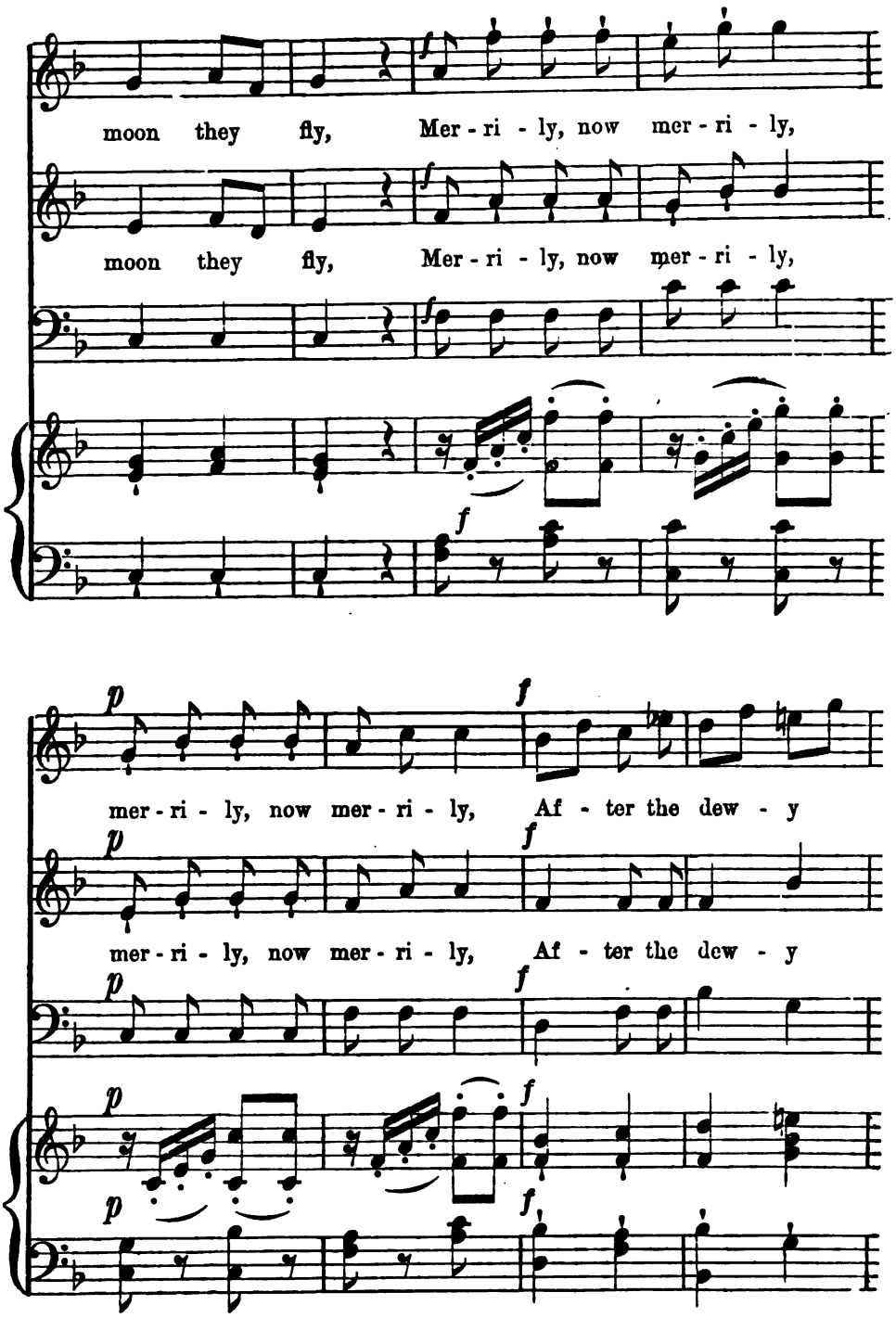

shad - ow - y mor - rice dance,
shad - ow - y mor - rice dance, Soft mu - sic
dolce.
Soft mu - sic dies a - long the
sost.
Soft mu - sic dies a -
dies a - long the land, Soft mu - sic dies, soft mu - sic dies a -
dim.
des - ert land, ... Soft

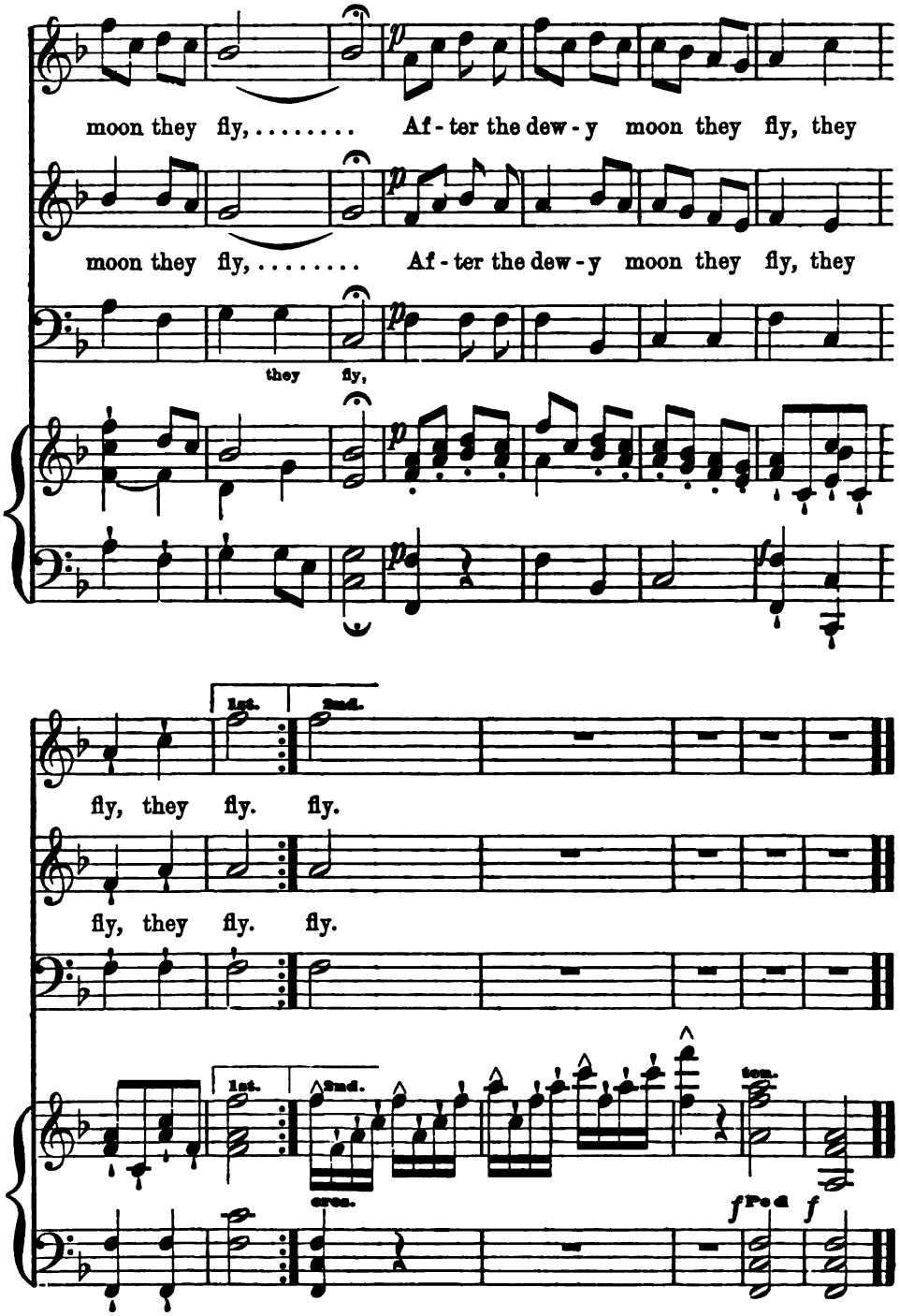

f
p
Adagio.
dim.
long the des - ert land, a - long the des - - ert land,
long the des - ert land, a - long the des - - ert land,
mu - sic dies
Adagio.
colla voce.
ad lib. cres.
a - long the des - ert land.
Spiritoso.
Soon at peep of
cres.
a - long the des - ert land.
Soon at peep of
ad lib.
cres. ad lib.
colla voce. cres.
mf


p
Calando.
dim.
Spiritoso.
cool - ey'd day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay, Soon at
p
cool - ey'd day, Soon the num'rous lights de - cay, Soon at
p
sost.
cal.
colla voce.
mf
Calando.
Adagio.
peep of cool-ey'd day, Soon the num - 'rous lights de - cay.
peep of cool-ey'd day, Soon the num - 'rous lights de - cay.
Calando.
p
sost.


Tempo primo. dolce.
Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
Tempo primo.
p
ten.
Af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, Mer - ri - ly, now
Af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, Mer - ri - ly, now,
f
mf

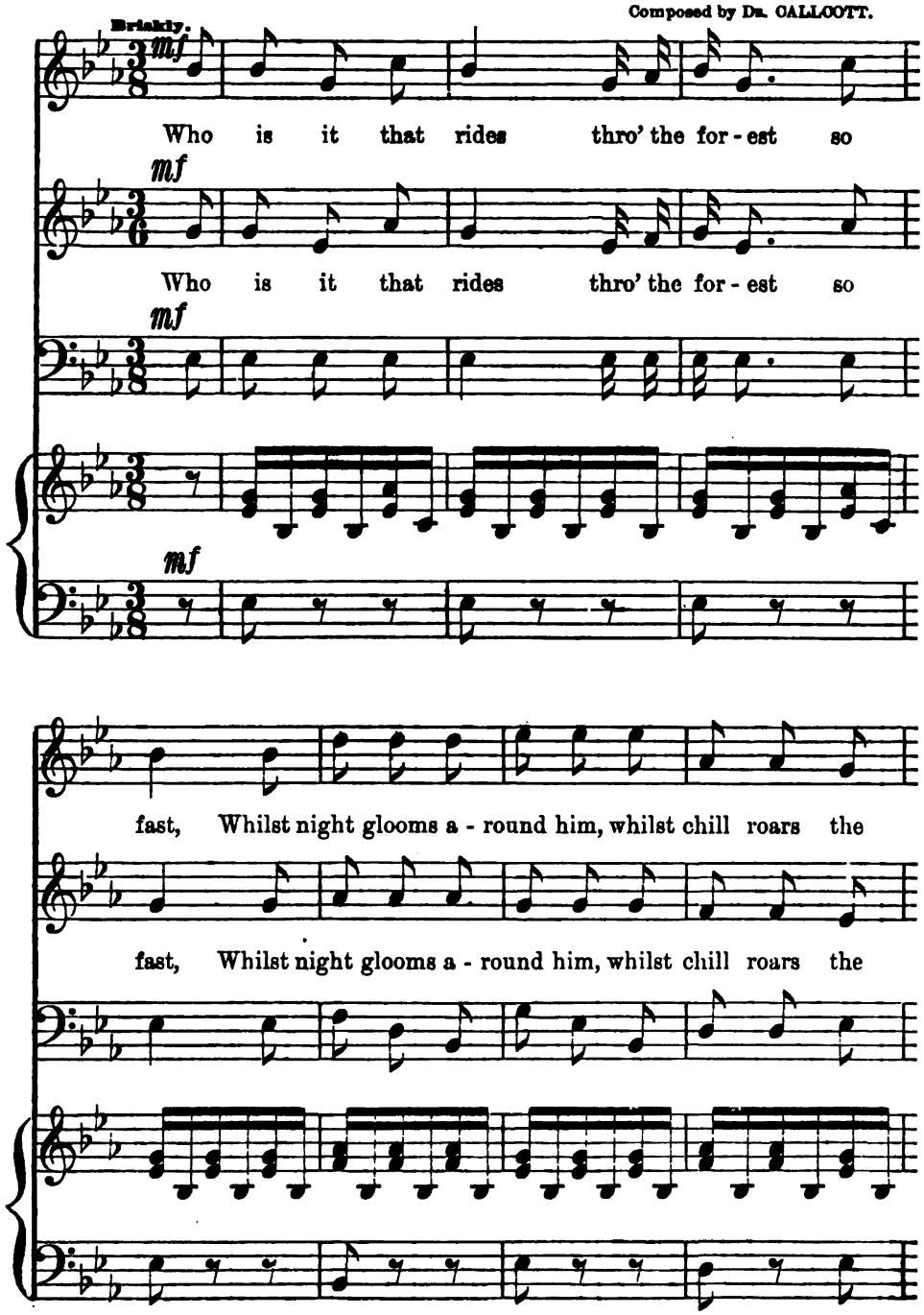

mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Af - ter the
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Af - ter the
dew - y moon they fly, Af - ter the dew - y
dew - y moon they fly, Af - ter the dew - y

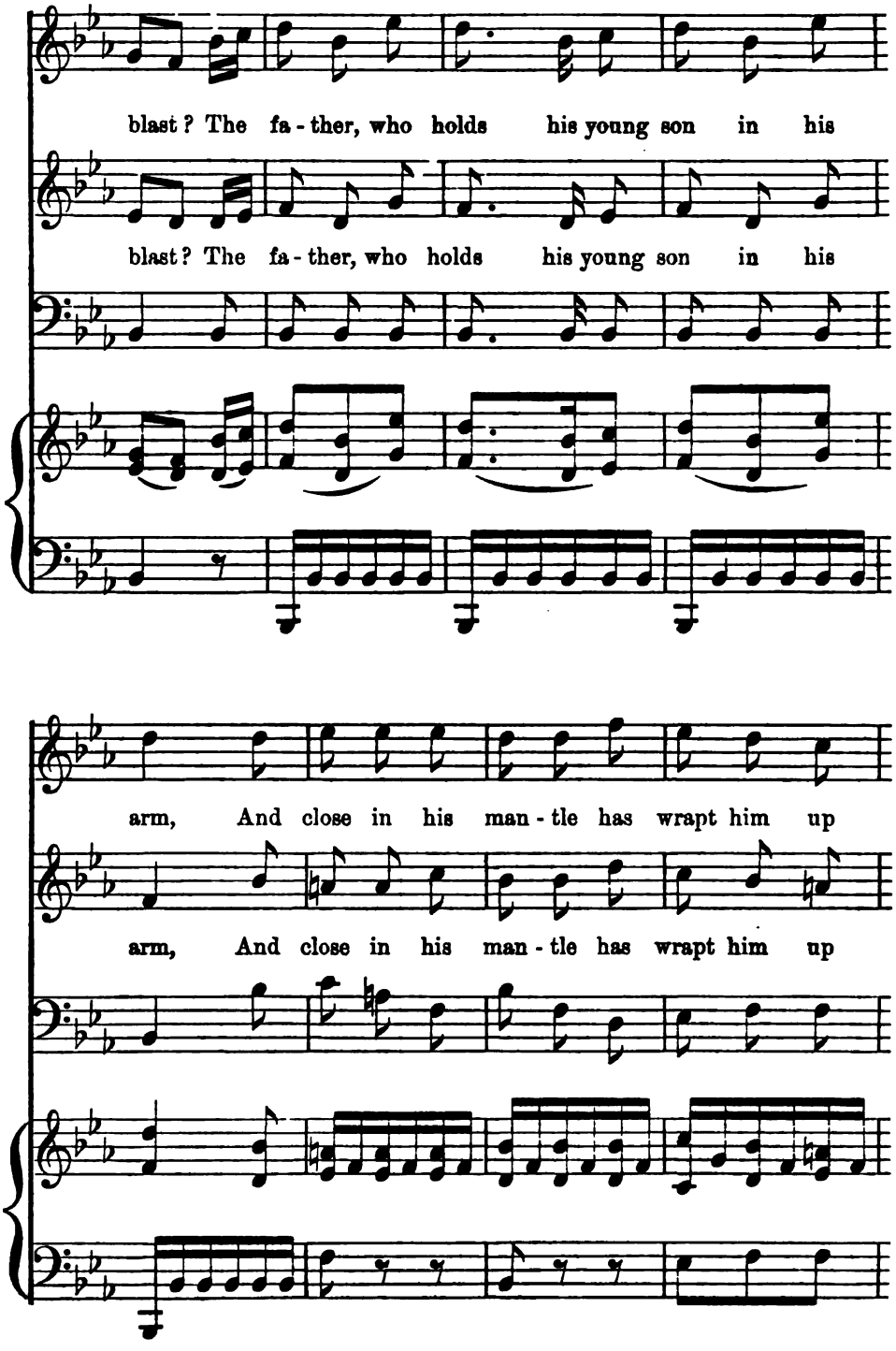

moon they fly, Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
moon they fly, Mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly,
mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Af - ter the dew - y
mer - ri - ly, now mer - ri - ly, Af - ter the dew - y

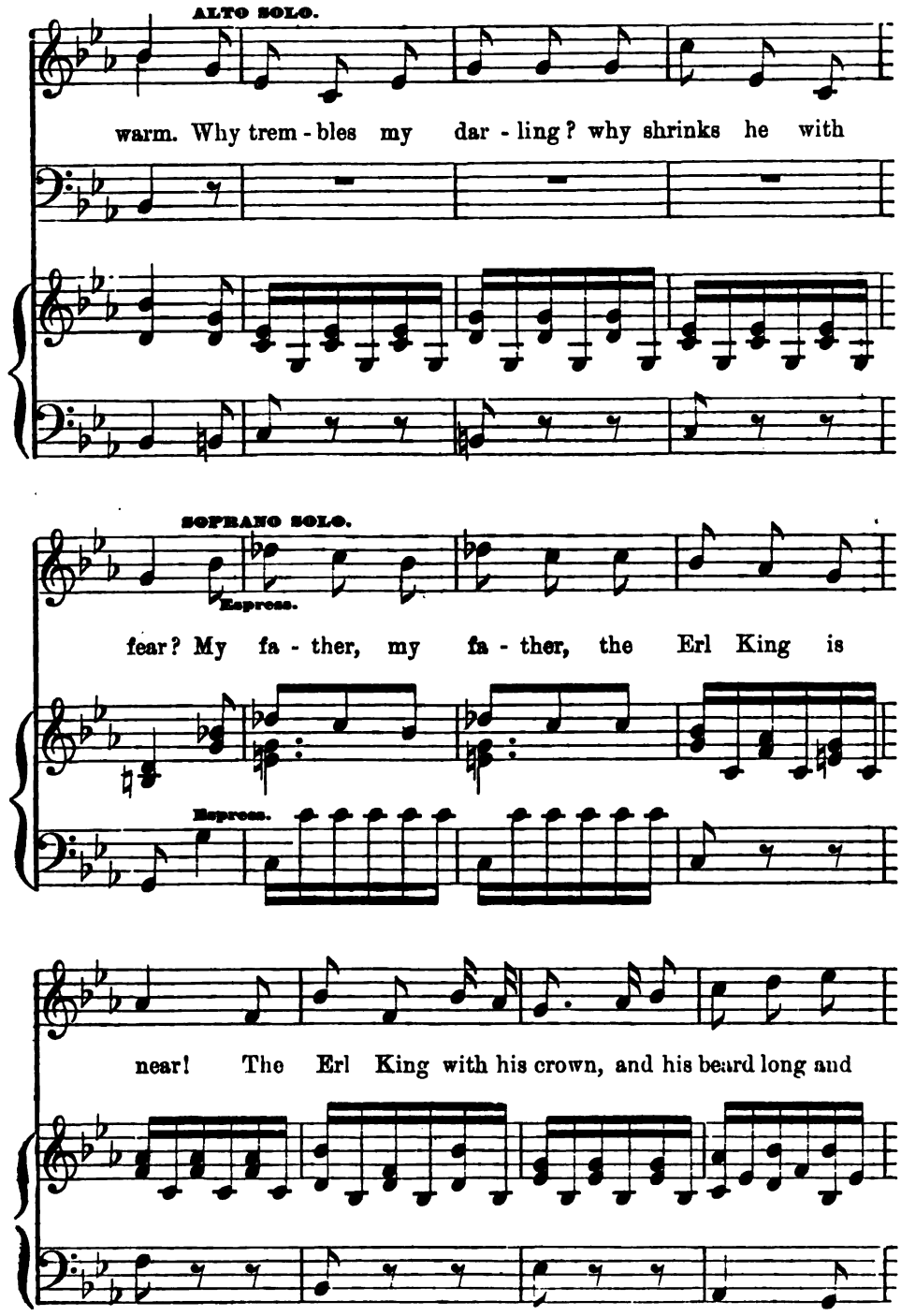

moon they fly, ... Af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, they
moon they fly, ... Af - ter the dew - y moon they fly, they
they fly,
1st. 2nd.
fly, they fly. fly.
fly, they fly. fly.
1st. 2nd.
cres.
ten.
f Fed f

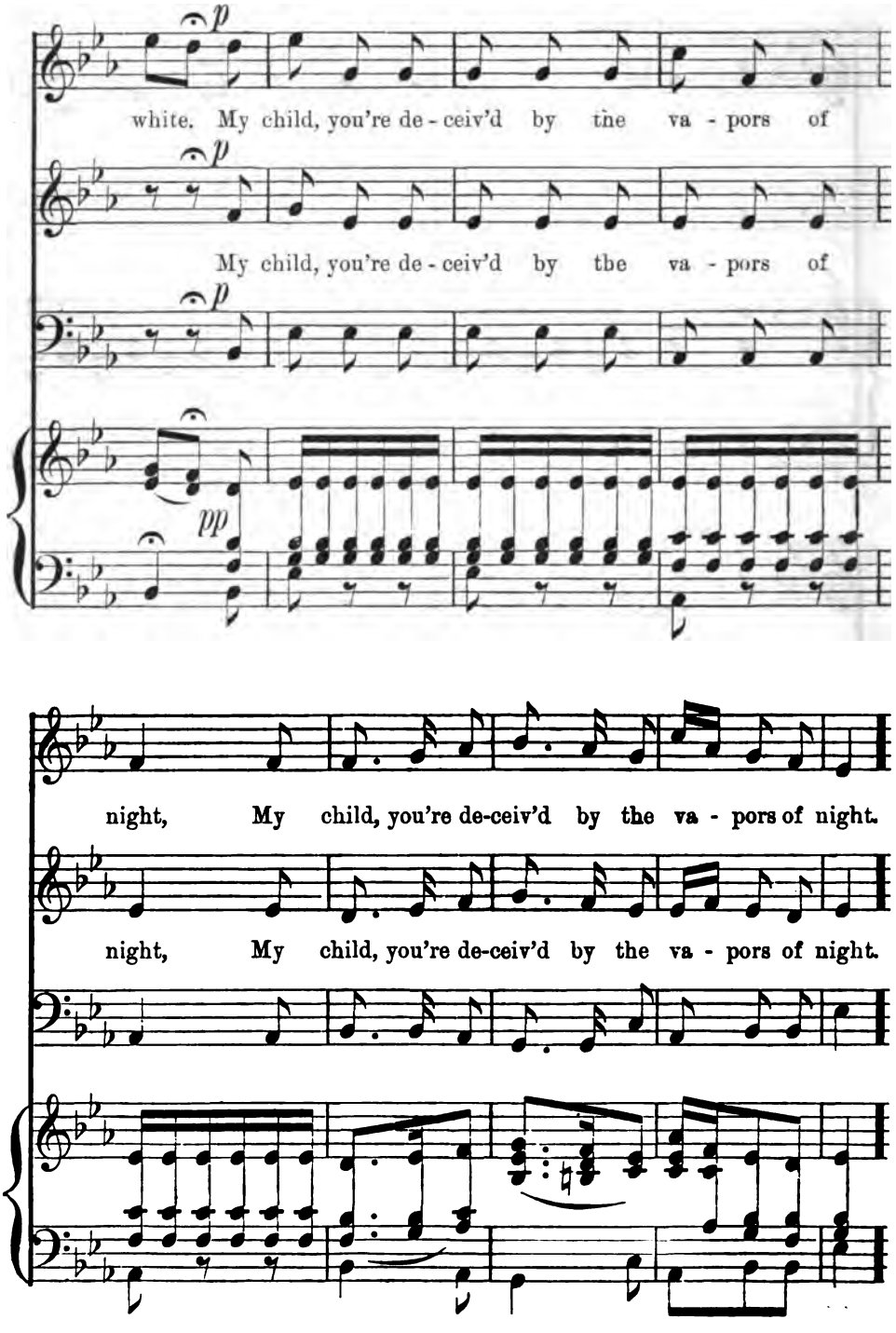
THE ERL KING.

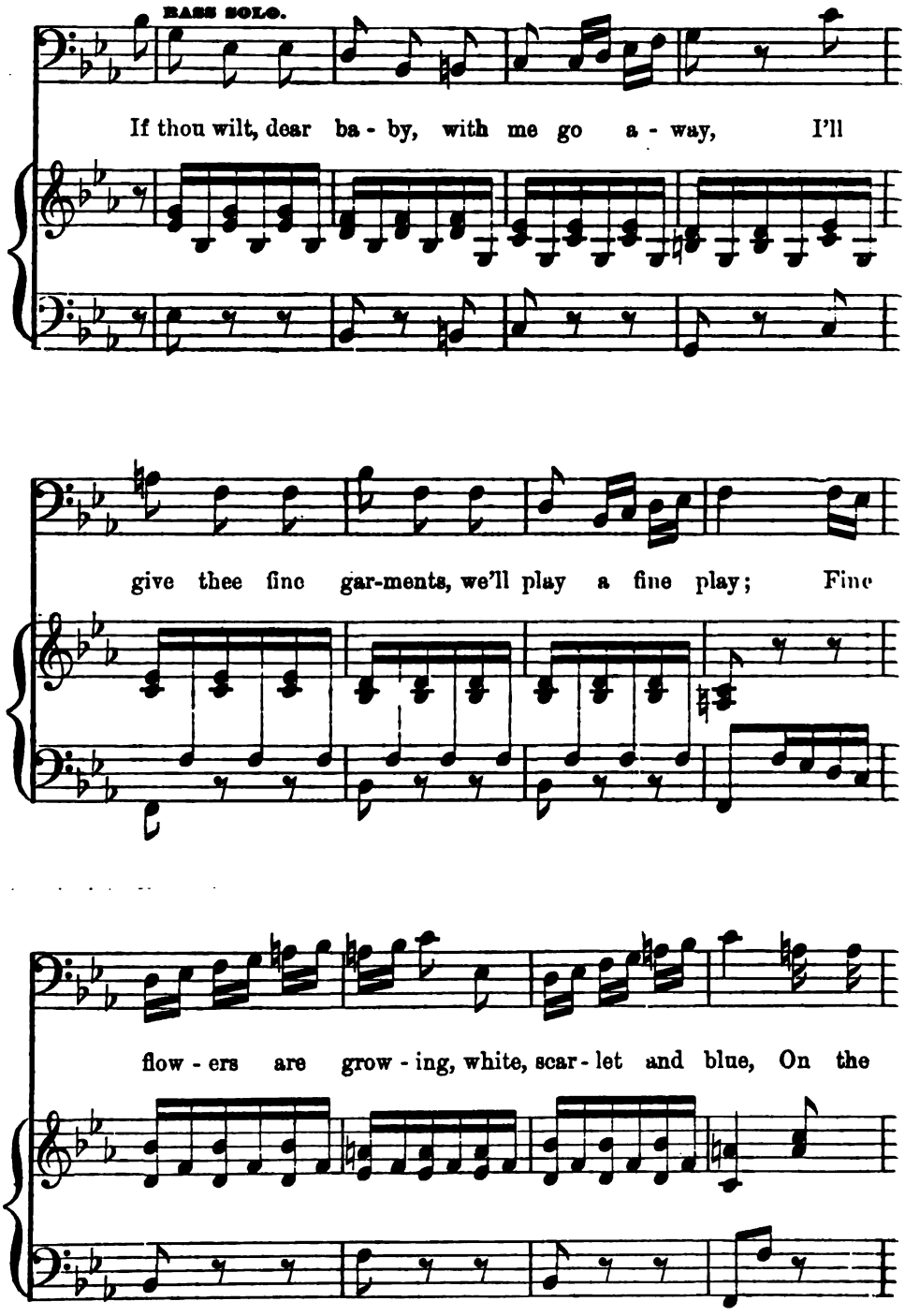
Composed by Dr. CALLCOTT.

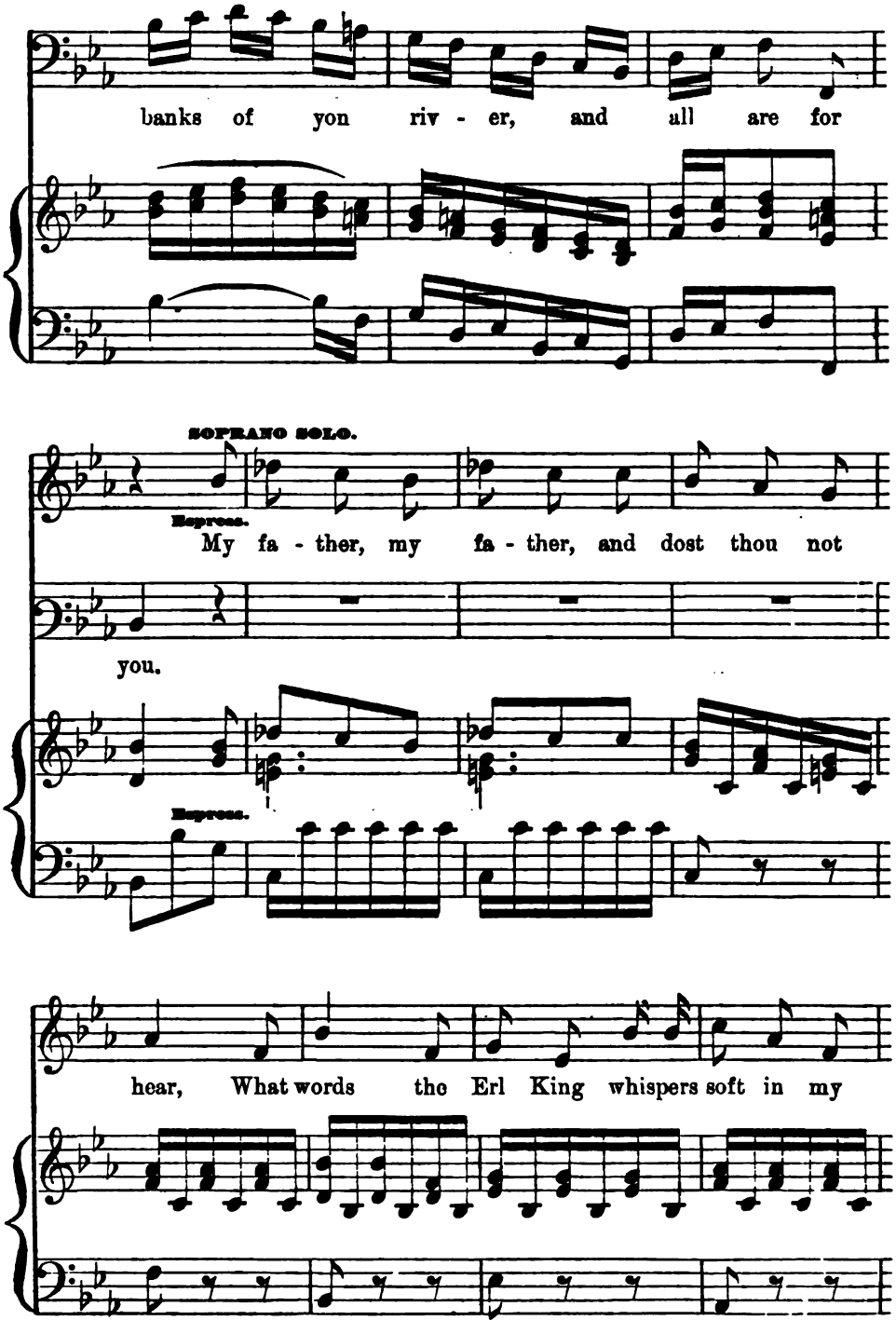


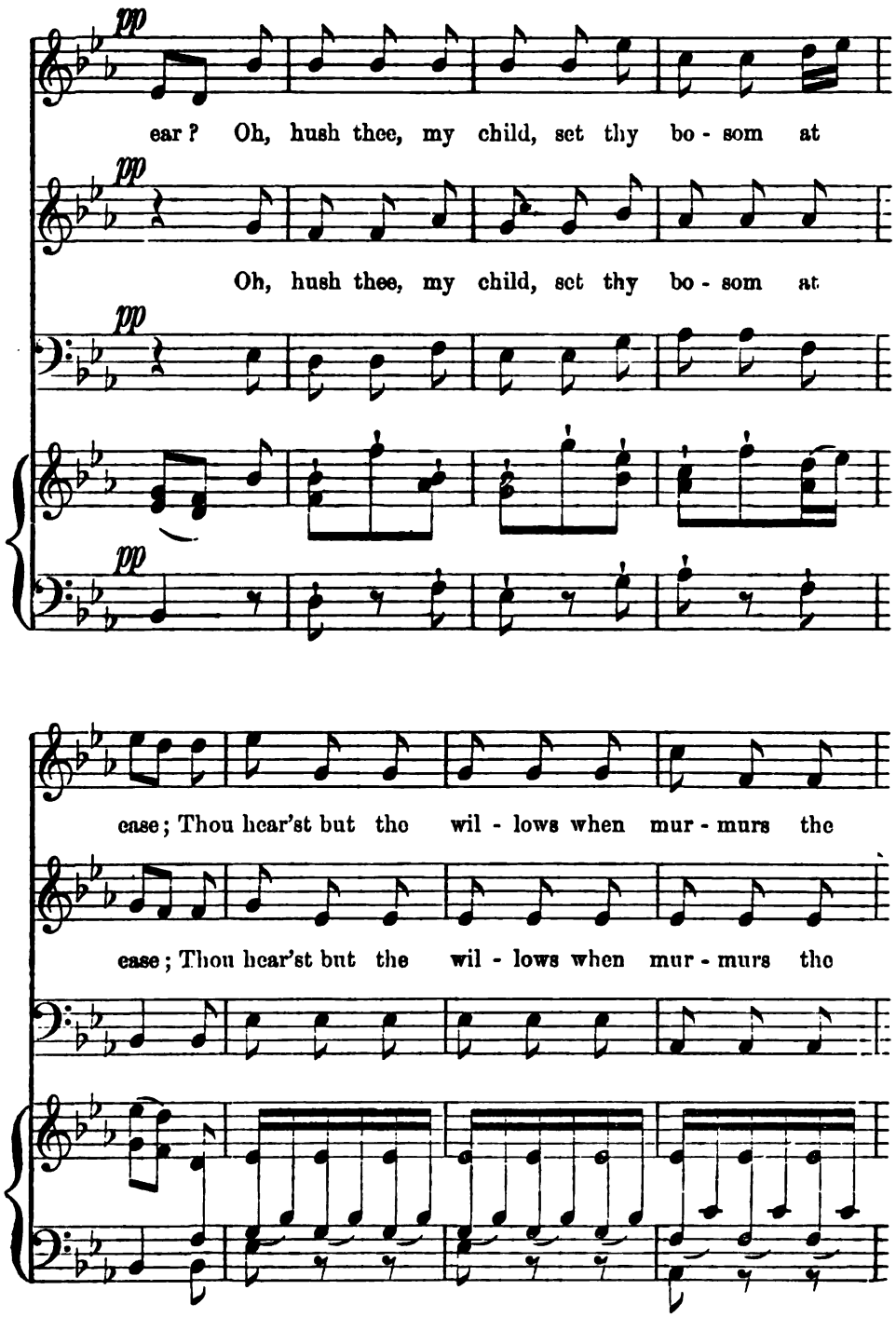

blast? The fa-ther, who holds his young son in his
blast? The fa-ther, who holds his young son in his
arm, And close in his man-tle has wrapt him up
arm, And close in his man-tle has wrapt him up

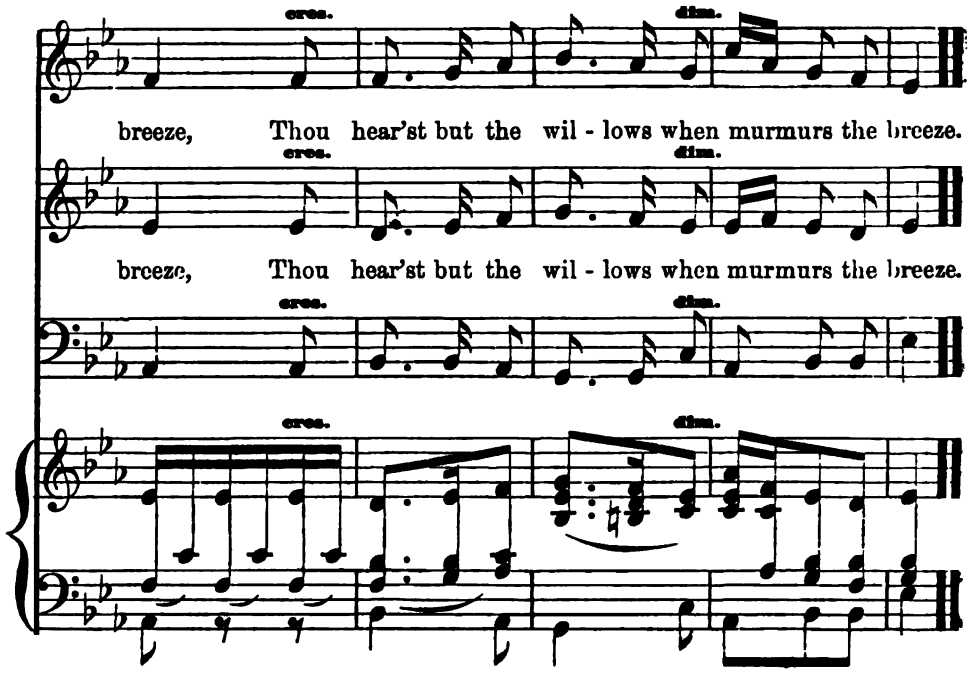

ALTO SOLO.
warm. Why trem - bles my dar - ling? why shrinks he with
SOPRANO SOLO.
Express.
fear? My fa - ther, my fa - ther, the Erl King is
Express.
near! The Erl King with his crown, and his beard long and


p
white. My child, you're de - ceiv'd by the va - pors of
p
My child, you're de - ceiv'd by the va - pors of
p
pp
night, My child, you're de-ceiv'd by the va - pors of night.
night, My child, you're de-ceiv'd by the va - pors of night.


BASS SOLO.
If thou wilt, dear ba - by, with me go a - way, I'll
give thee fine gar-ments, we'll play a fine play; Fine
flow - ers are grow - ing, white, scar - let and blue, On the

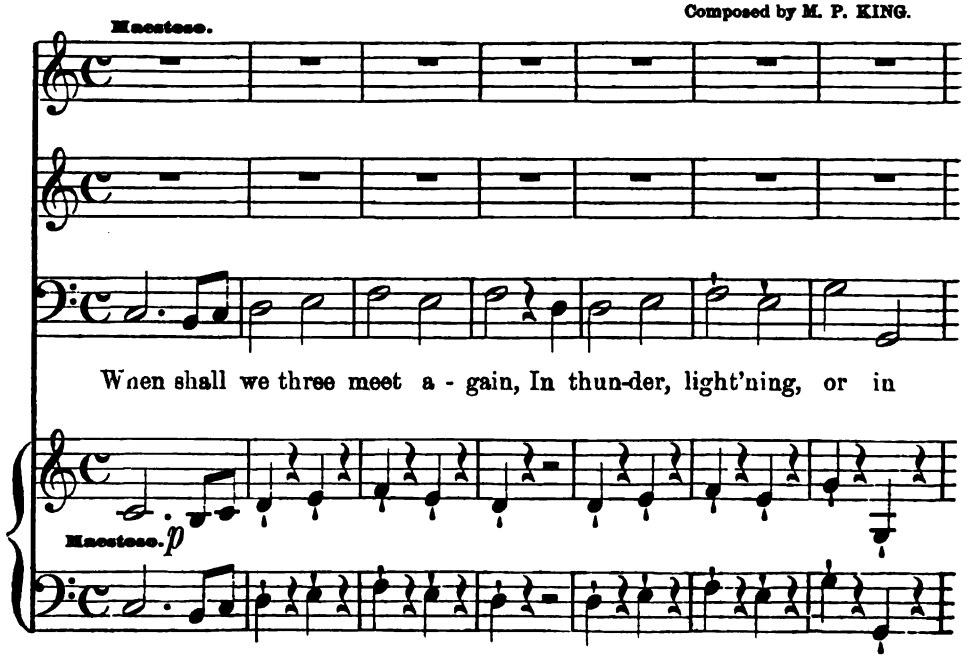

banks of yon riv - er, and all are for
SOPRANO SOLO.
Espress.
My fa - ther, my fa - ther, and dost thou not
you.
Espress.
hear, What words the Erl King whispers soft in my

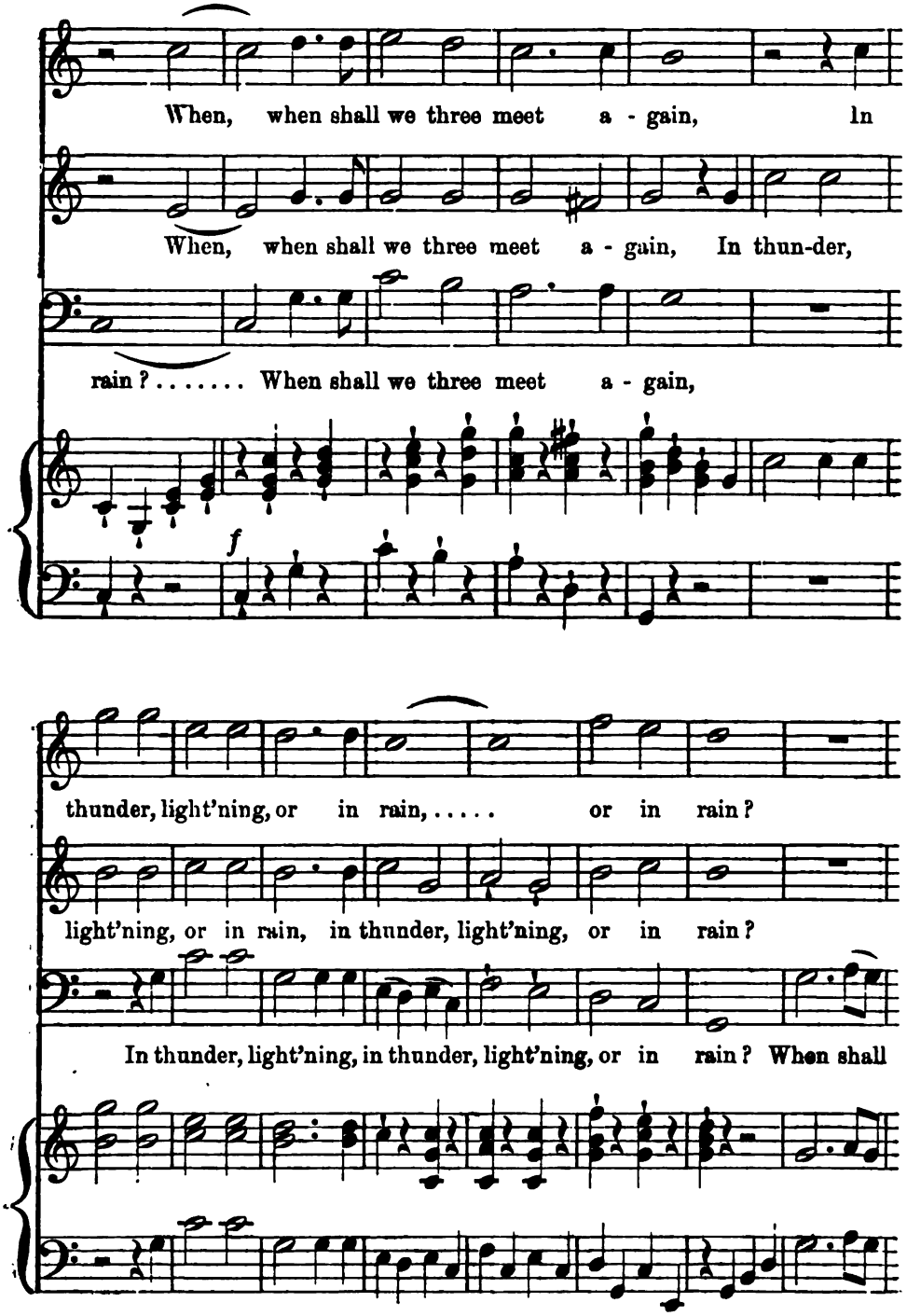

pp
ear? Oh, hush thee, my child, set thy bo - som at
pp
Oh, hush thee, my child, set thy bo - som at
pp
pp
ease; Thou hear'st but the wil - lows when mur - murs the
ease; Thou hear'st but the wil - lows when mur - murs the

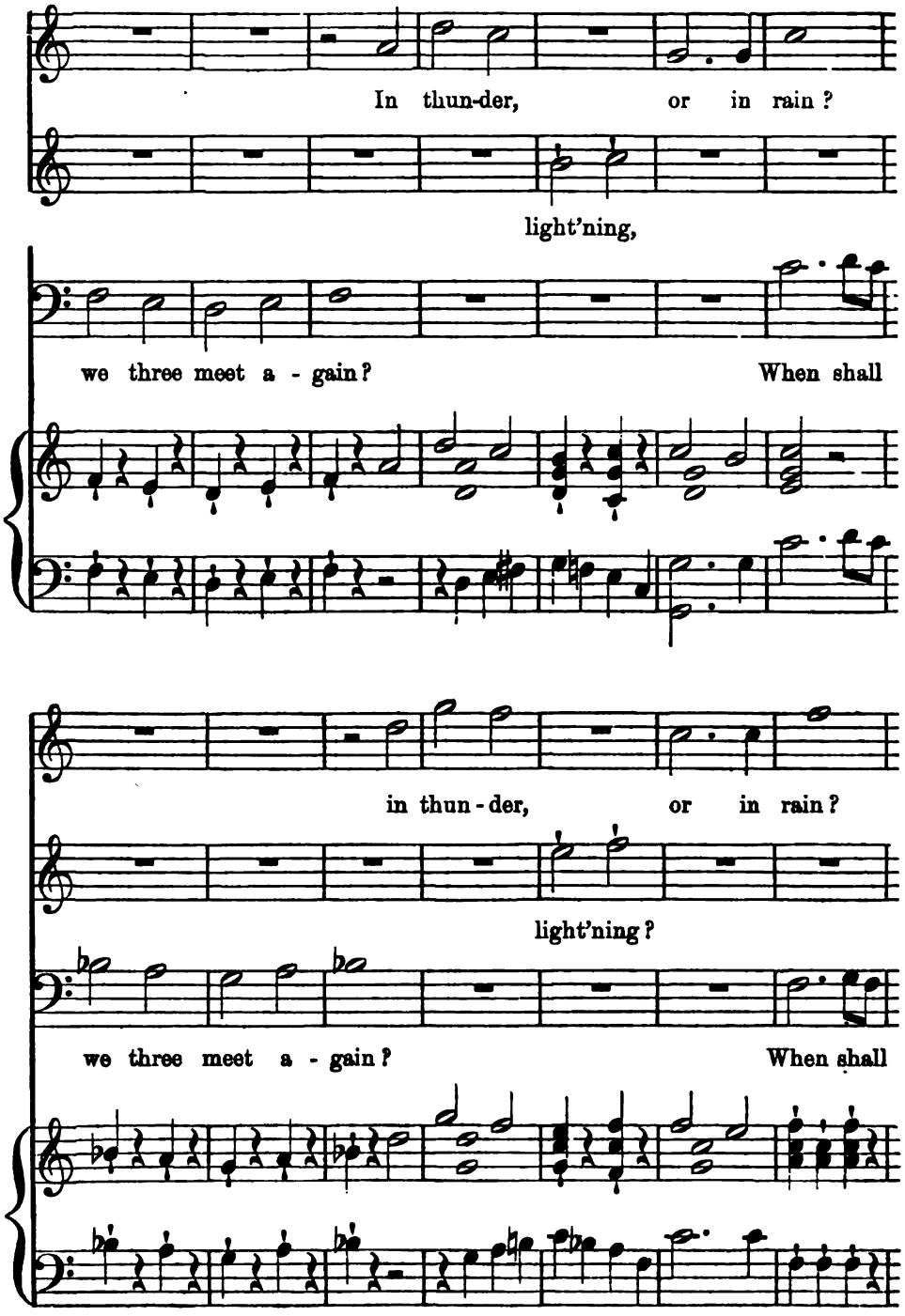


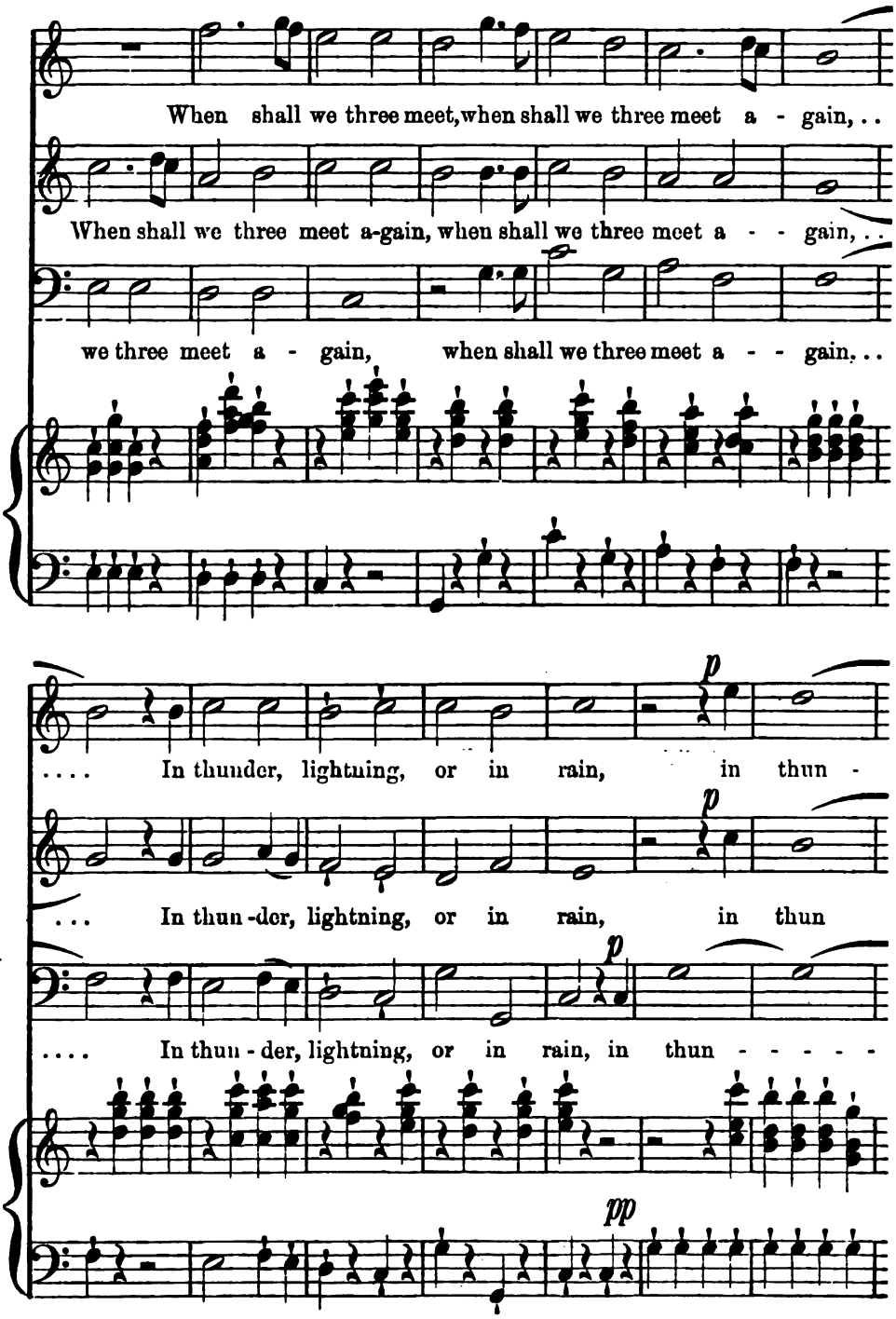
WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN.

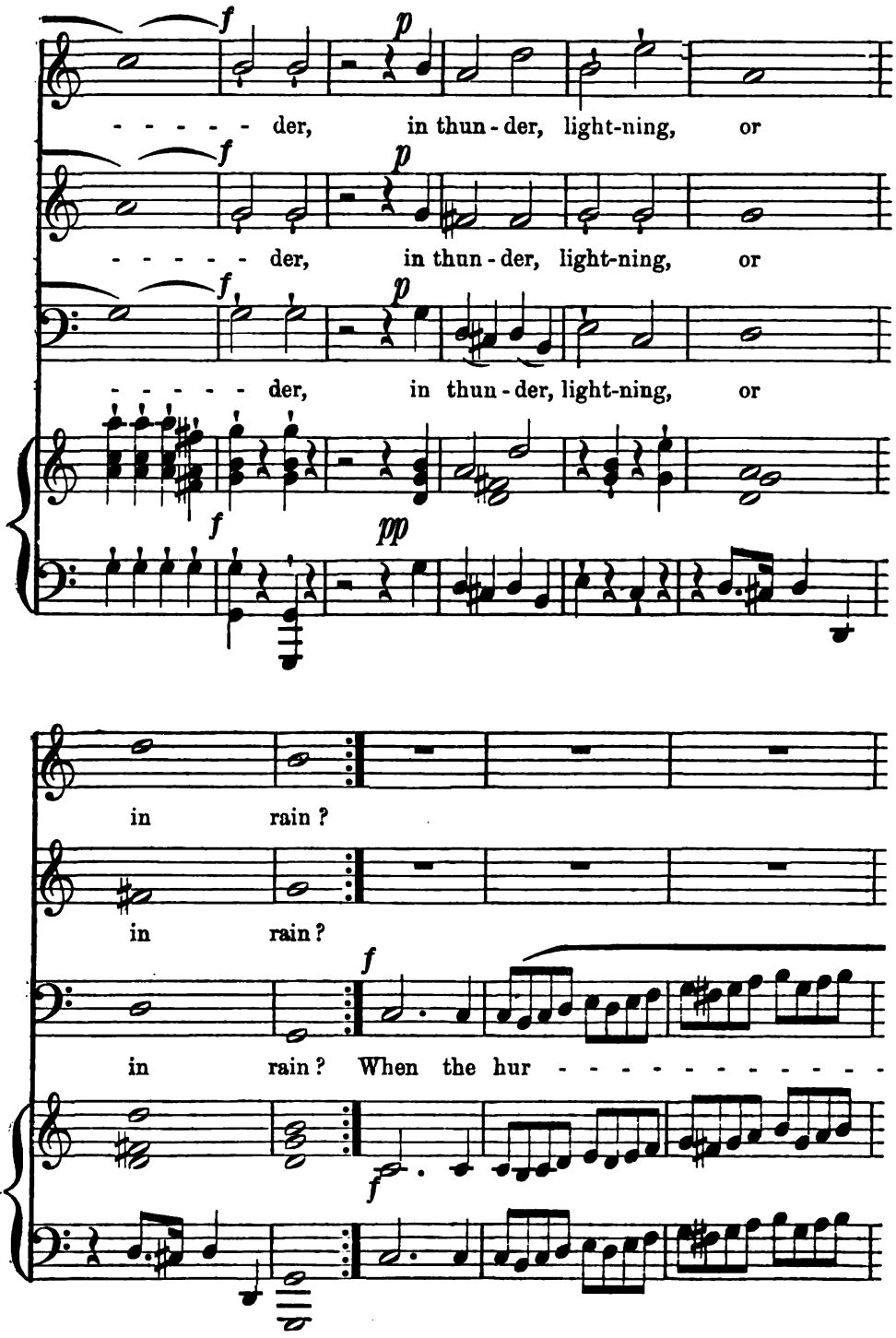
Composed by M. P. KING.

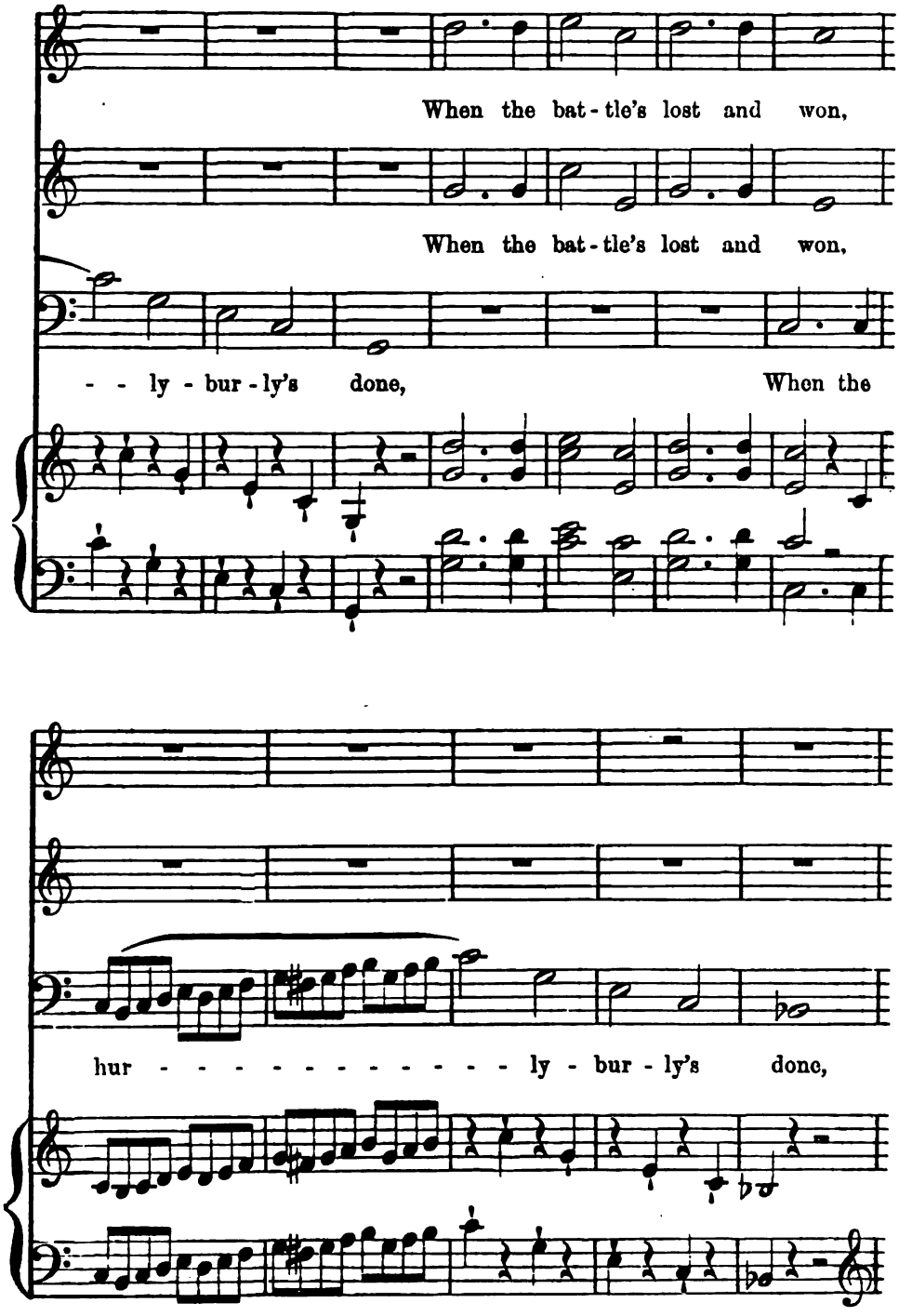


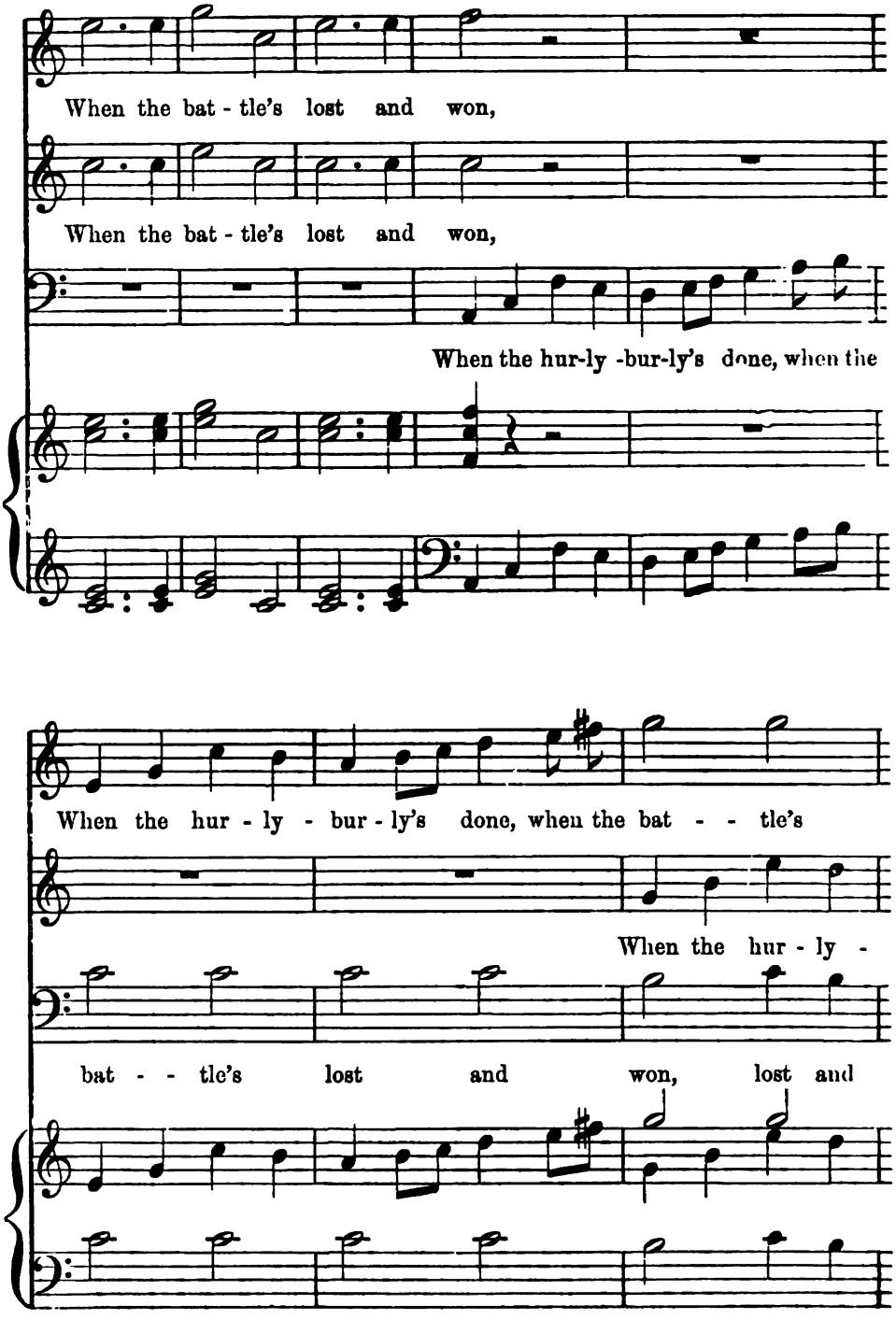

When, when shall we three meet a - gain, In
When, when shall we three meet a - gain, In thun-der,
rain? ..... When shall we three meet a - gain,
f
thunder, light'ning, or in rain, ... or in rain?
light'ning, or in rain, in thunder, light'ning, or in rain?
In thunder, light'ning, in thunder, light'ning, or in rain? When shall

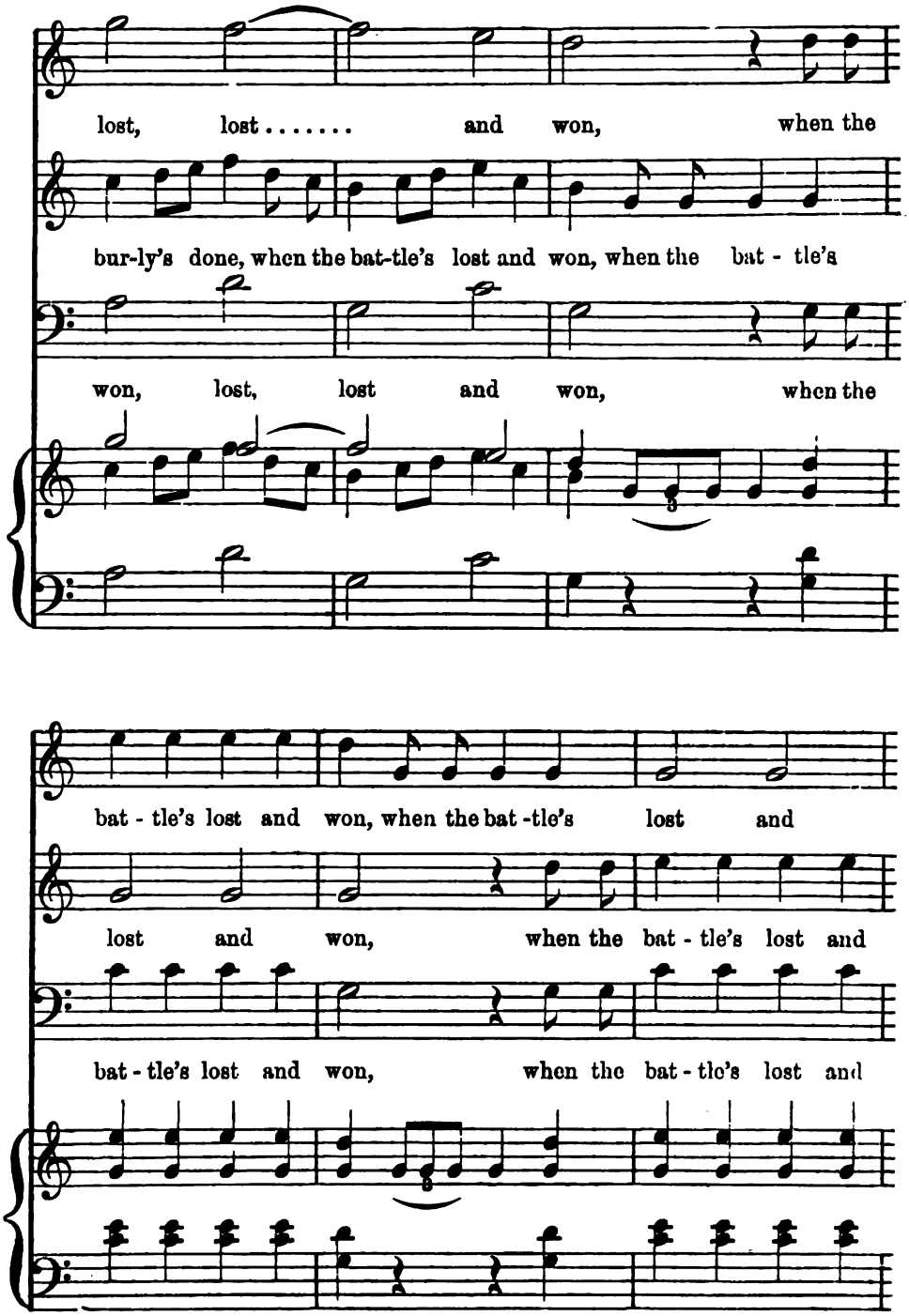

In thun-der, or in rain?
light'ning,
we three meet a - gain? When shall
in thun - der, or in rain?
light'ning?
we three meet a - gain? When shall

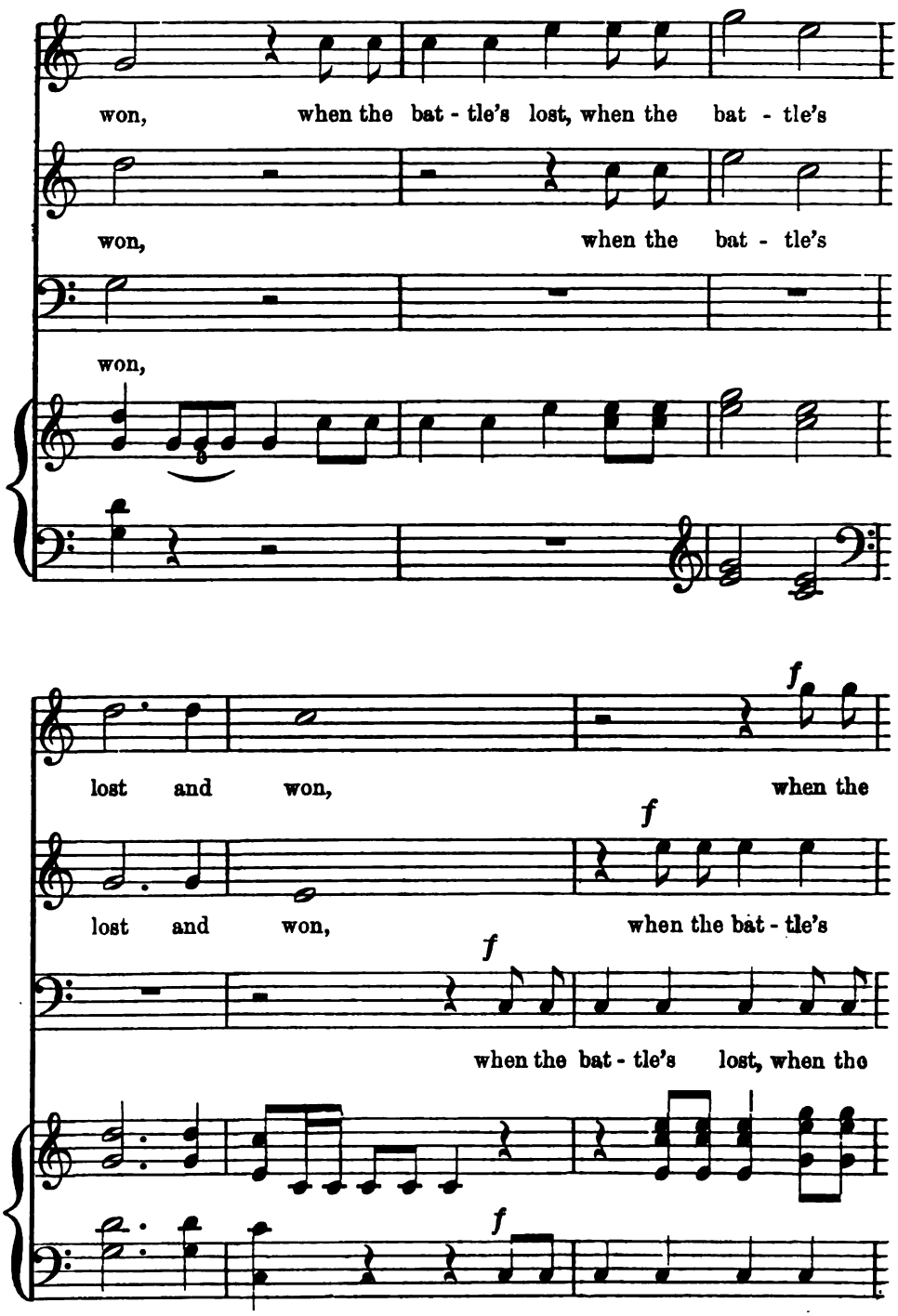

When shall we three meet, when shall we three meet a - gain, . .
When shall we three meet a-gain, when shall we three meet a - - - gain, . .
we three meet a - gain, when shall we three meet a - - gain, . .
. . . . In thunder, lightning, or in rain, in thun -
. . . In thun-der, lightning, or in rain, in thun
. . . . In thun - der, lightning, or in rain, in thun - - - - -
p
p
p
pp

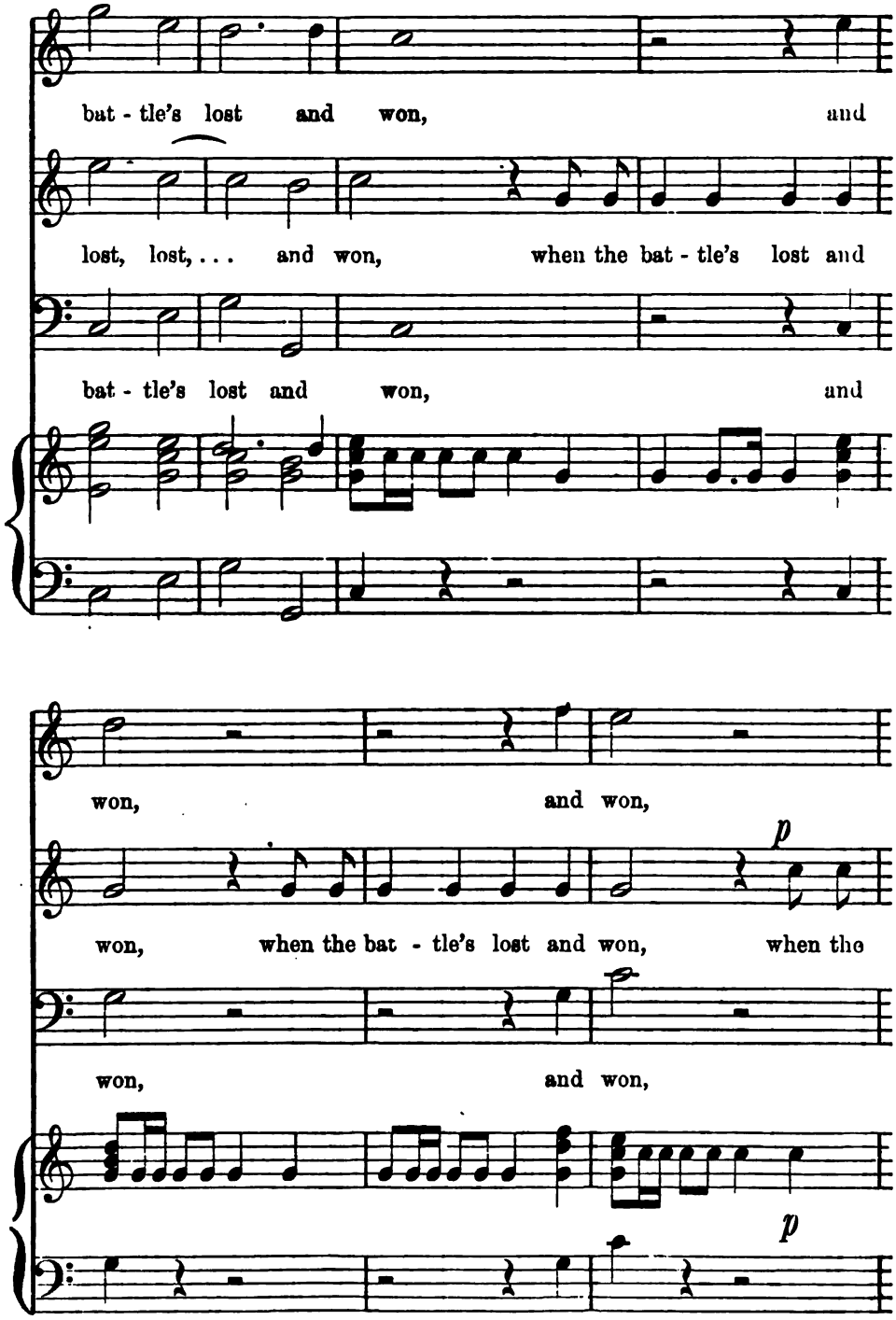

f
p
- - - - - - der, in thun - der, light-ning, or
f
p
- - - - - - der, in thun - der, light-ning, or
f
p
- - - - - - der, in thun - der, light-ning, or
f
pp
in rain ?
in rain ?
f
in rain ? When the hur - - - - - - - - - - -
f

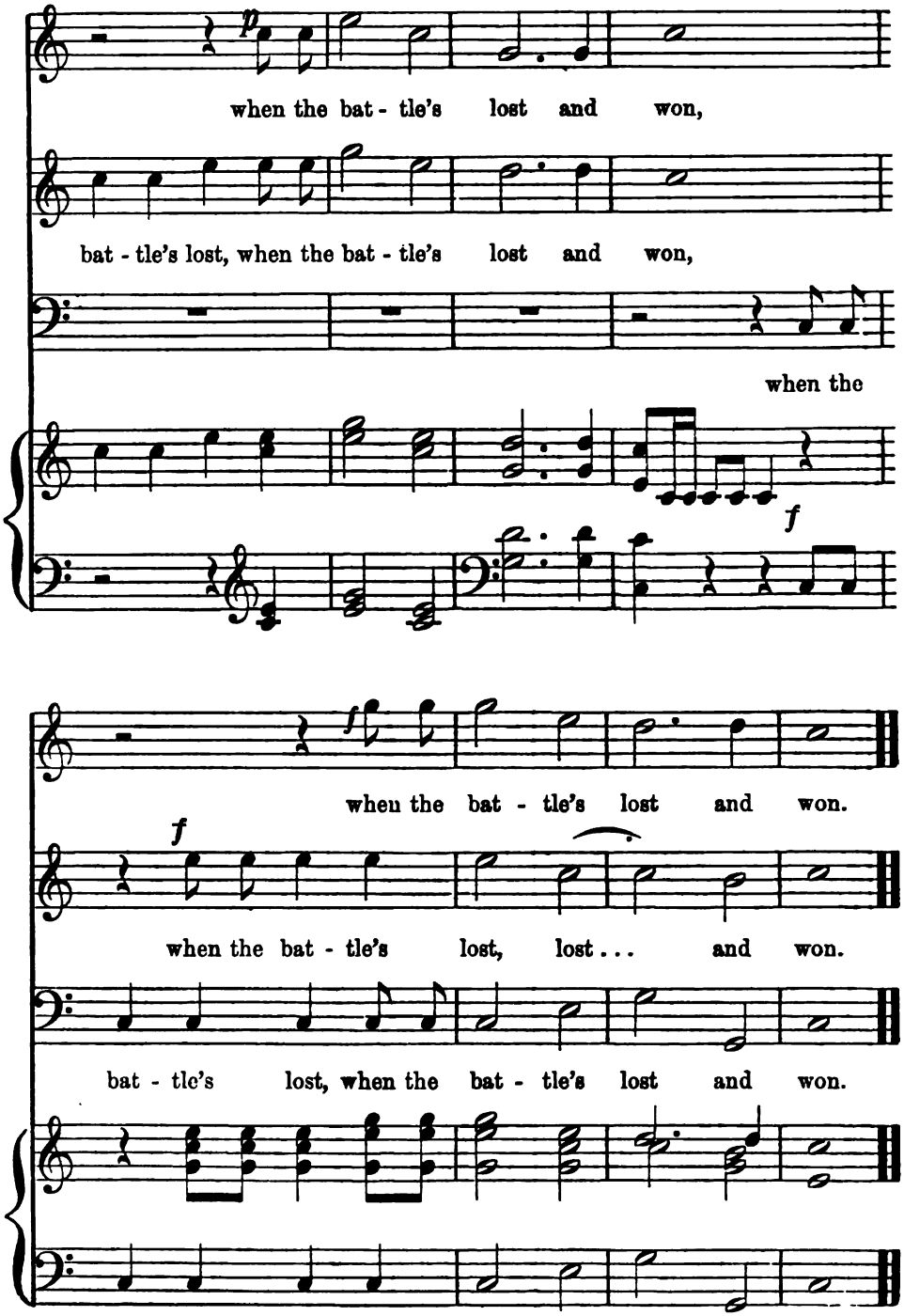

When the bat - tle's lost and won,
When the bat - tle's lost and won,
- - ly - bur - ly's done, When the
hur - - - - - - - - - - - - ly - bur - ly's done,


When the bat - tle's lost and won,
When the bat - tle's lost and won,
When the hur-ly -bur-ly's done, when the
When the hur - ly - bur - ly's done, when the bat - - tle's
When the hur - ly -
bat - - tle's lost and won, lost and


lost, lost ..... and won, when the
bur-ly's done, when the bat-tle's lost and won, when the bat - tle's
won, lost, lost and won, when the
bat - tle's lost and won, when the bat - tle's lost and
lost and won, when the bat - tle's lost and
bat - tle's lost and won, when the bat - tle's lost and

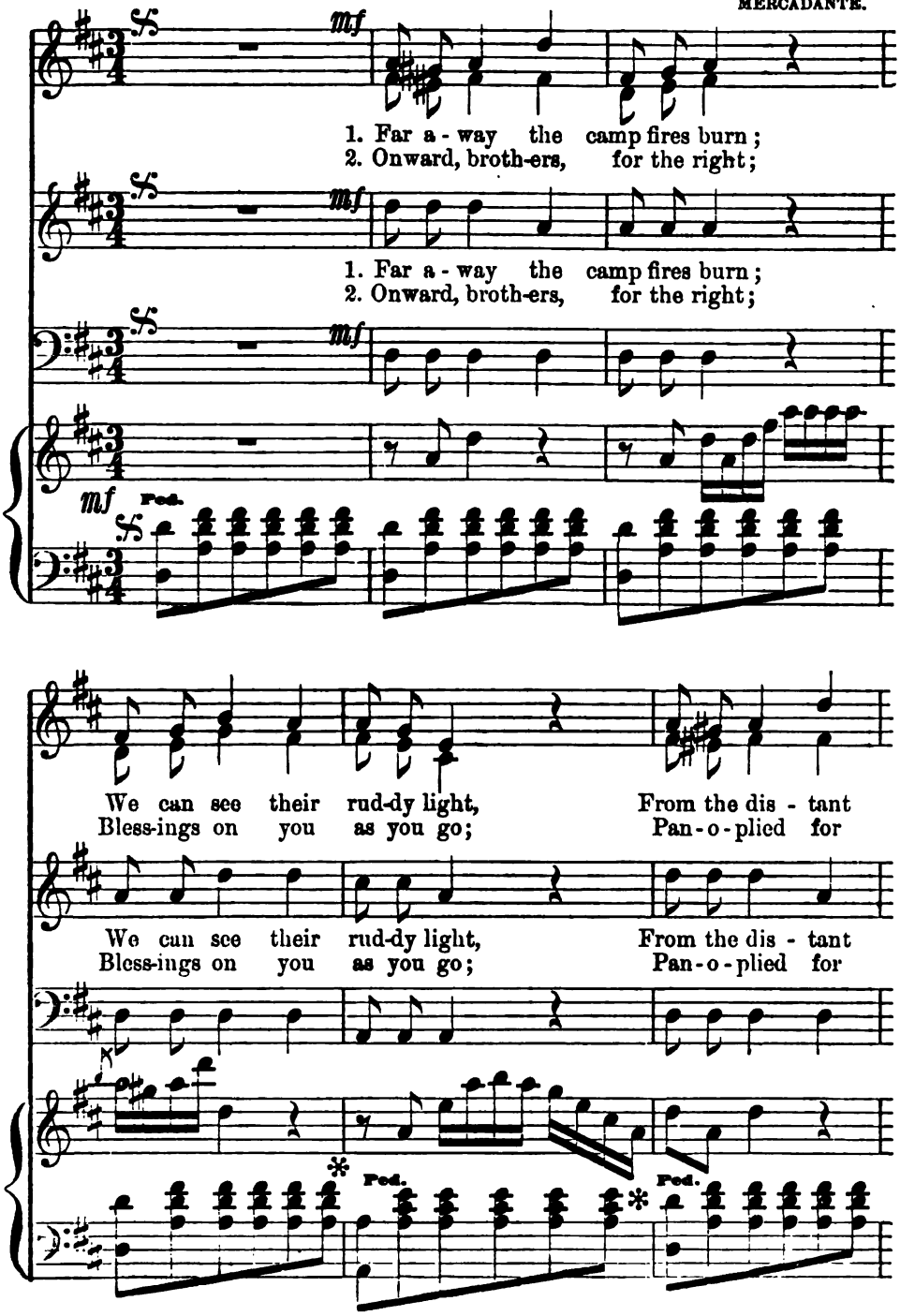

won, when the bat - tle's lost, when the bat - tle's
won, when the bat - tle's
won,
lost and won, when the
lost and won, when the bat - tle's
when the bat - tle's lost, when the
f
f
f
f

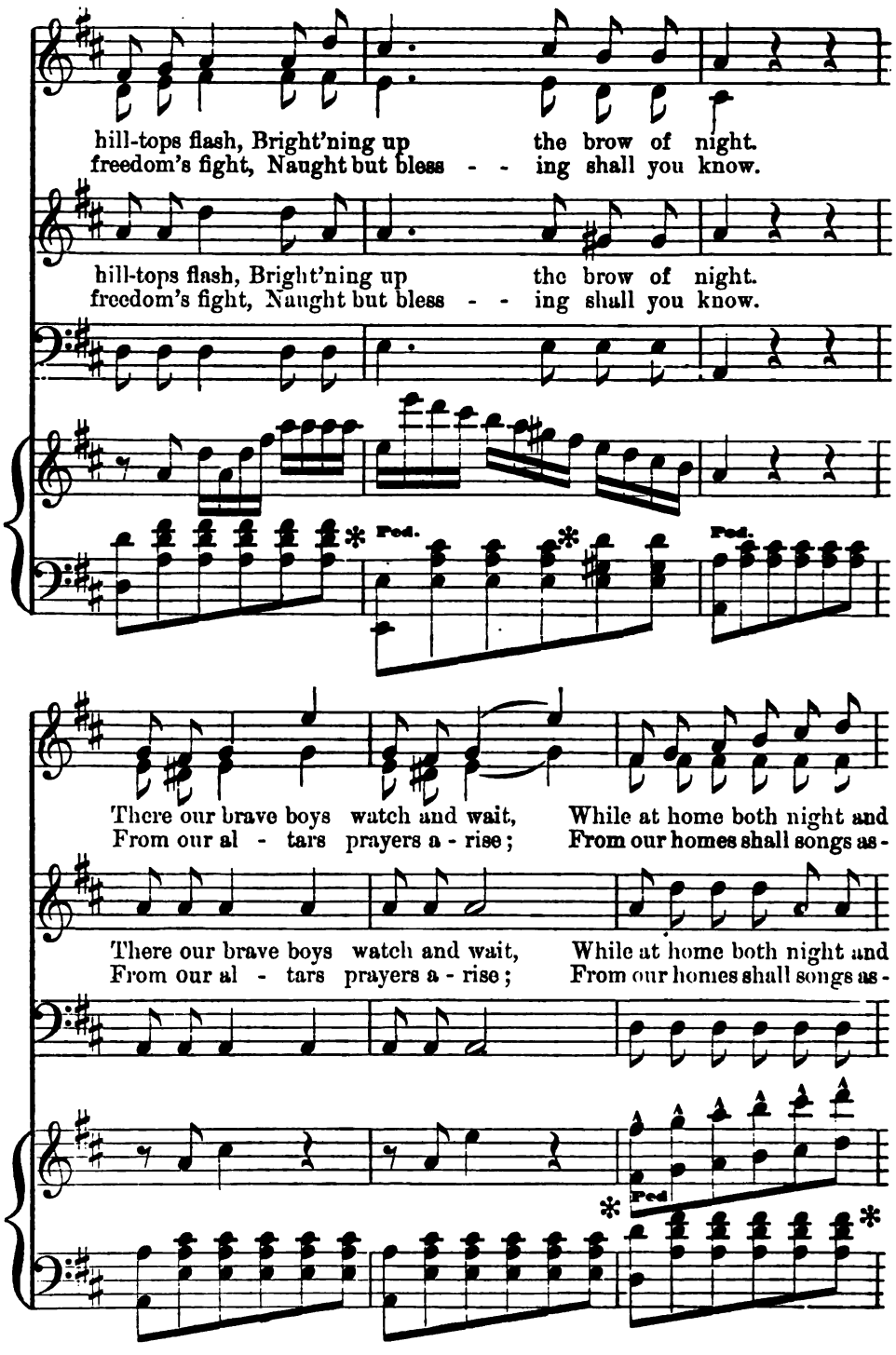

bat - tle's lost and won, and
lost, lost, . . . and won, when the bat - tle's lost and
bat - tle's lost and won, and
won, and won,
won, when the bat - tle's lost and won, when the
won, and won,
p
p

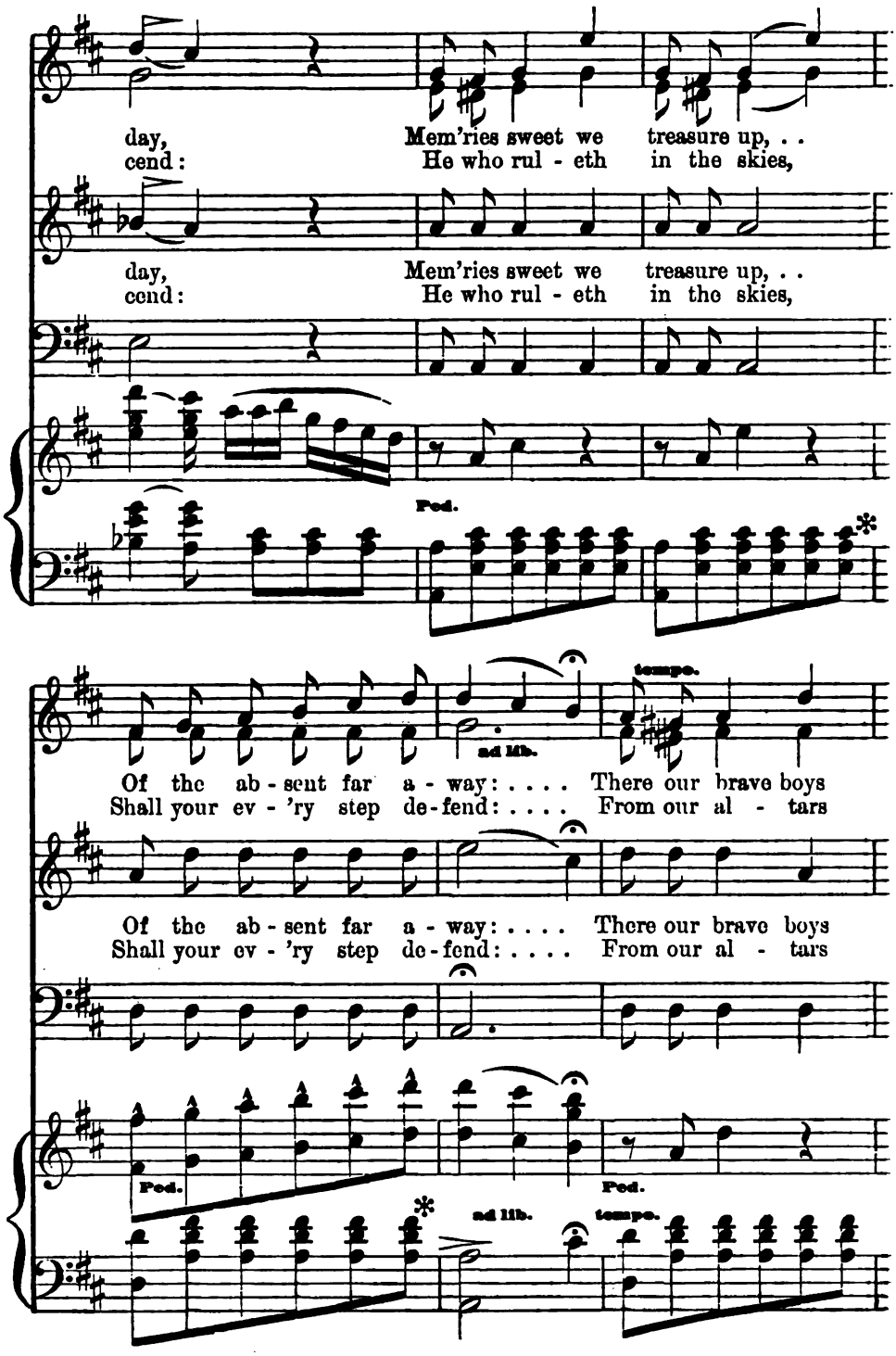

when the bat - tle's lost and won,
bat - tle's lost, when the bat - tle's lost and won,
when the
when the bat - tle's lost and won.
when the bat - tle's lost, lost . . . and won.
bat - tle's lost, when the bat - tle's lost and won.

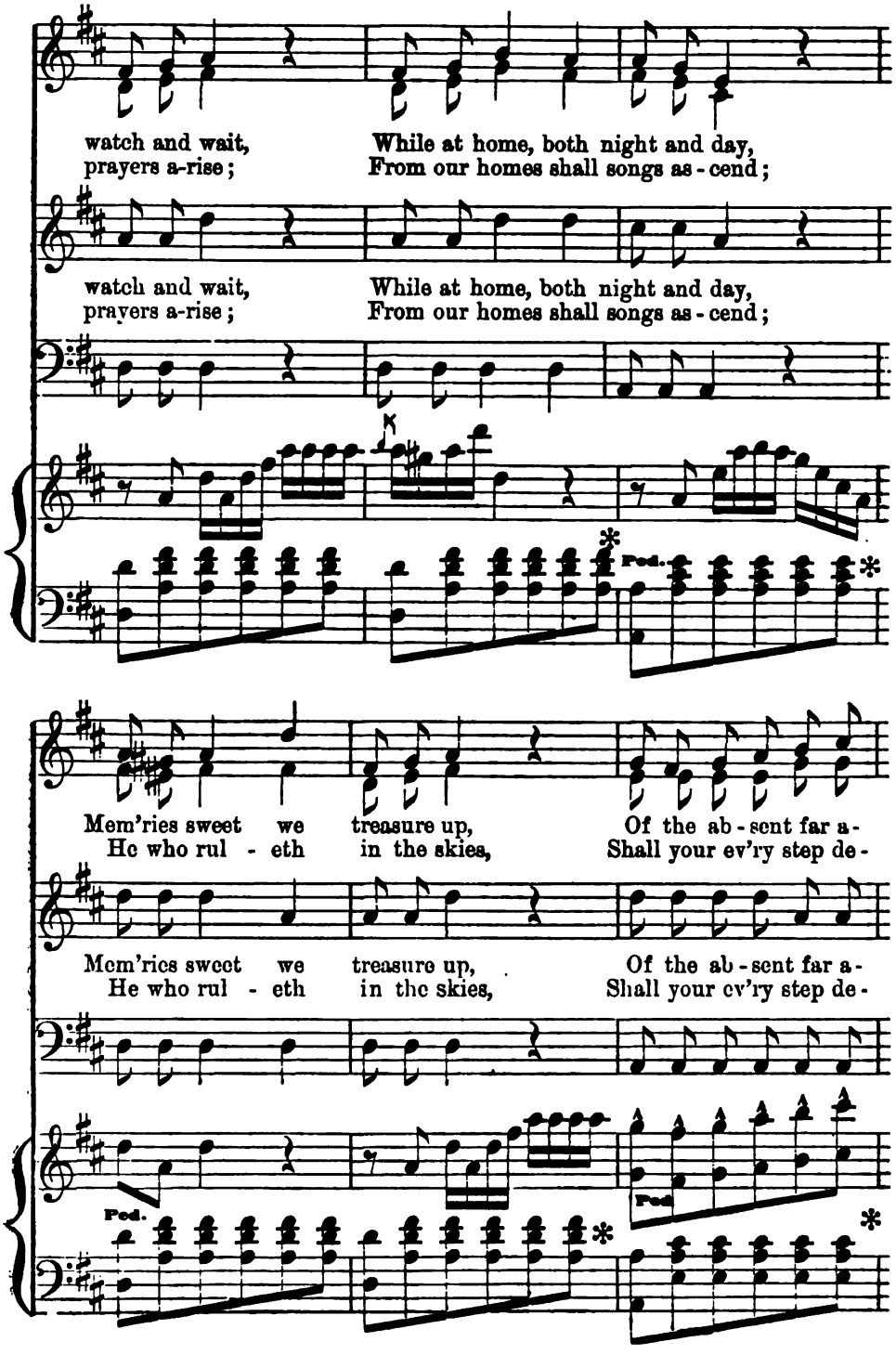
FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN.

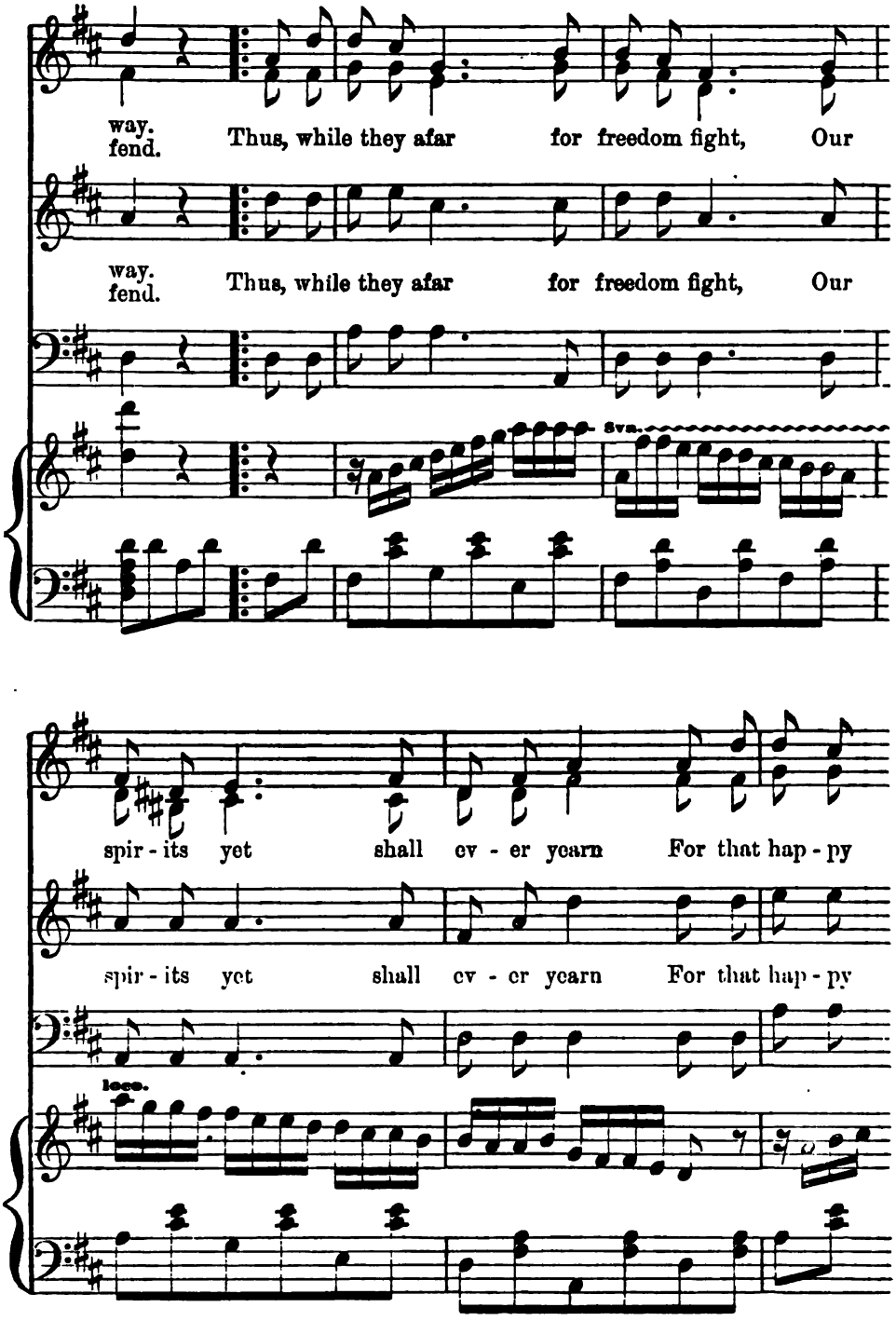
MERCADANTE.

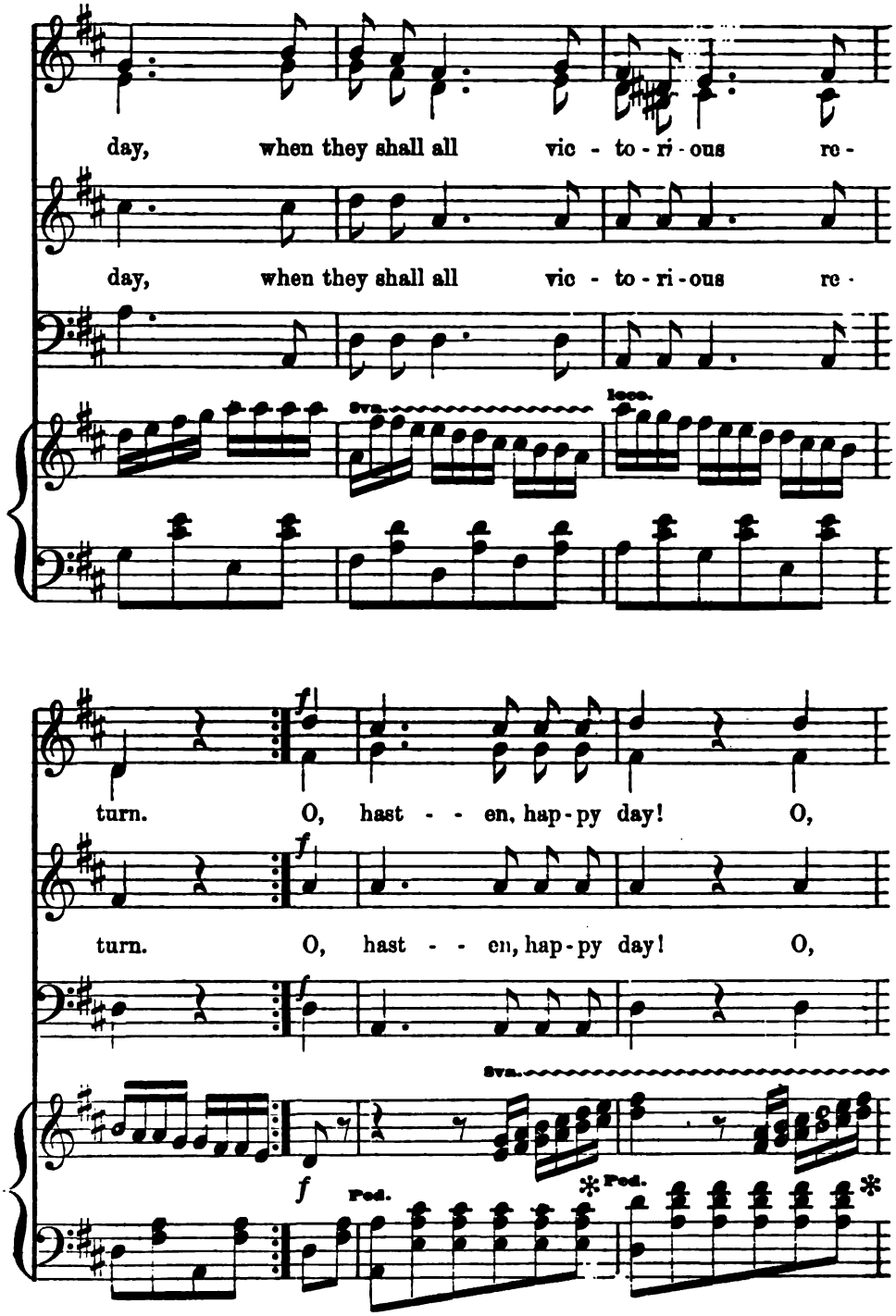


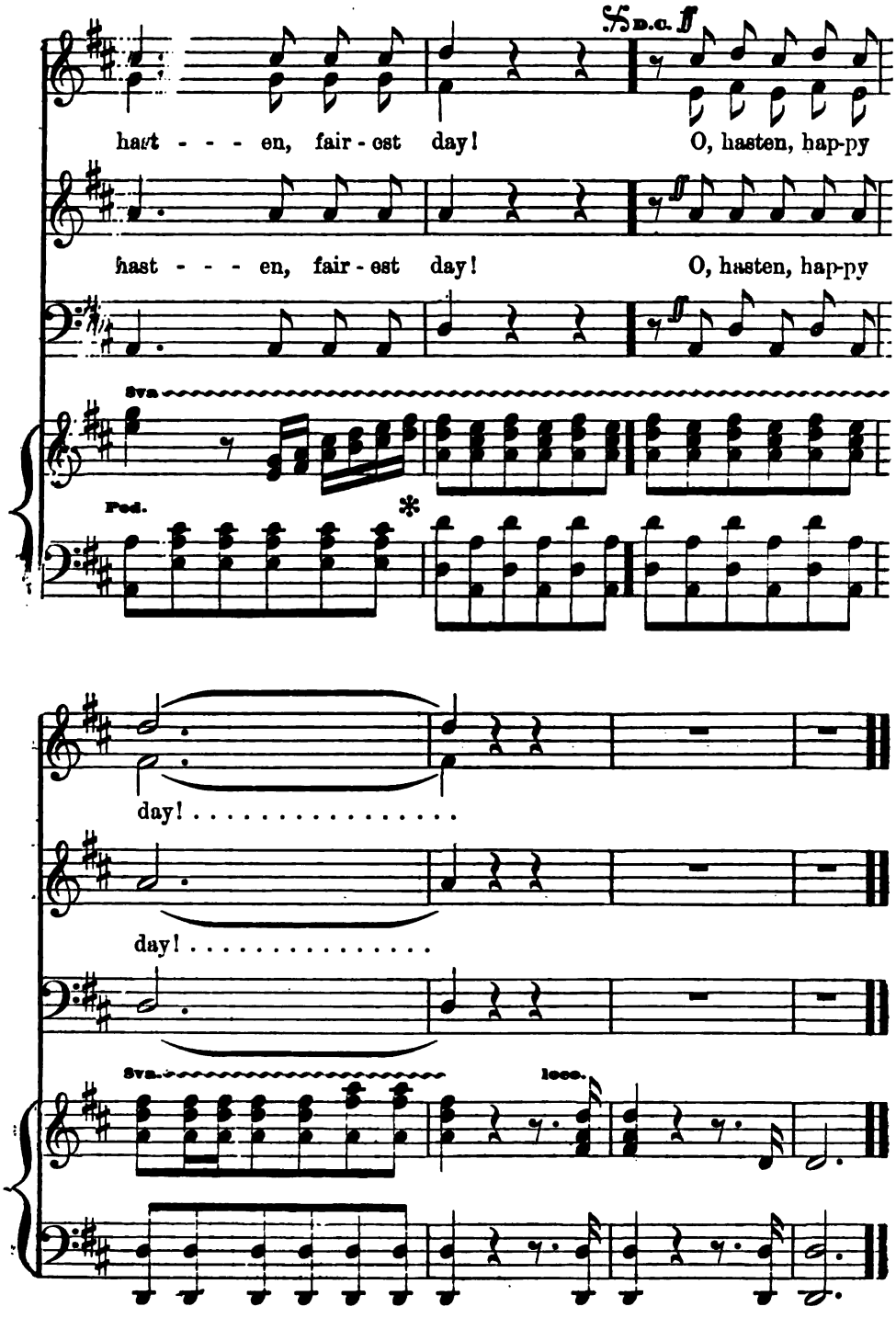

hill-tops flash, Bright'ning up the brow of night.
freedom's fight, Naught but bless - - ing shall you know.
hill-tops flash, Bright'ning up the brow of night.
freedom's fight, Naught but bless - - ing shall you know.
Ped.
Ped.
There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home both night and
From our al - tars prayers a - rise; From our homes shall songs as -
There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home both night and
From our al - tars prayers a - rise; From our homes shall songs as -
Ped


day, Mem'ries sweet we treasure up, . .
cend: He who rul - eth in the skies,
day, Mem'ries sweet we treasure up, . .
cend: He who rul - eth in the skies,
Ped.
ad lib.
tempo.
Of the ab - sent far a - way: . . . . There our brave boys
Shall your ev - 'ry step de - fend: . . . . From our al - tars
Of the ab - sent far a - way: . . . . There our brave boys
Shall your ev - 'ry step de - fend: . . . . From our al - tars
Ped.
Ped.
ad lib.
tempo.


watch and wait, prayers a-rise;
While at home, both night and day, From our homes shall songs as-cend;
watch and wait, prayers a-rise;
While at home, both night and day, From our homes shall songs as-cend;
Ped.
Mem'ries sweet we treasure up, Of the ab-sent far a-
He who rul - eth in the skies, Shall your ev'ry step de-
Mem'ries sweet we treasure up, Of the ab-sent far a-
He who rul - eth in the skies, Shall your ev'ry step de-
Ped.
Ped.

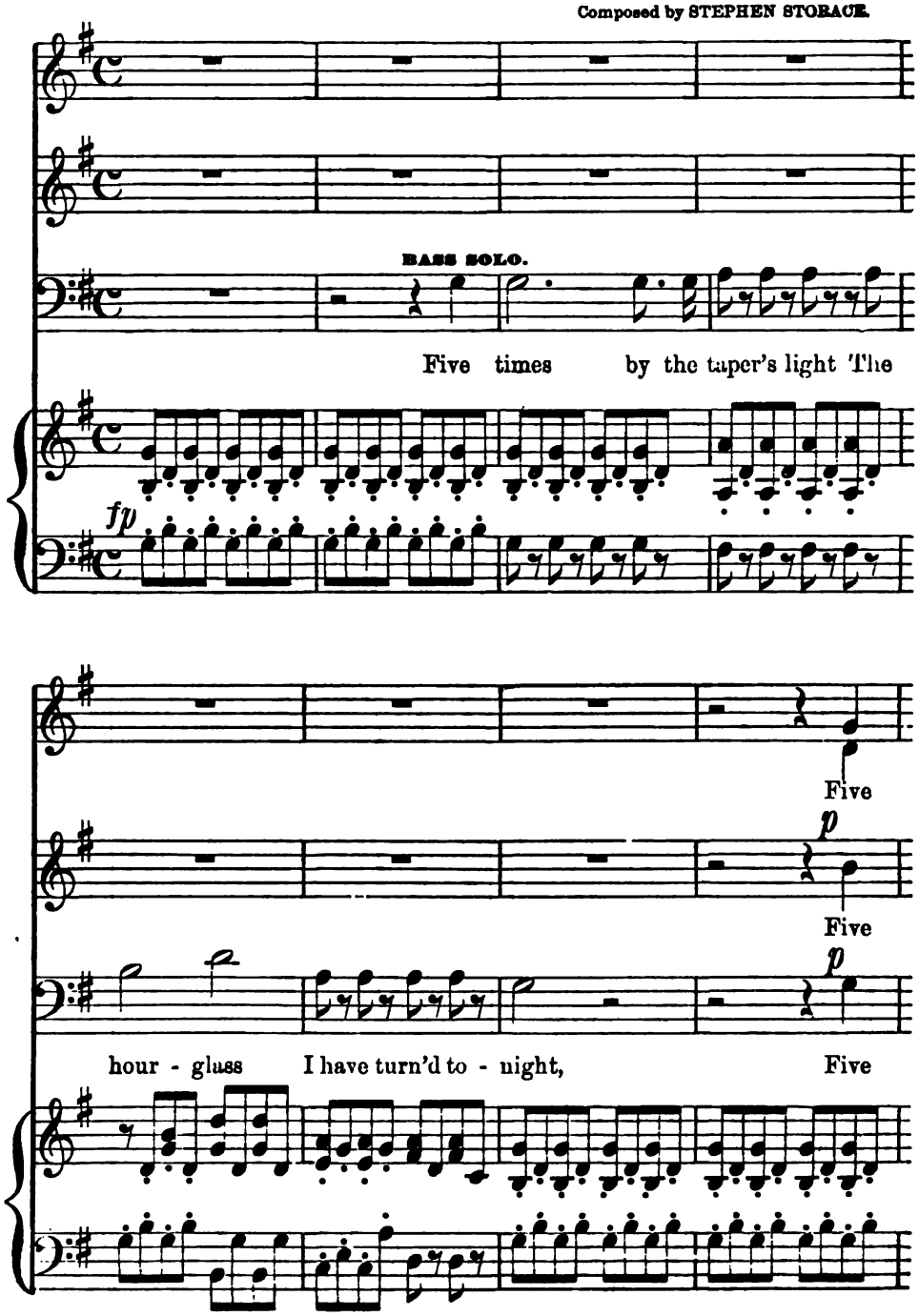

way.
fend.
Thus, while they afar for freedom fight, Our
way.
fend.
Thus, while they afar for freedom fight, Our
8va.
spir - its yet shall ev - er yearn For that hap - py
spir - its yet shall ev - er yearn For that hap - py
loco.

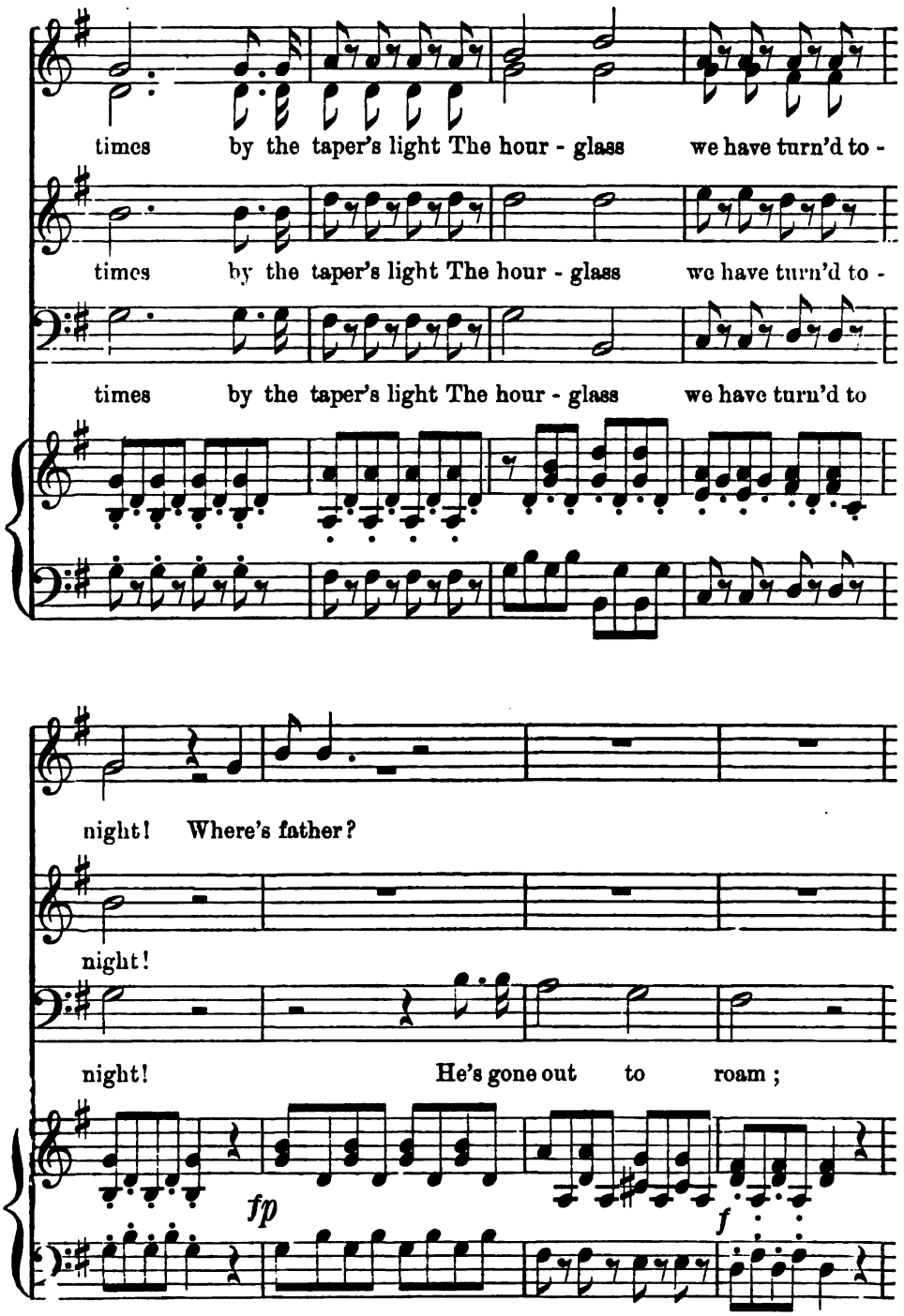

day, when they shall all vic - to - ri - ous re -
day, when they shall all vic - to - ri - ous re -
8va.
loco.
turn. O, hast - - en, hap - py day! O,
turn. O, hast - - en, hap - py day! O,
f
f
f
8va.
Ped.
Ped.

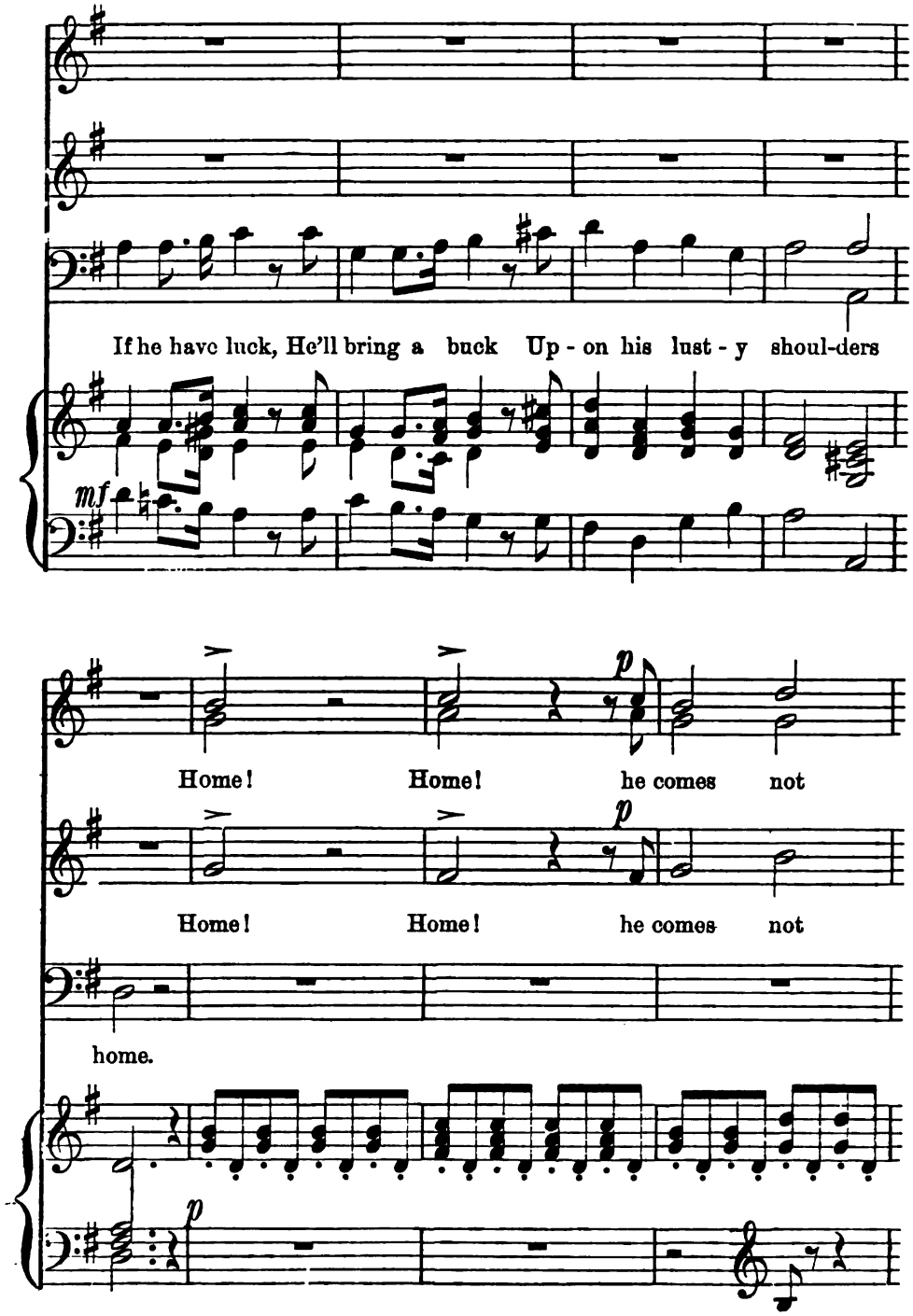

D.C.
ff
hast - - - en, fair - est day!
O, hasten, hap-py
hast - - - en, fair - est day!
O, hasten, hap-py
8va
Ped.
*
day! . . . . . .
day! . . . . . .
8va.
loco.

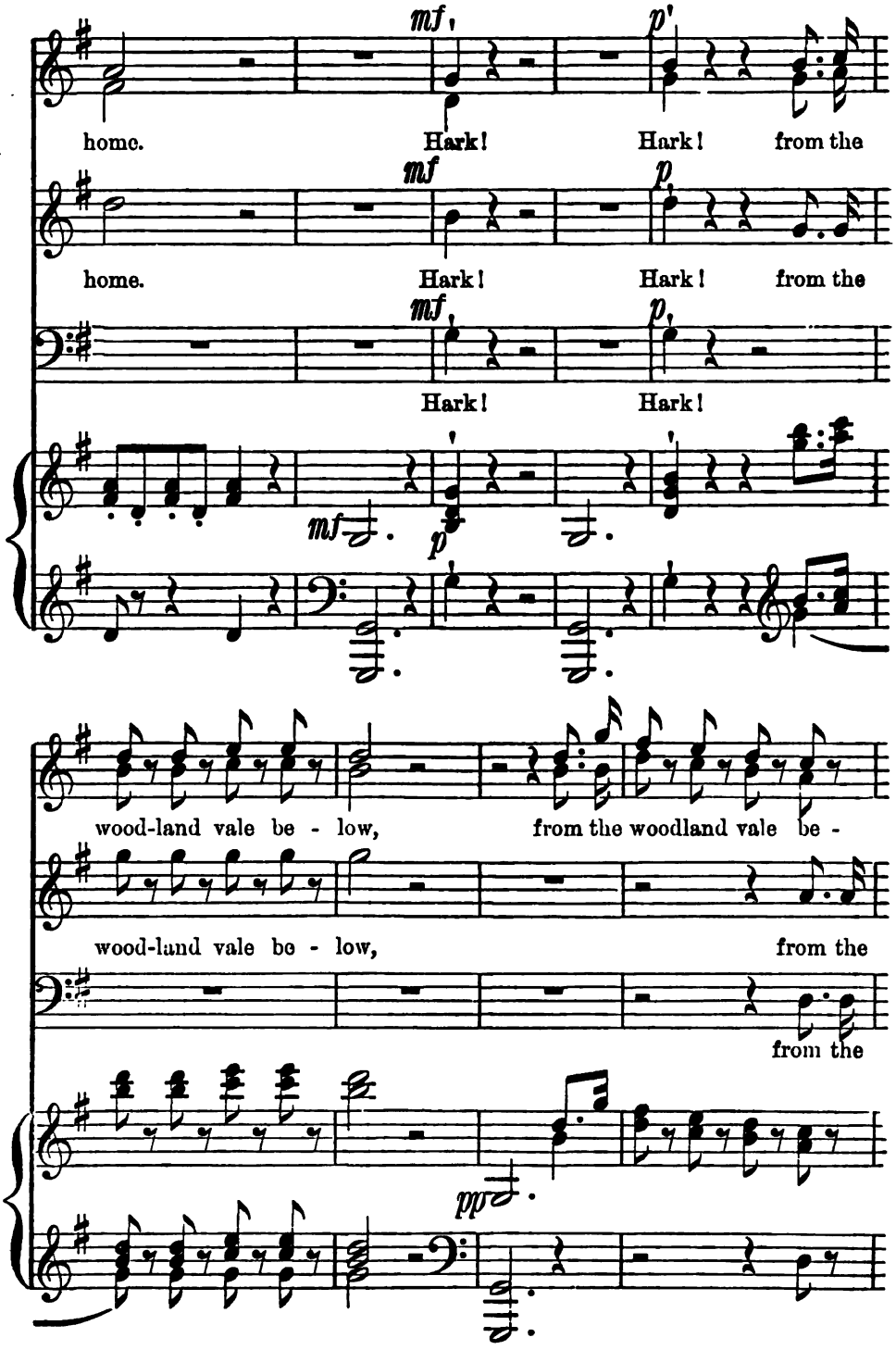
FIVE TIMES BY THE TAPER'S LIGHT.

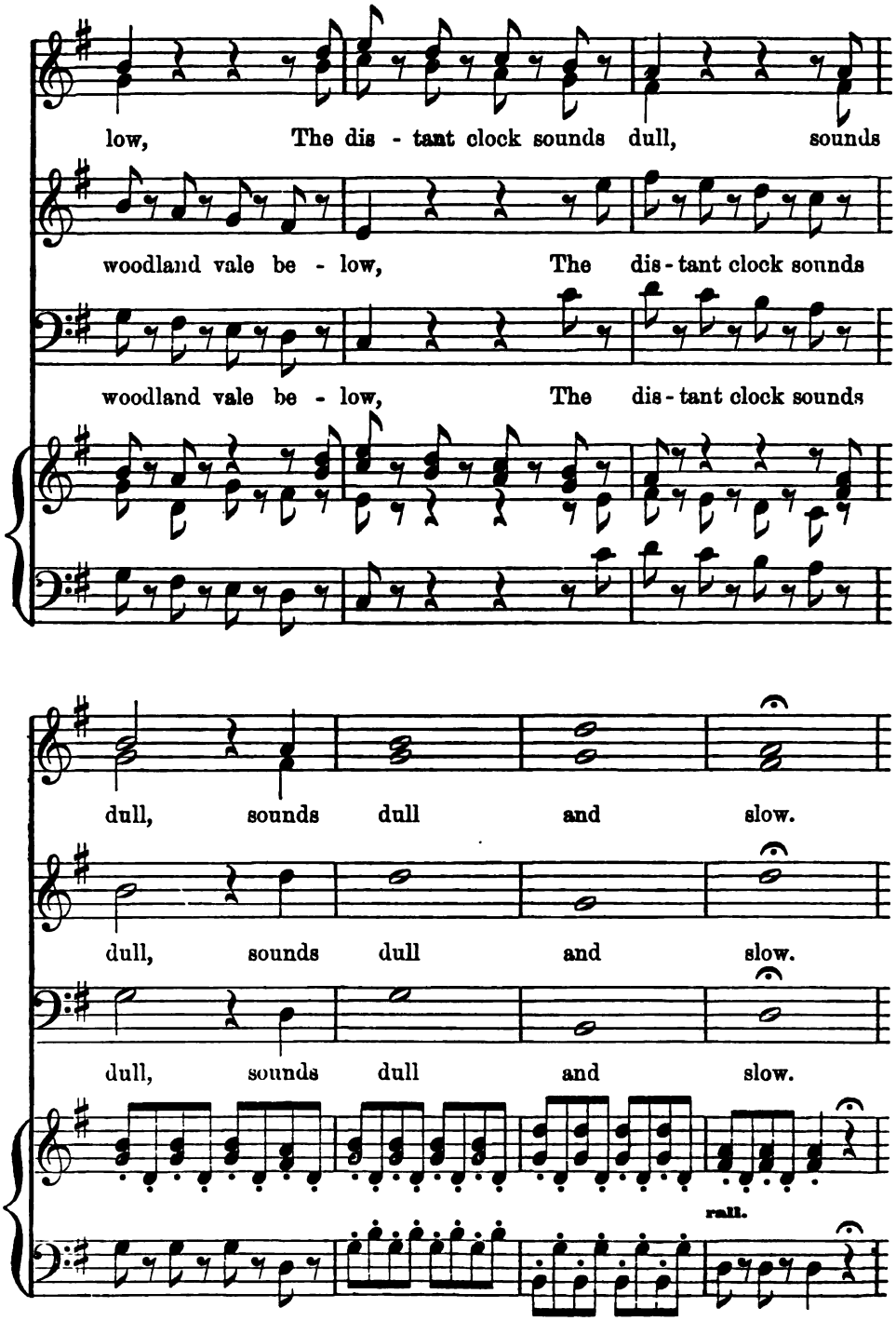
Composed by STEPHEN STORACE.

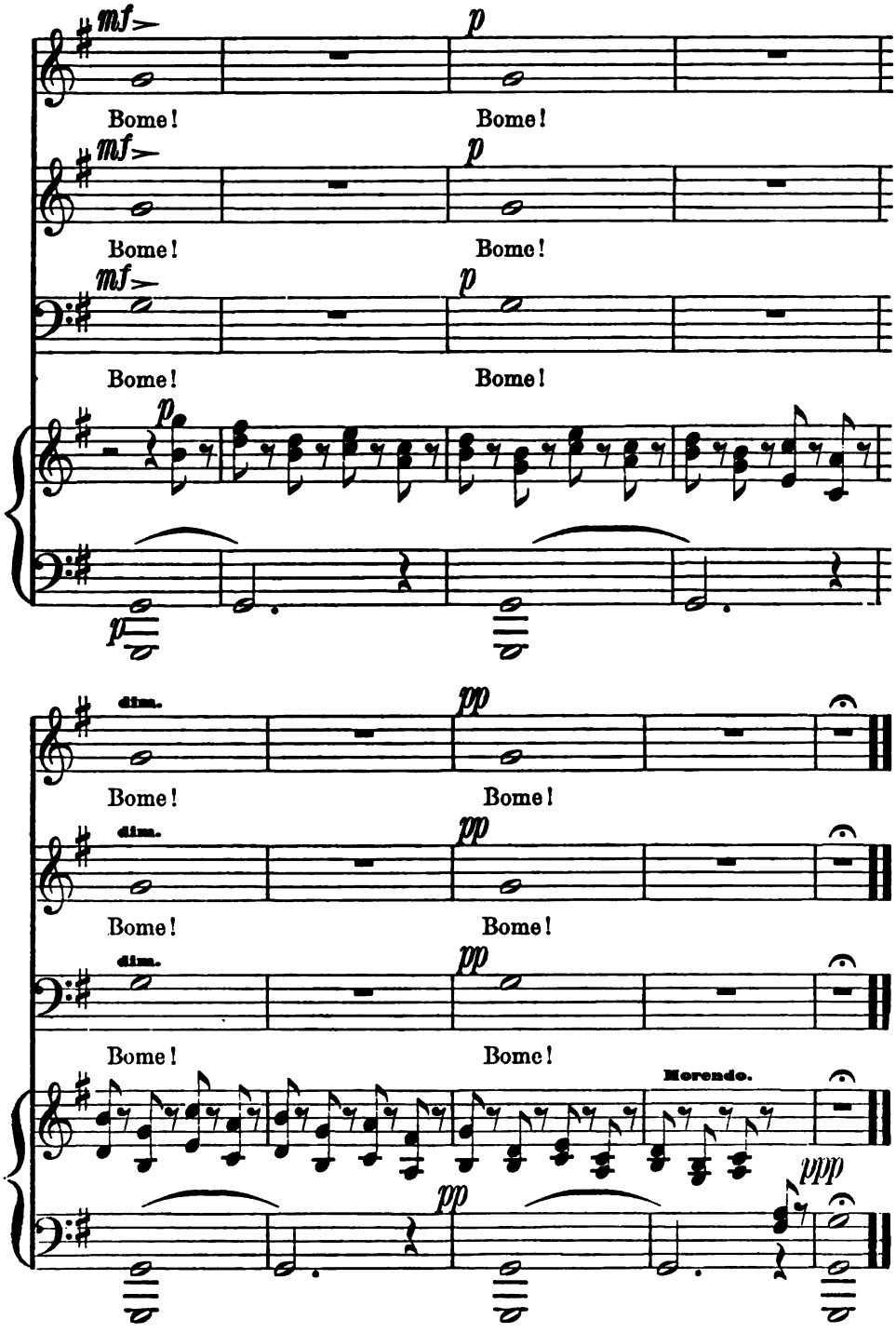



times by the taper's light The hour - glass we have turn'd to -
times by the taper's light The hour - glass we have turn'd to -
times by the taper's light The hour - glass we have turn'd to
night! Where's father?
night!
night! He's gone out to roam ;
fp
f


If he have luck, He'll bring a buck Up - on his lust - y shoul-ders
mf
Home! Home! he comes not
p
Home! Home! he comes not
p
home.
p

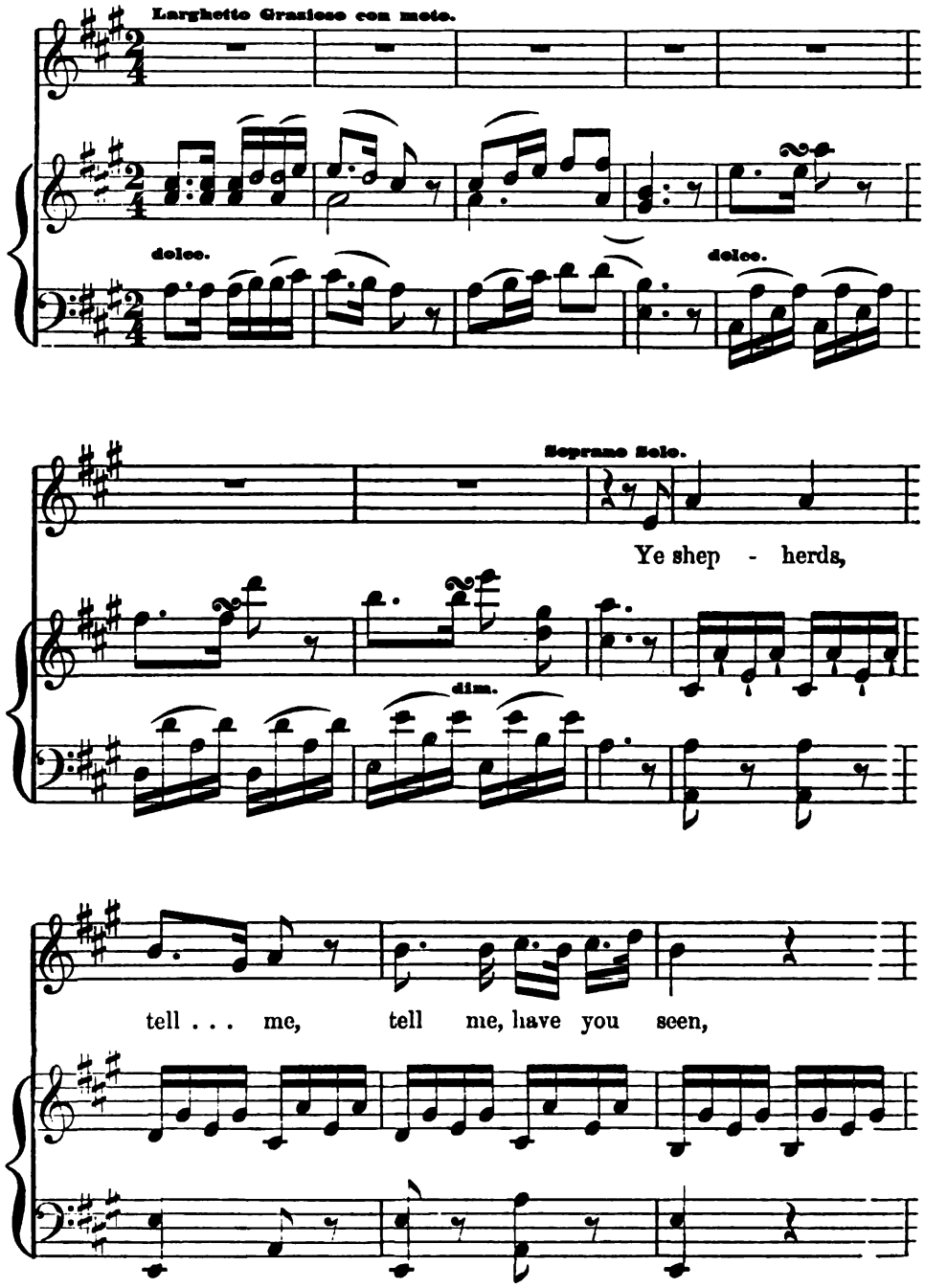

mf
p
home.
Hark!
Hark!
from the
mf
p
home.
Hark!
Hark!
from the
mf
p
Hark!
Hark!
mf
p
wood-land vale be - low,
from the woodland vale be -
wood-land vale be - low,
from the
from the
pp

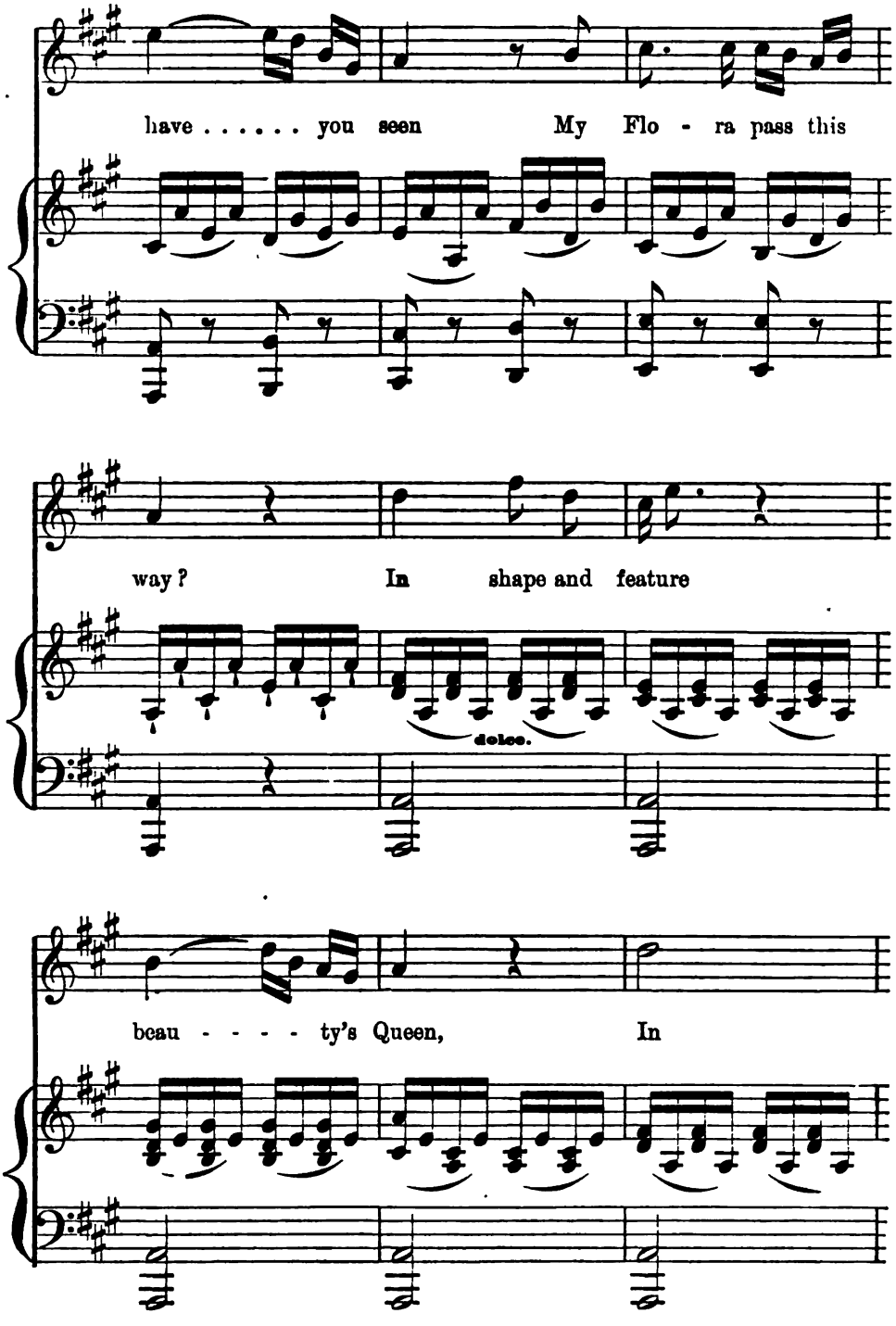

low, The dis - tant clock sounds dull, sounds
woodland vale be - low, The dis - tant clock sounds
woodland vale be - low, The dis - tant clock sounds
dull, sounds dull and slow.
dull, sounds dull and slow.
dull, sounds dull and slow.
rall.

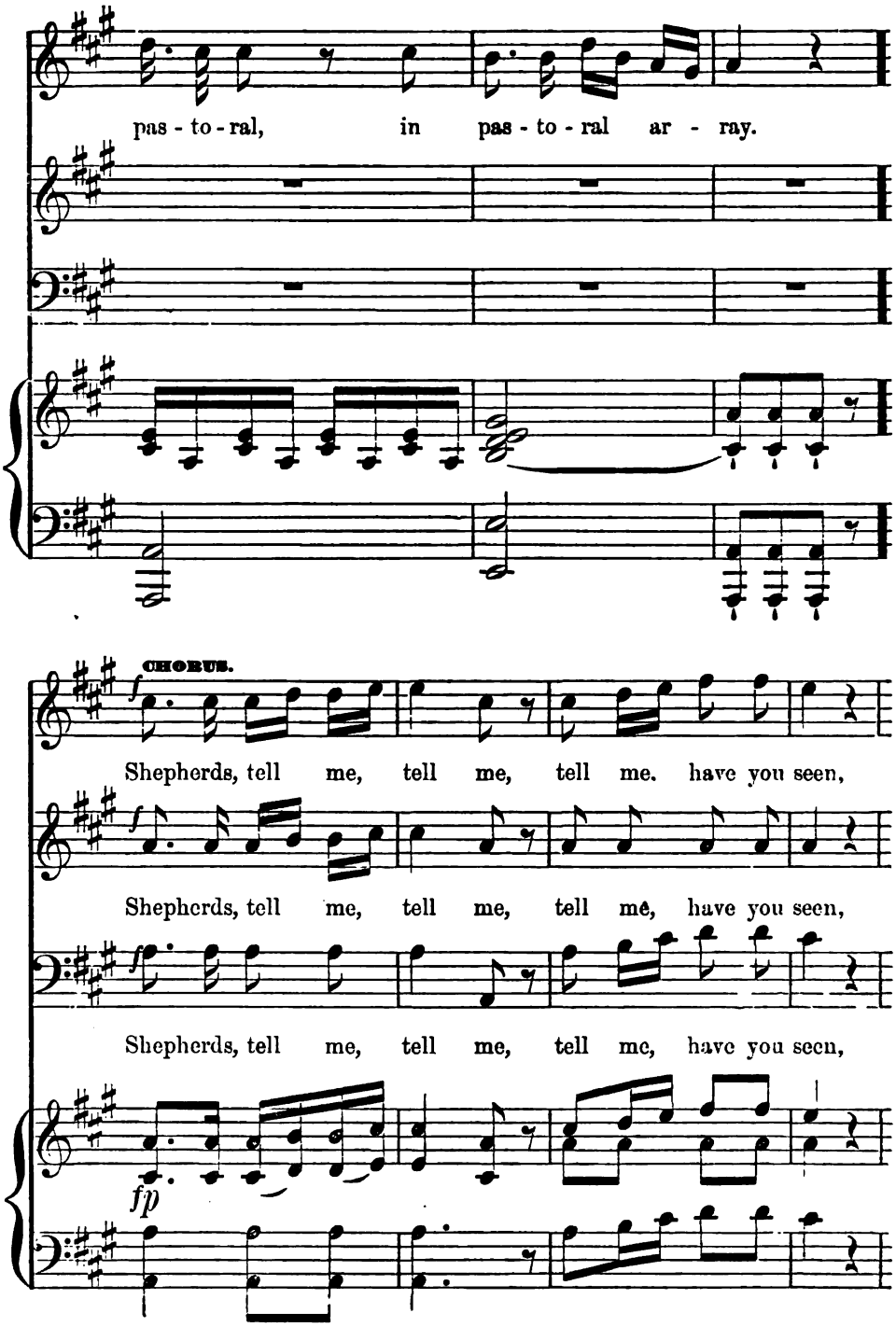

mf
p
Bome!
Bome!
mf
p
Bome!
Bome!
mf
p
Bome!
Bome!
p
p
dim.
pp
Bome!
Bome!
dim.
pp
Bome!
Bome!
dim.
pp
Bome!
Bome!
Morendo.
ppp
pp

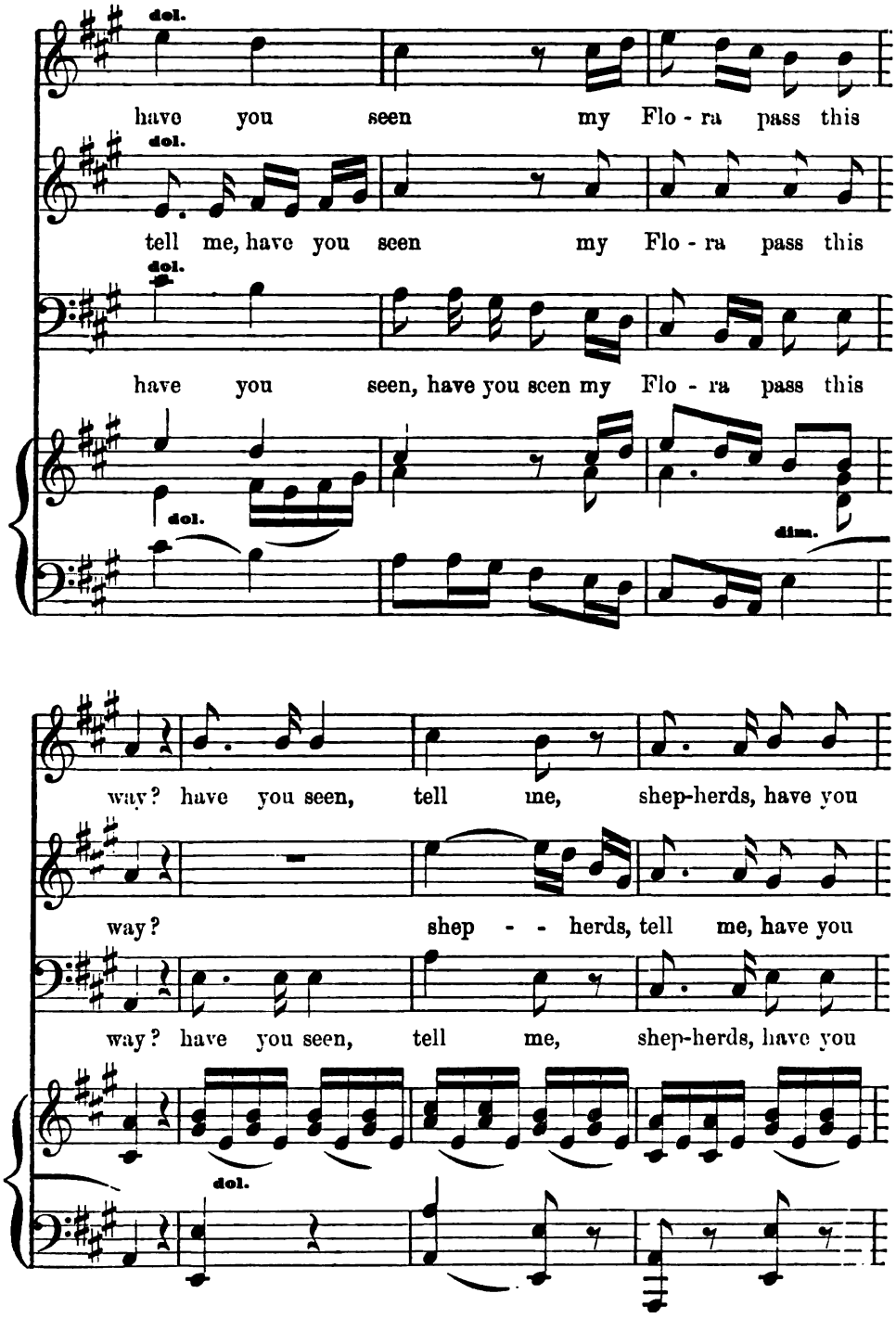
YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME.

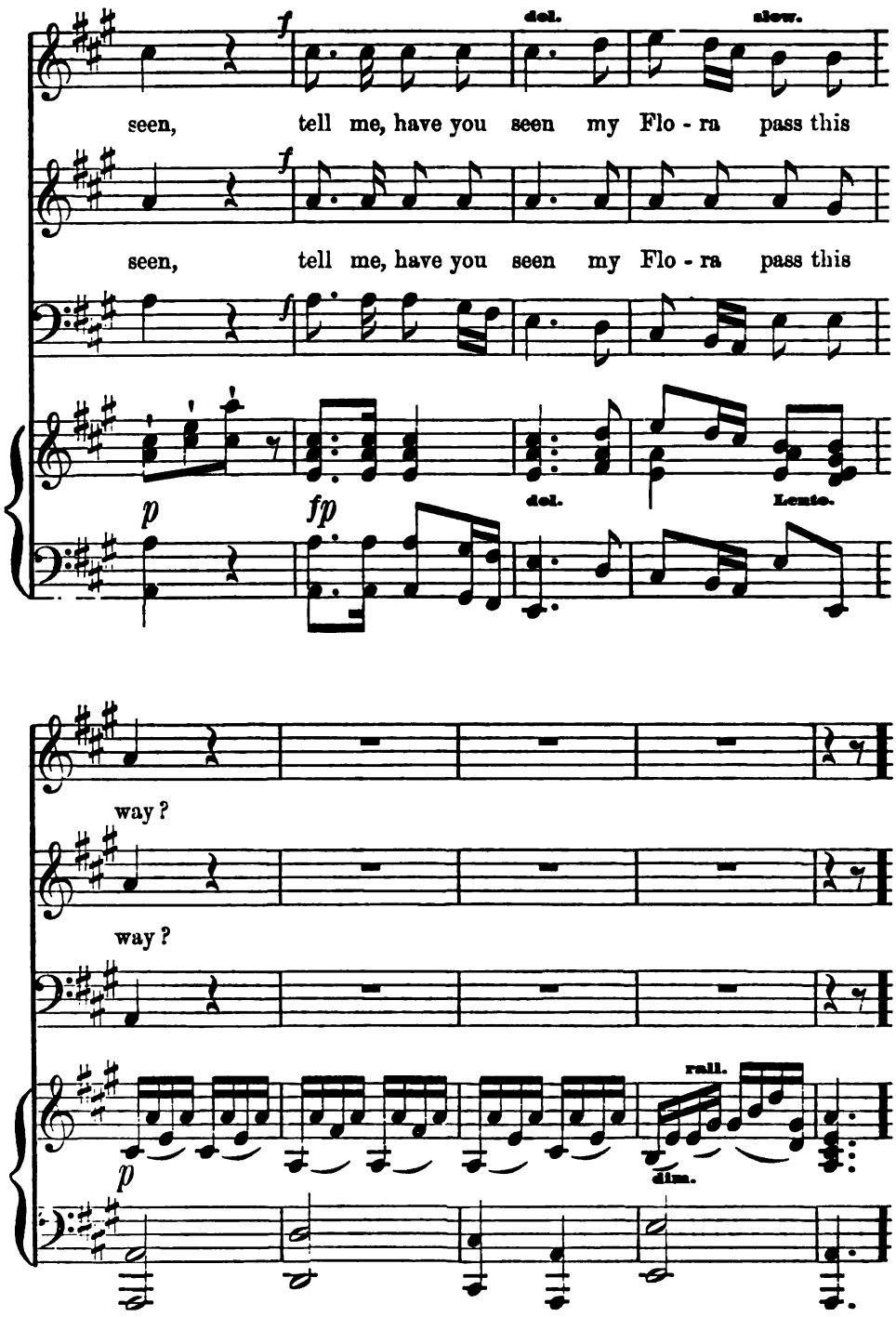
Composed by J. MAZZINGHI.

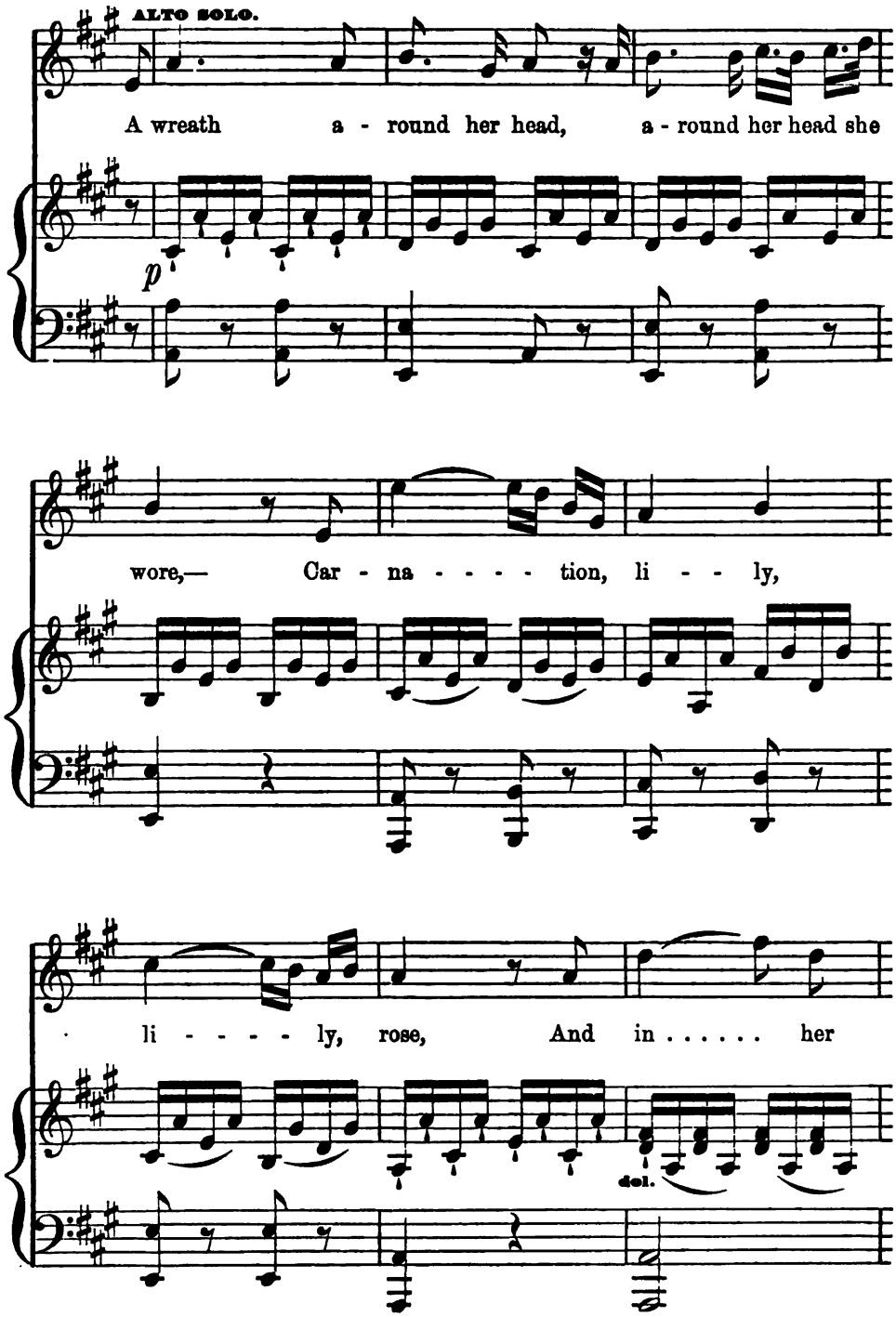


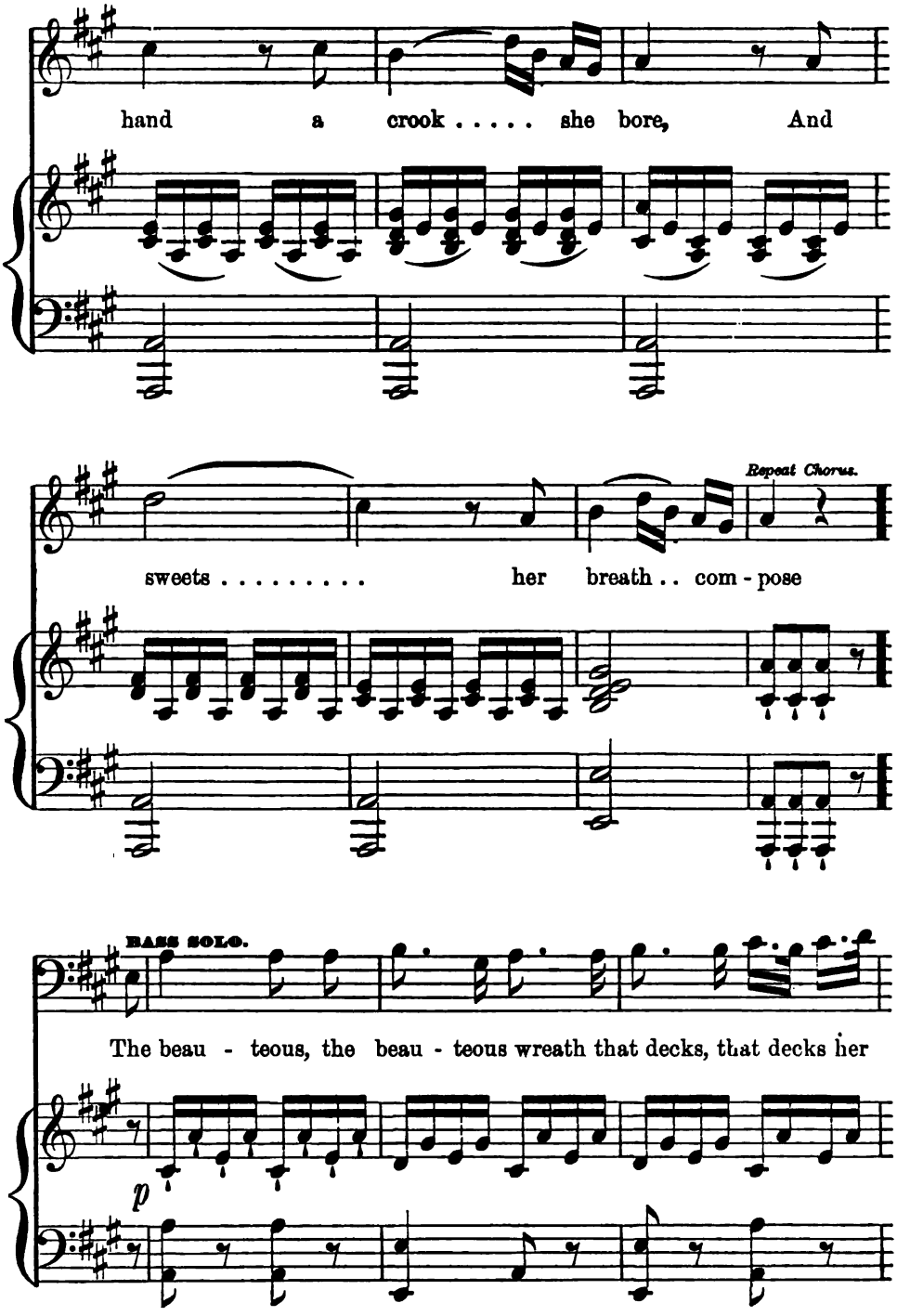

have . . . . . you seen My Flo - ra pass this
way? In shape and feature
dolce.
beau - - - - ty's Queen, In

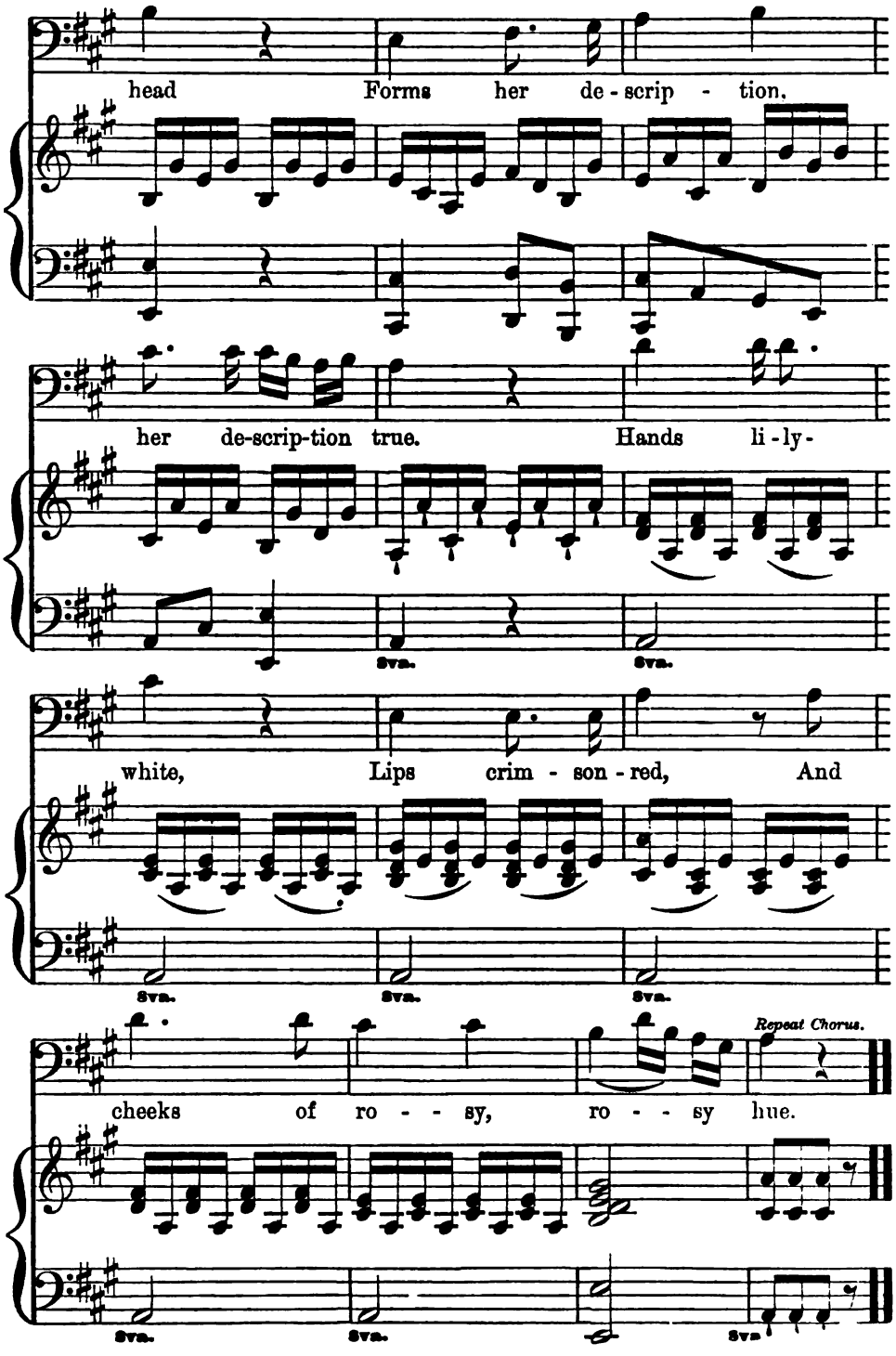

pas - to - ral, in pas - to - ral ar - ray.
CHORUS.
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me. have you seen,
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen,
fp


dol.
have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
dol.
tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
dol.
have you seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
dol.
dim.
way? have you seen, tell me, shep-herds, have you
way? shep - - herds, tell me, have you
way? have you seen, tell me, shep-herds, have you
dol.

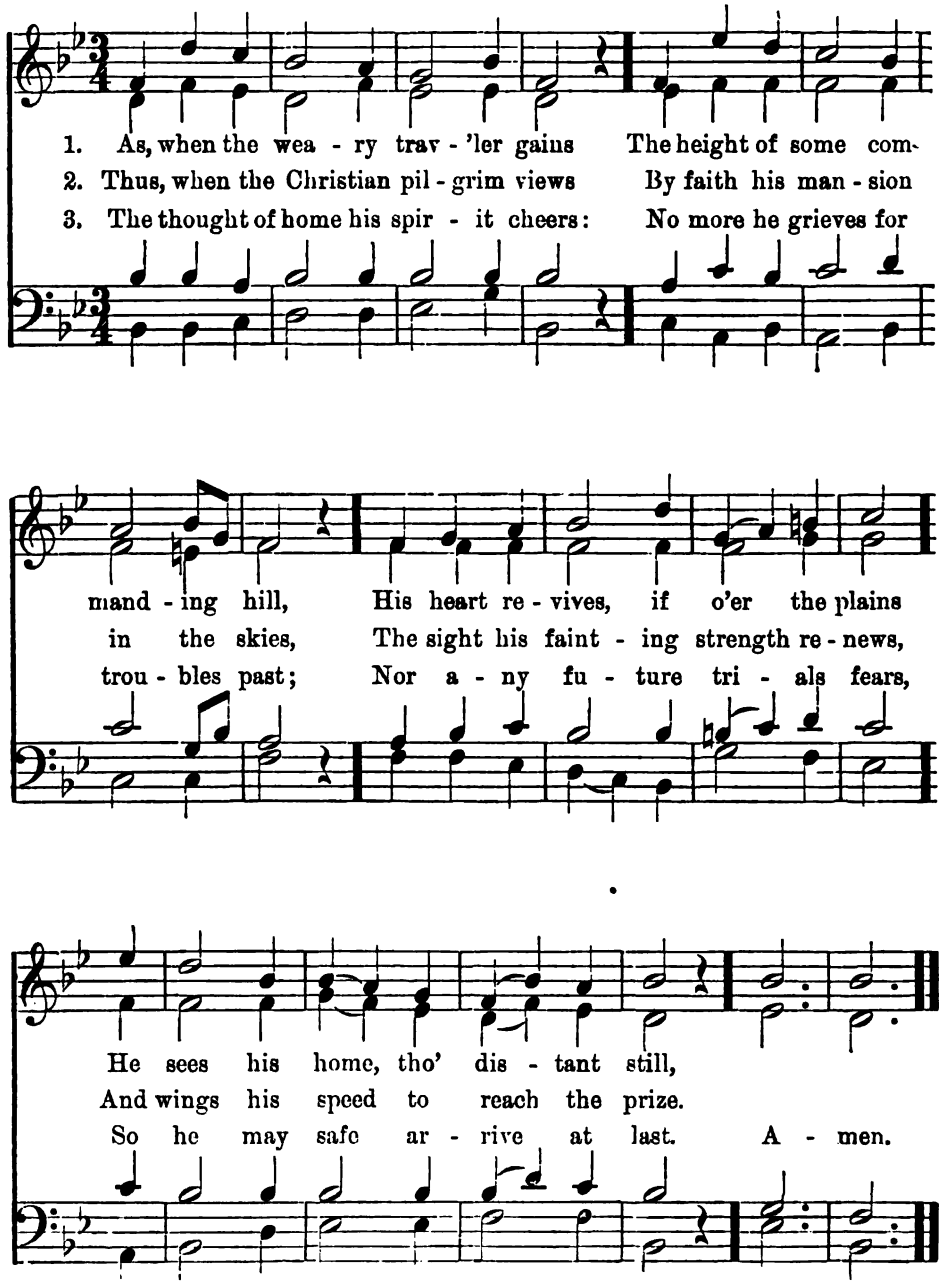

f
dol.
slow.
seen, tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
f
seen, tell me, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this
f
p
fp
dol.
Lento.
way?
way?
p
rall.
dim.


ALTO SOLO.
A wreath a - round her head, a - round her head she
p
wore,— Car - na - - - - tion, li - - ly,
li - - - - ly, rose, And in . . . . . her
del.

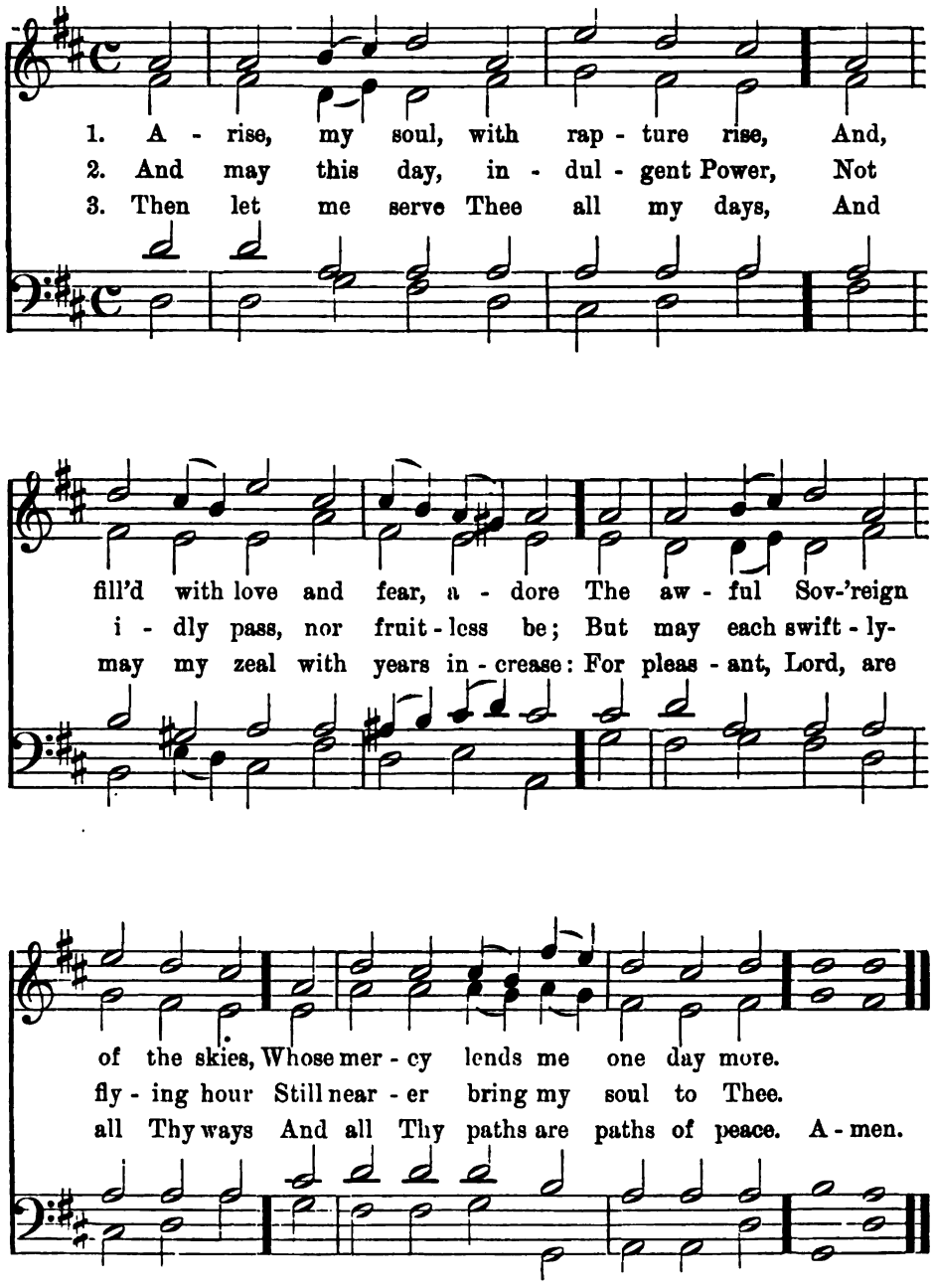

hand a crook . . . . . she bore, And
Repeat Chorus.
sweets . . . . . her breath . . com - pose
BASS SOLO.
The beau - teous, the beau - teous wreath that decks, that decks her
p


head Forms her de - scrip - tion.
her de-scrip-tion true. Hands li - ly -
8va.
8va.
white, Lips crim - son - red, And
8va.
8va.
8va.
Repeat Chorus.
cheeks of ro - - sy, ro - - sy hue.
8va.
8va.
8va.

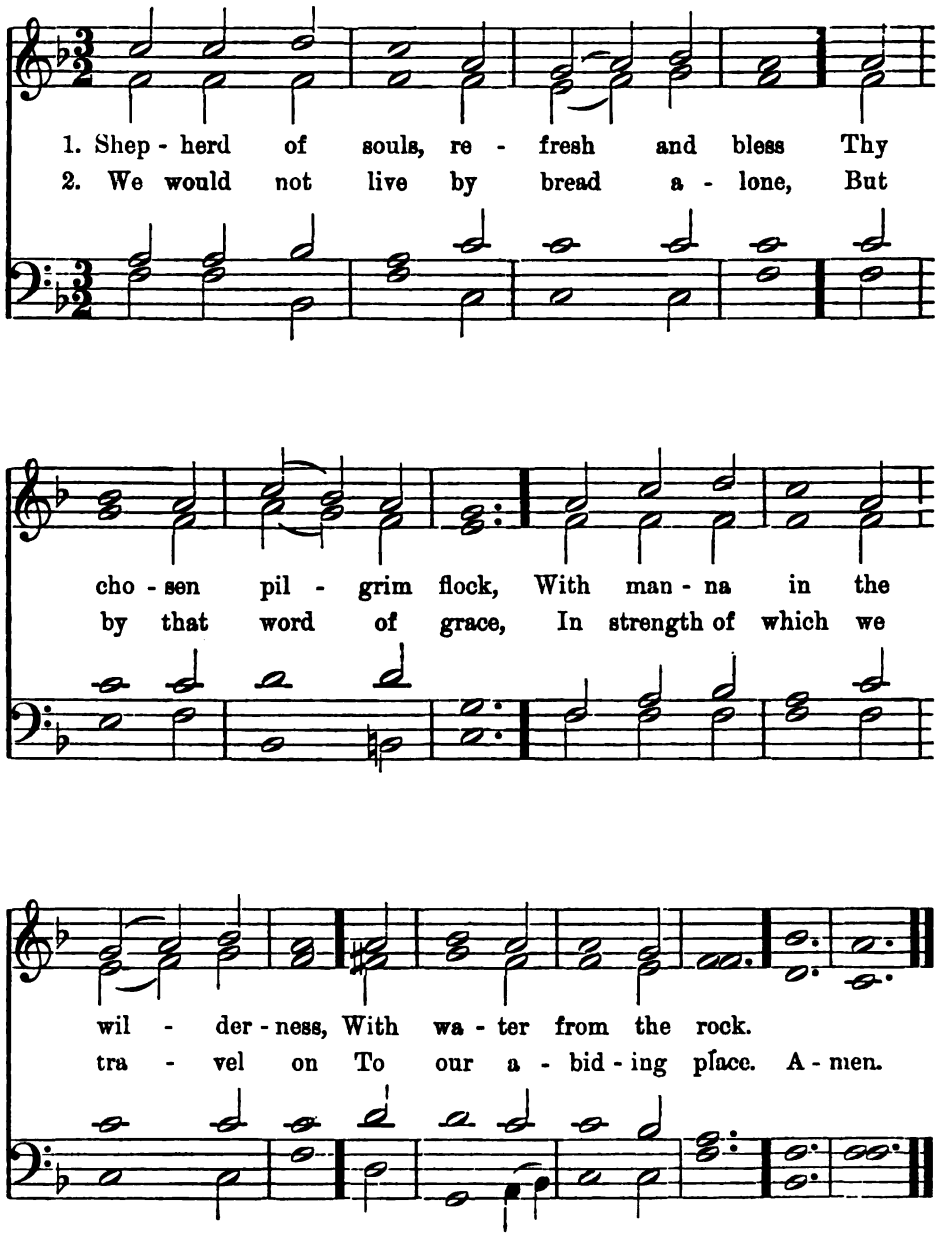
AS, WHEN THE WEARY TRAVELLER GAINS. L. M.



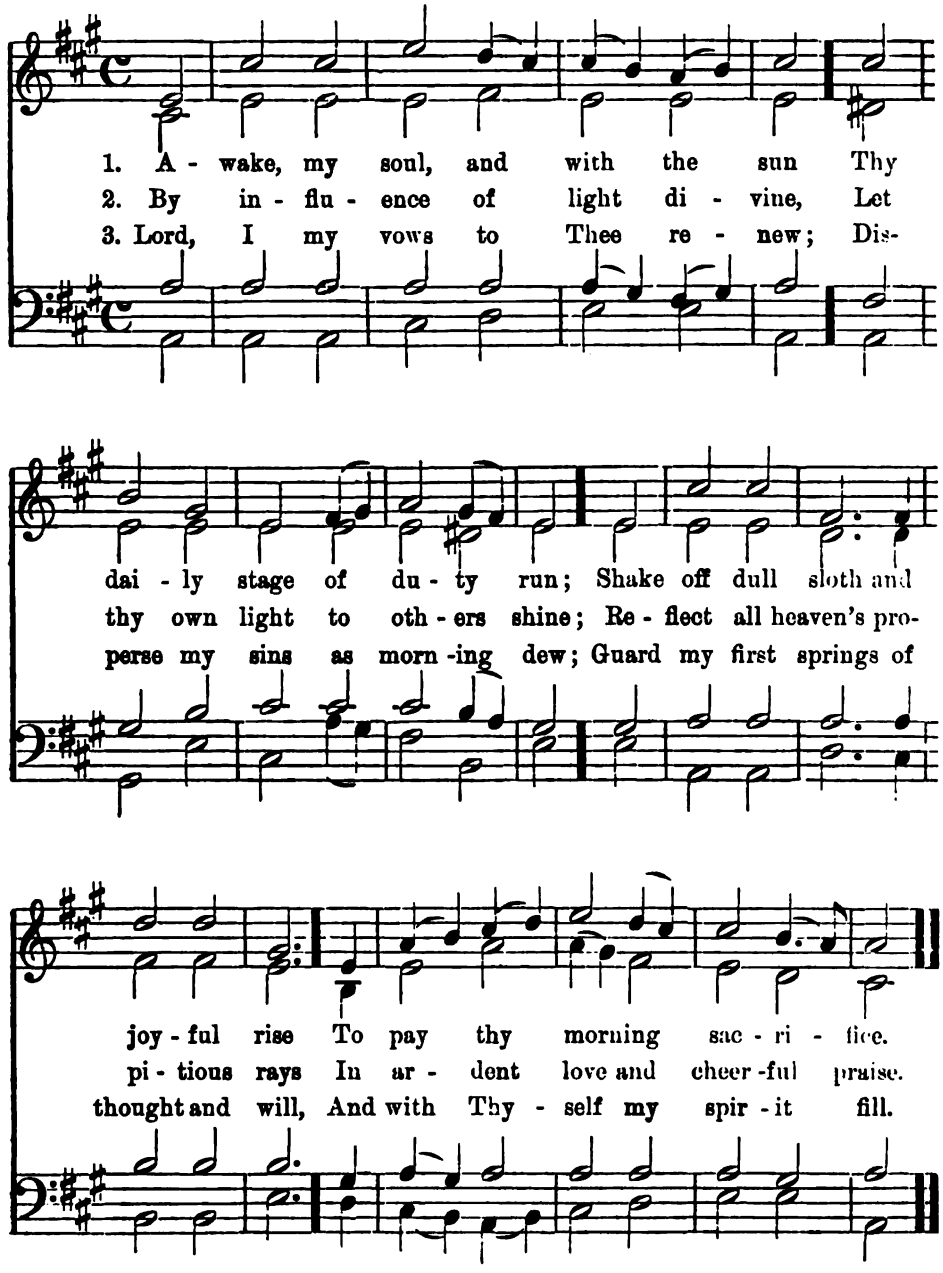
ARISE, MY SOUL. L. M.



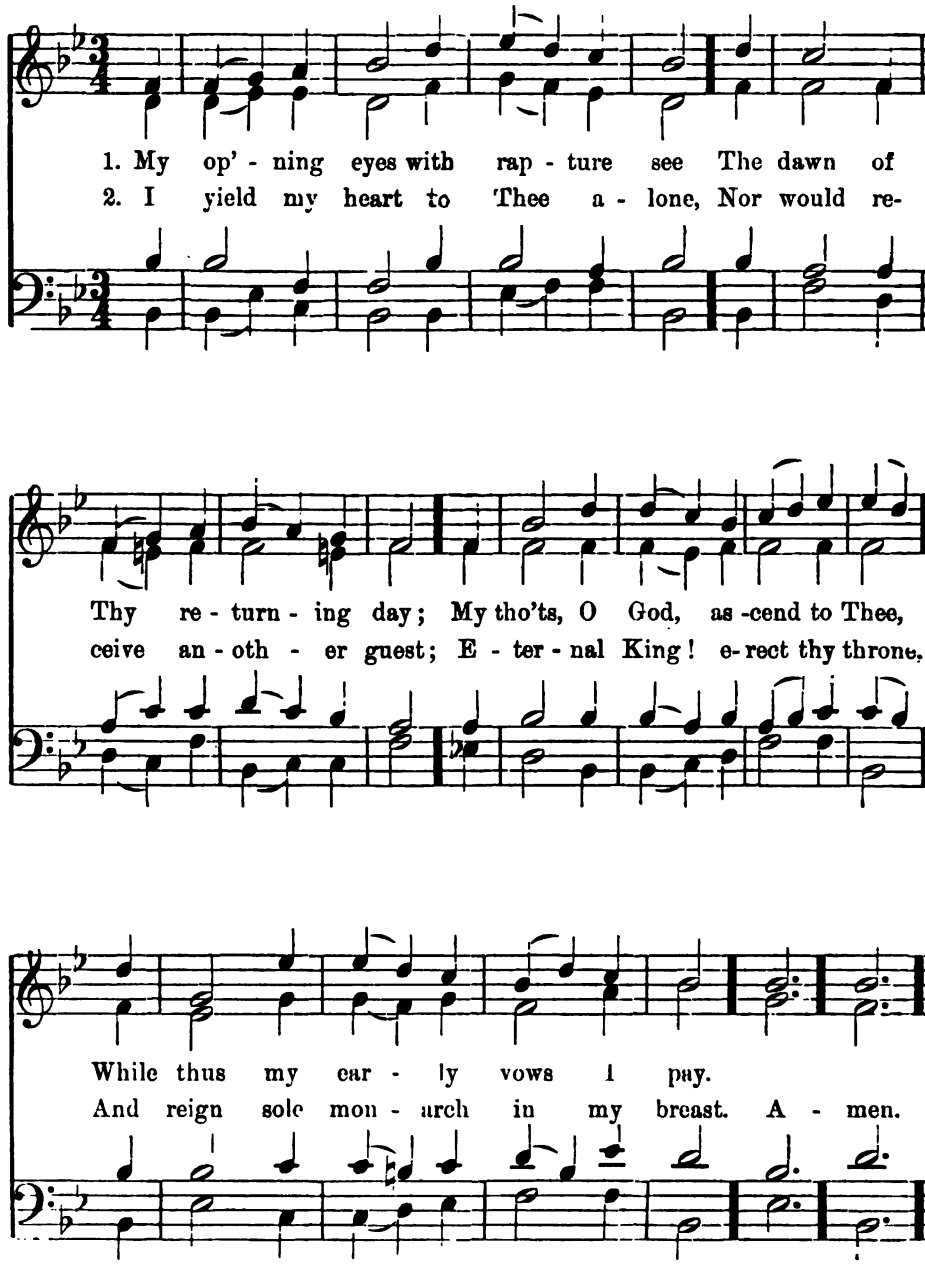
SHEPHERD OF SOULS. C. M.



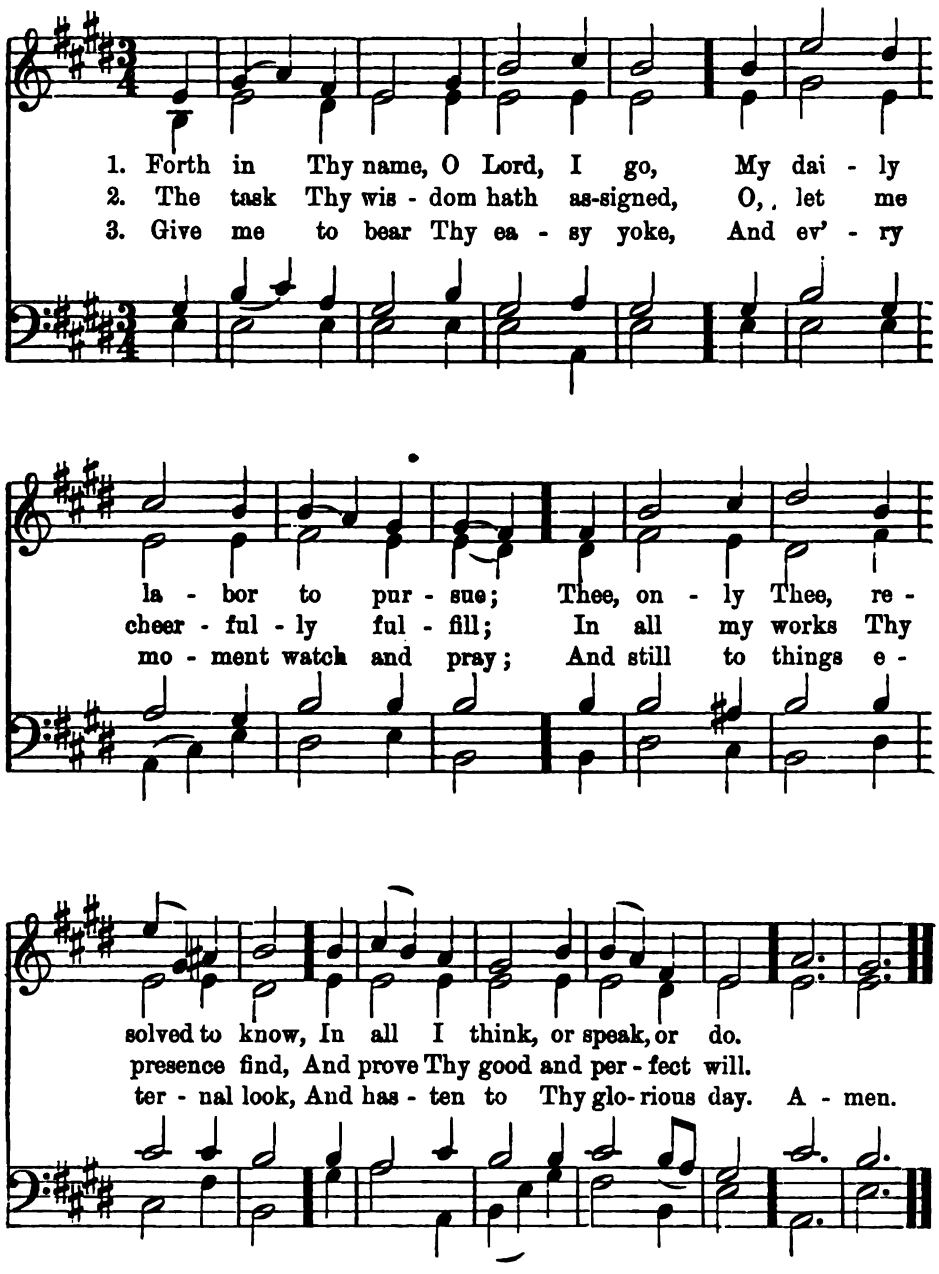
AWAKE, MY SOUL, AND WITH THE SUN. L. M.



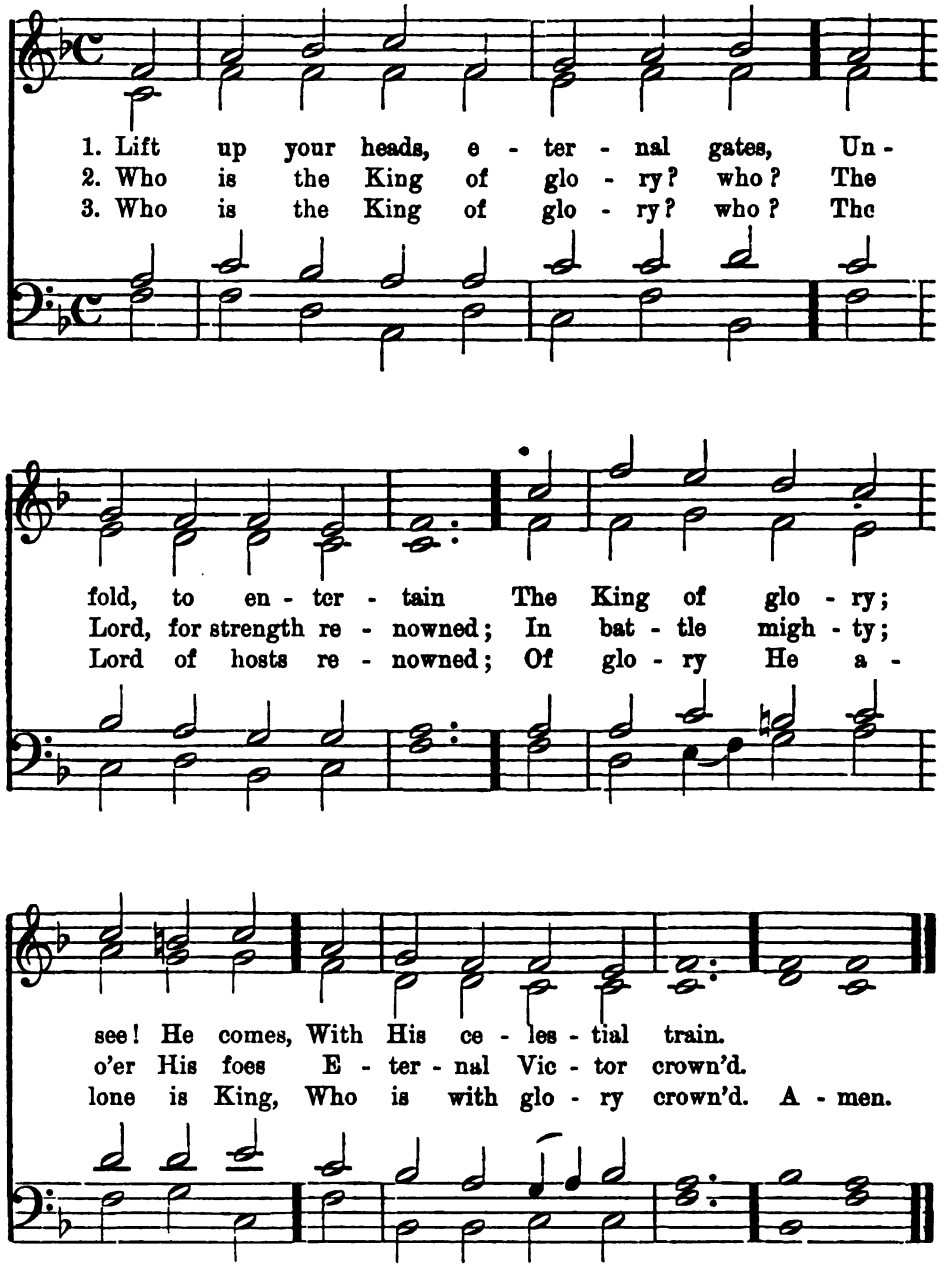
MY OPENING EYES WITH RAPTURE SEE. L. M.



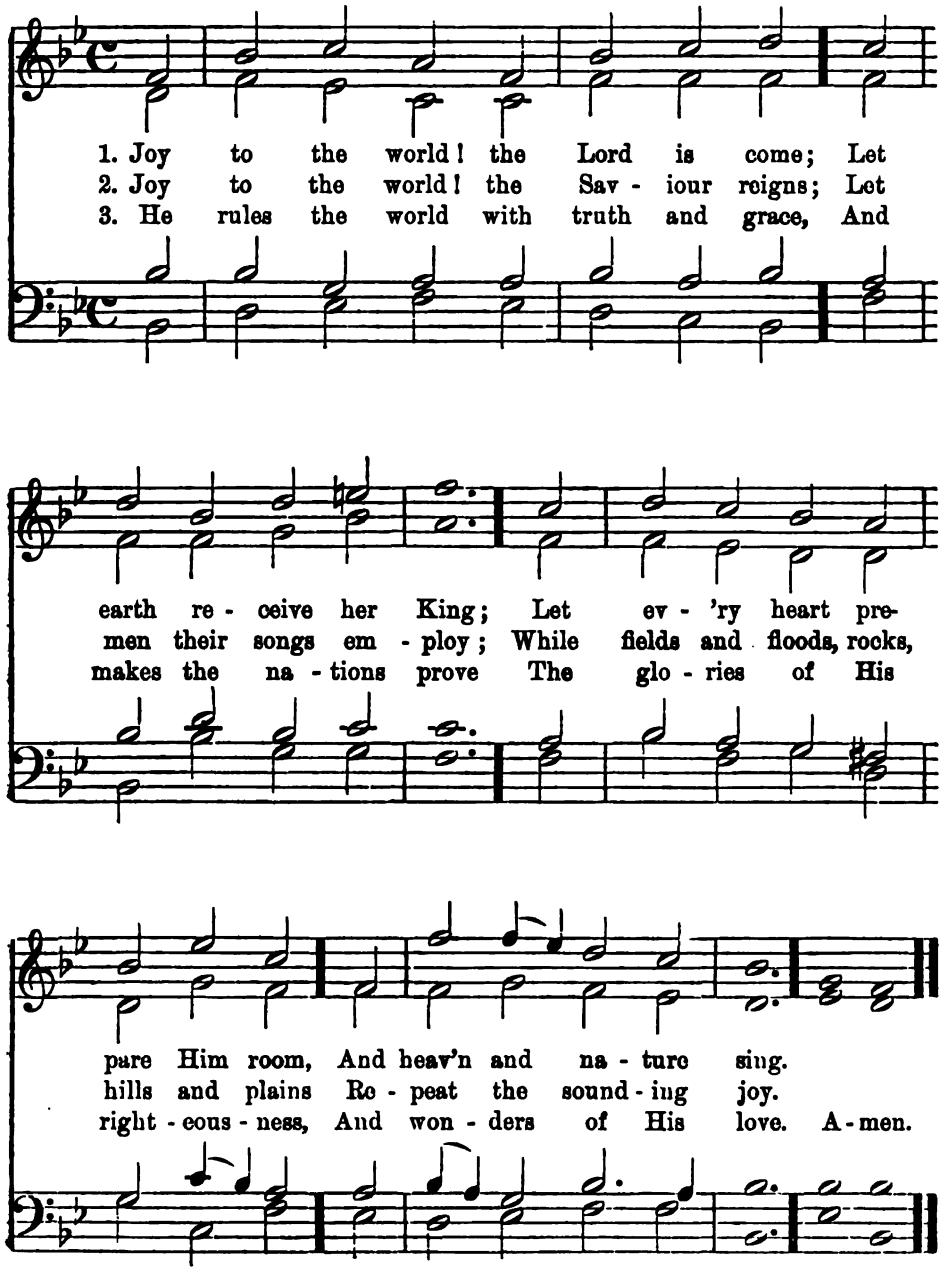
FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO. L. M.



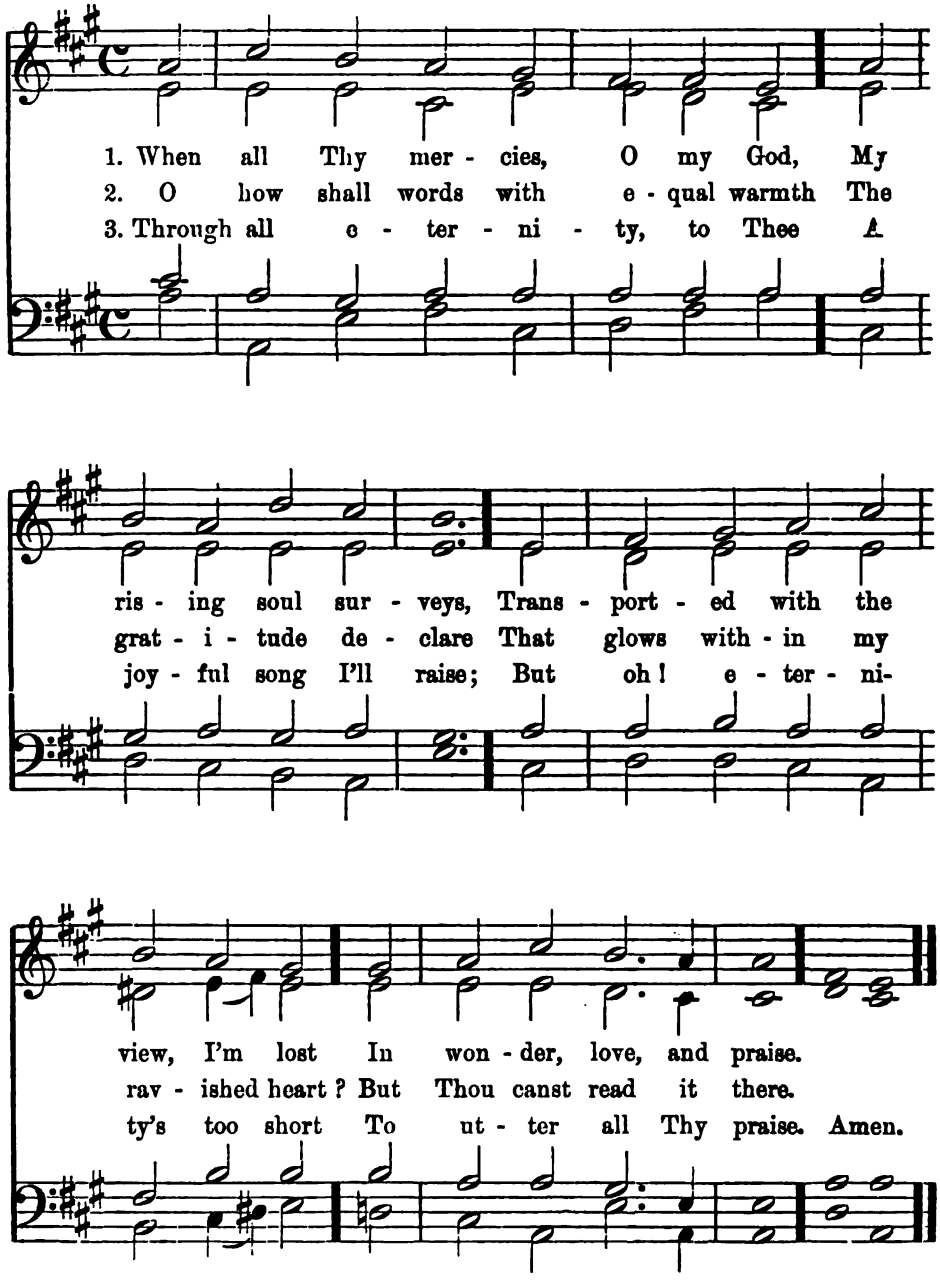
LIFT UP YOUR HEADS. C. M.



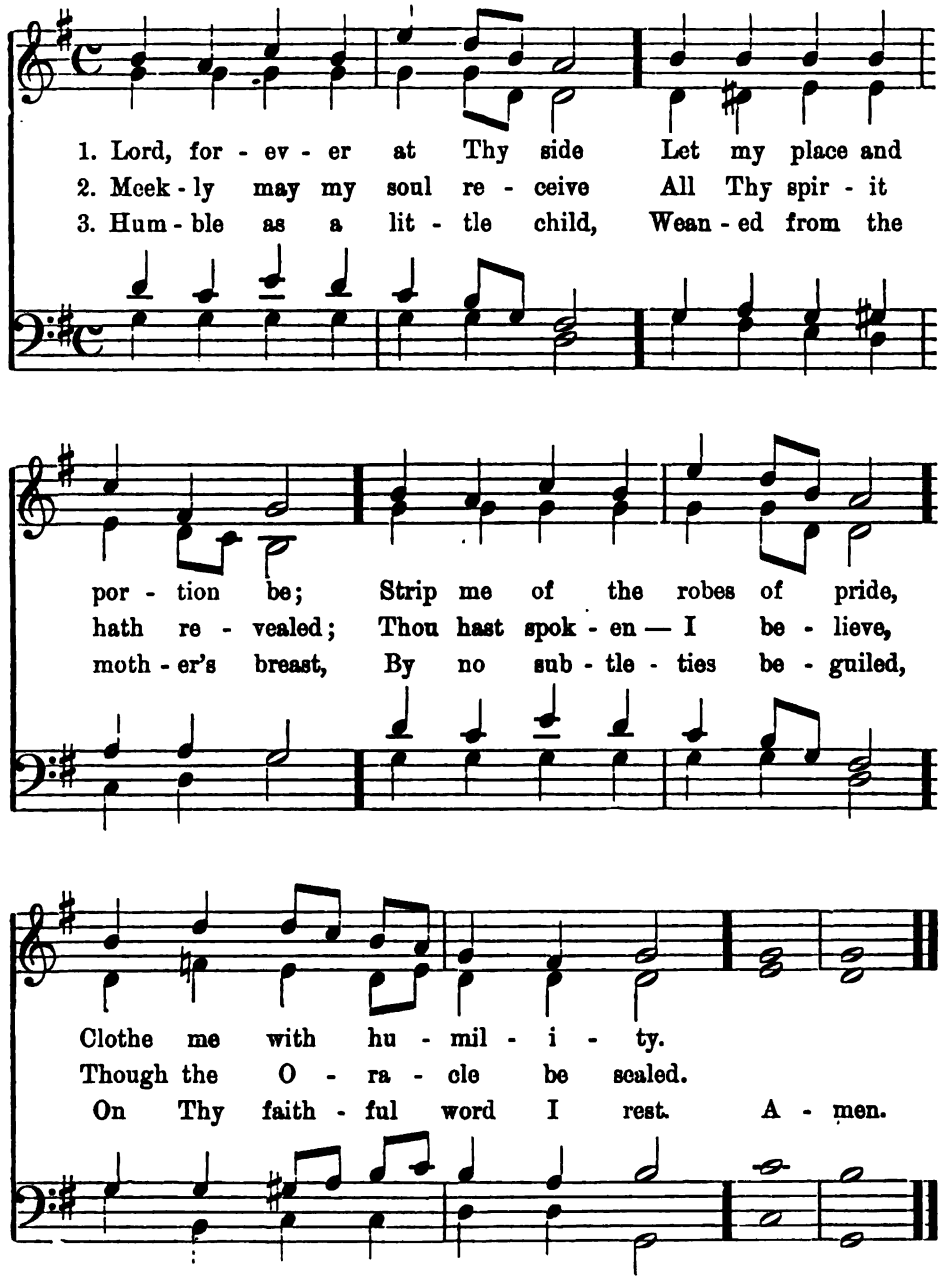
JOY TO THE WORLD. C. M.



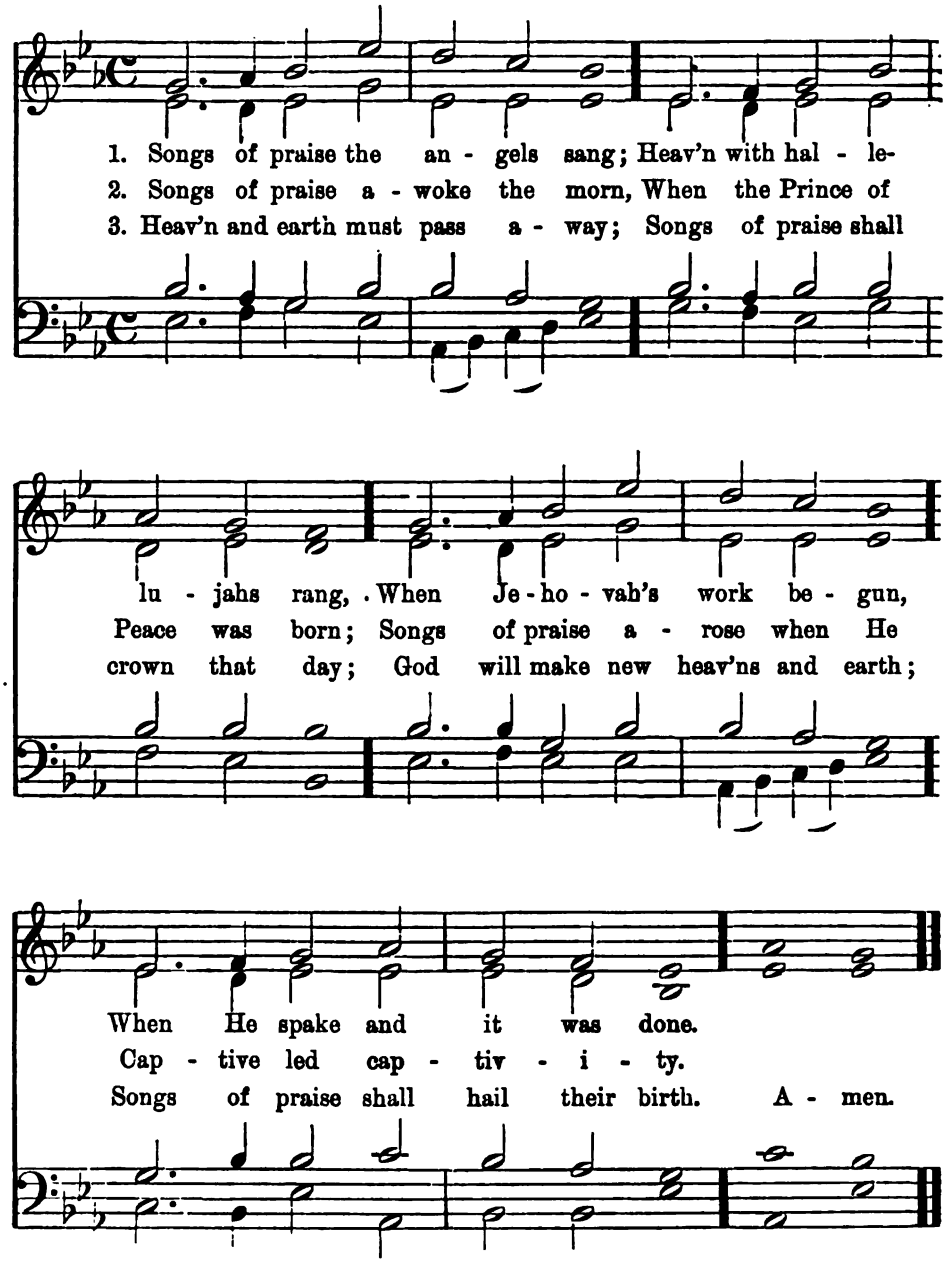
WHEN ALL THY MERCIES. C. M.



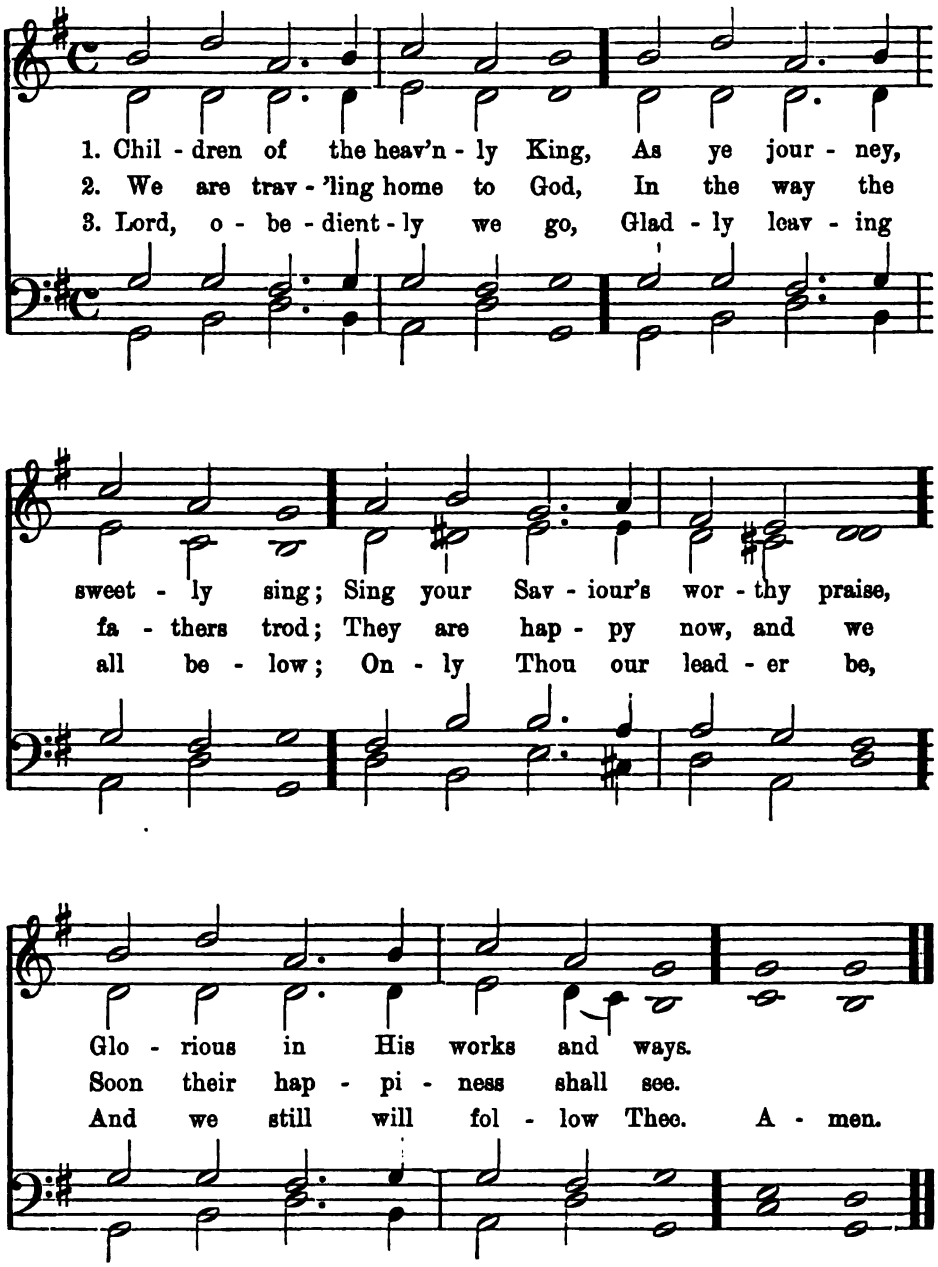
LORD, FOR EVER AT THY SIDE. 7s.



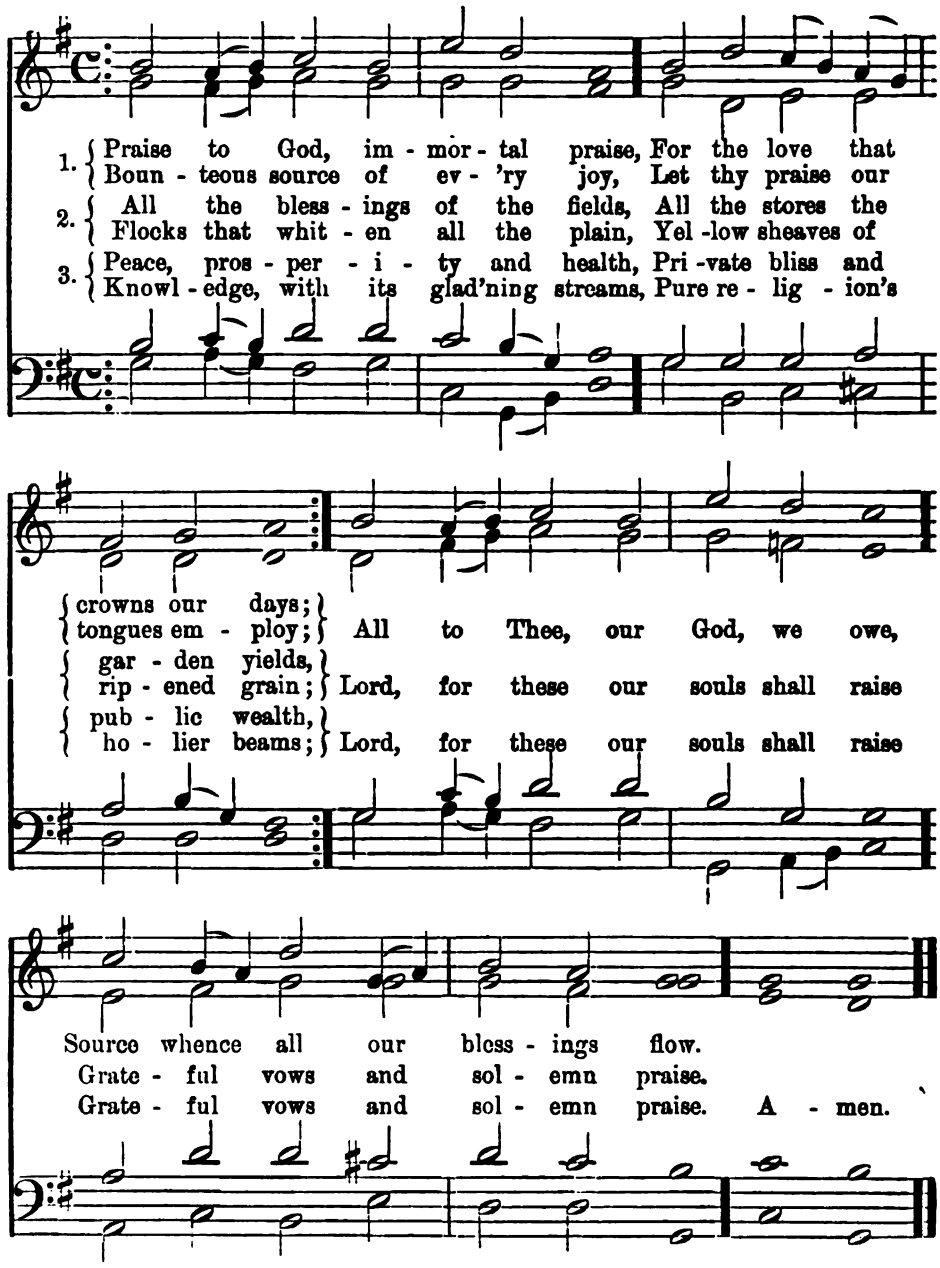
SONGS OF PRAISE THE ANGELS SANG. 7s.



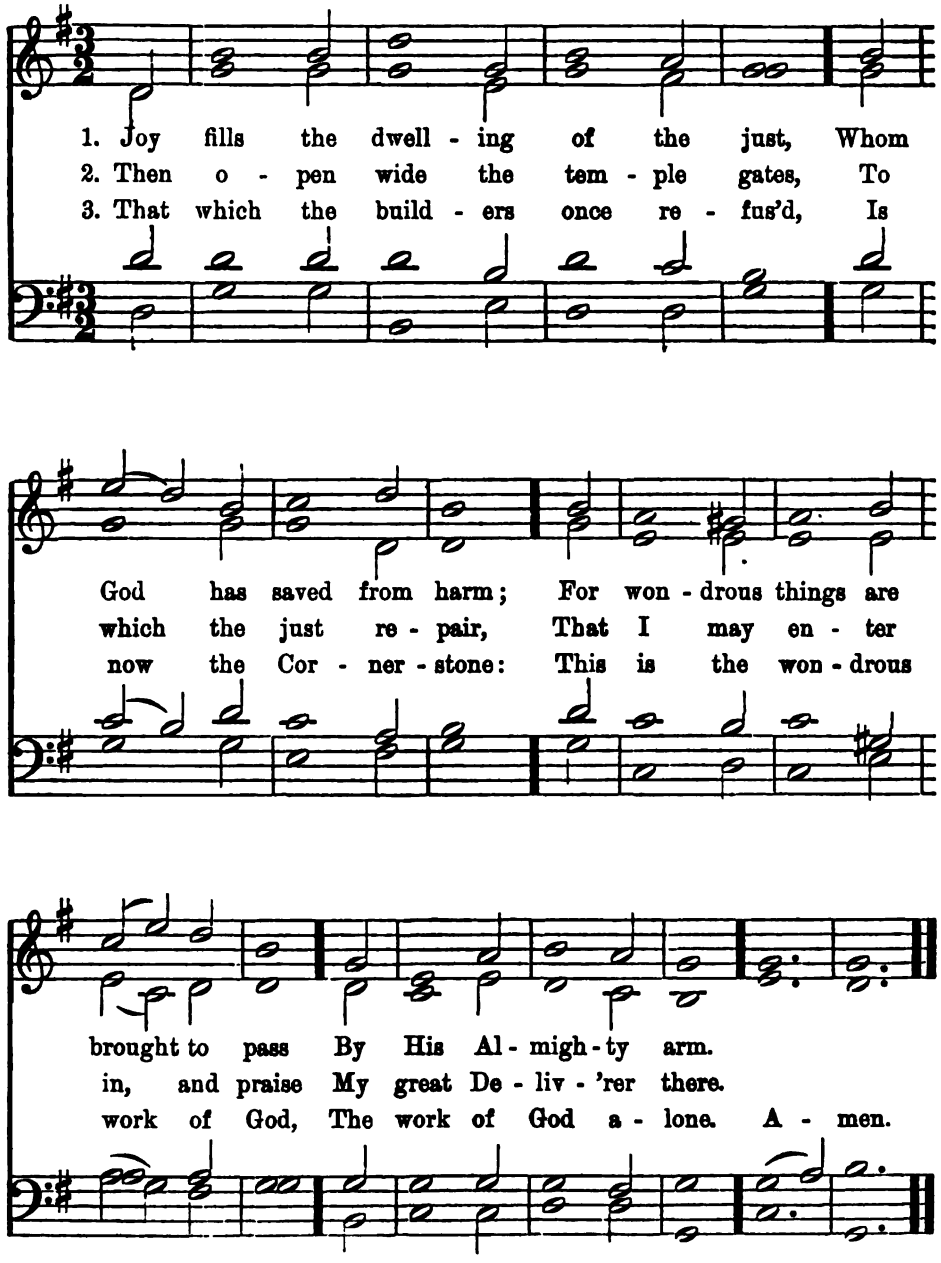
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING. 7s.



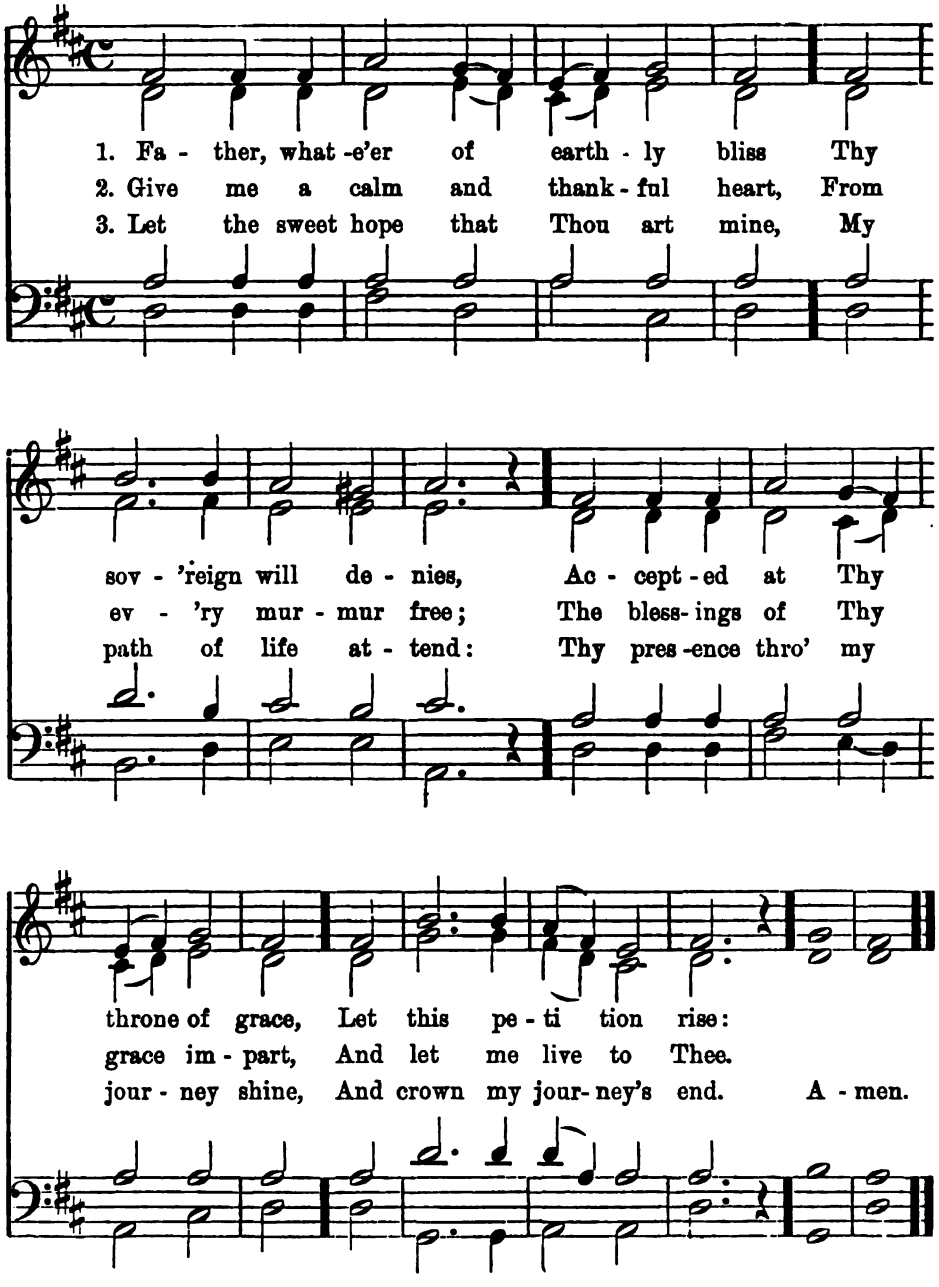
PRAISE TO GOD. Six 7s.



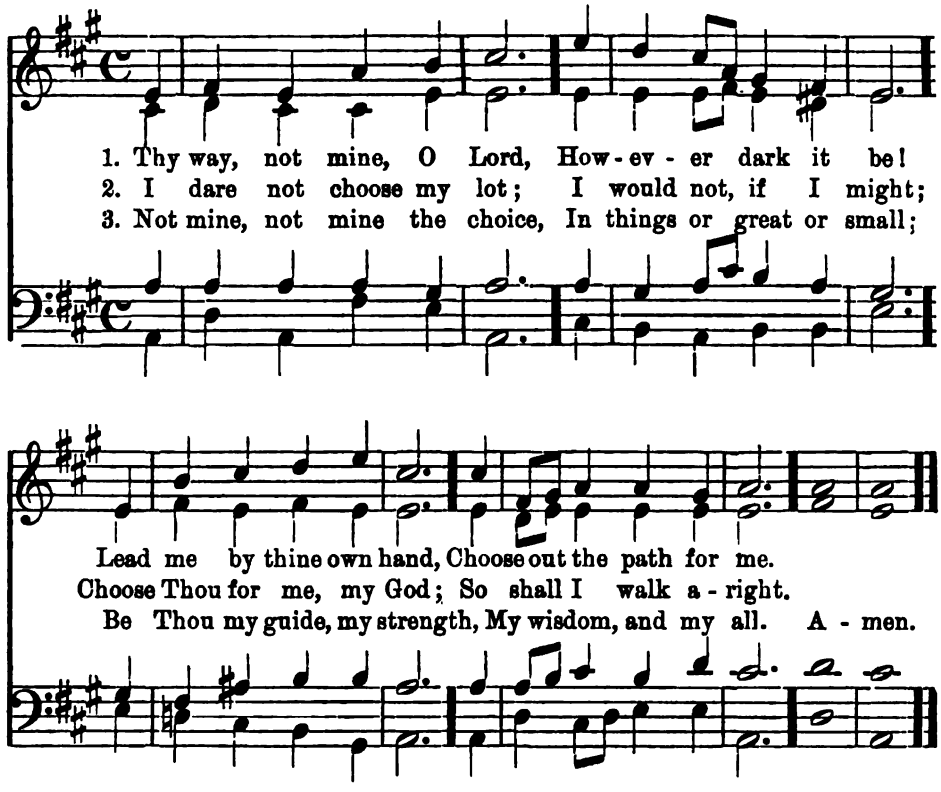
JOY FILLS THE DWELLING OF THE JUST. C. M.



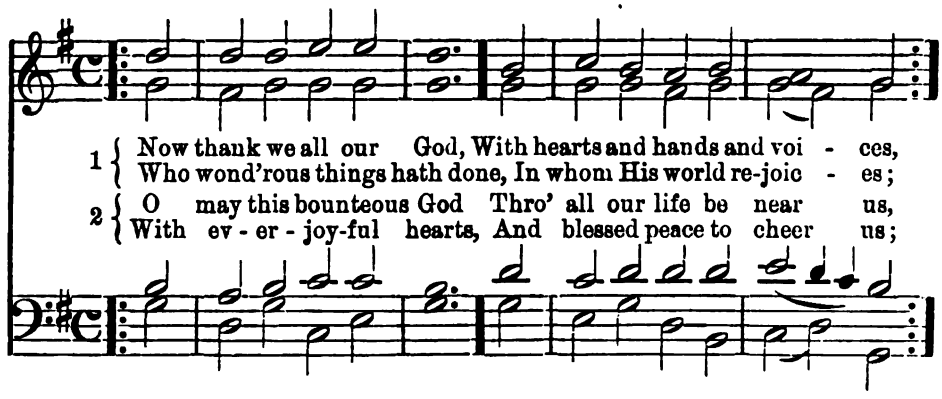
FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS. C. M.

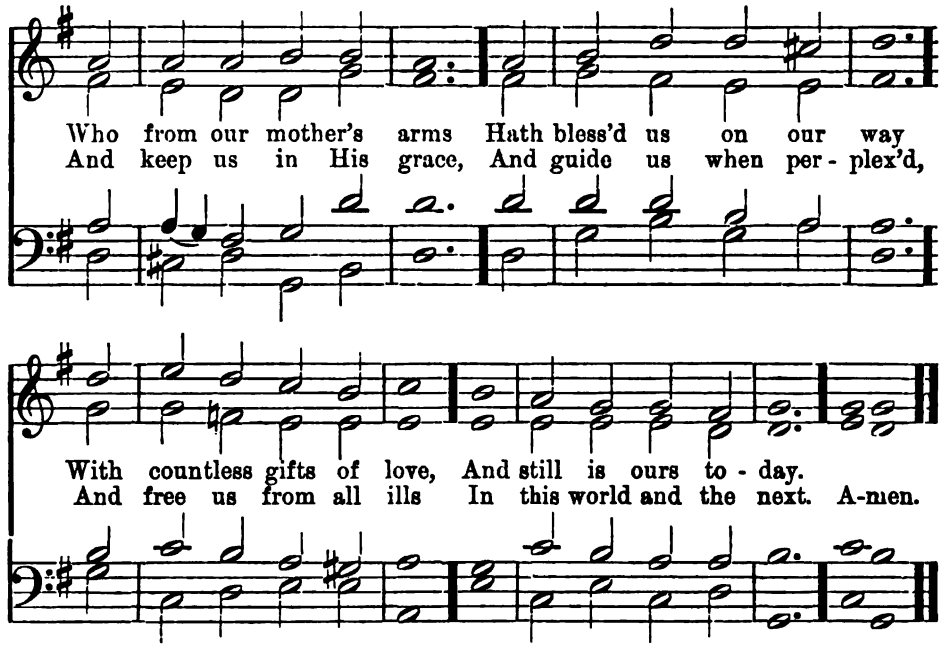


THY WAY, NOT MINE, O LORD. 6s.

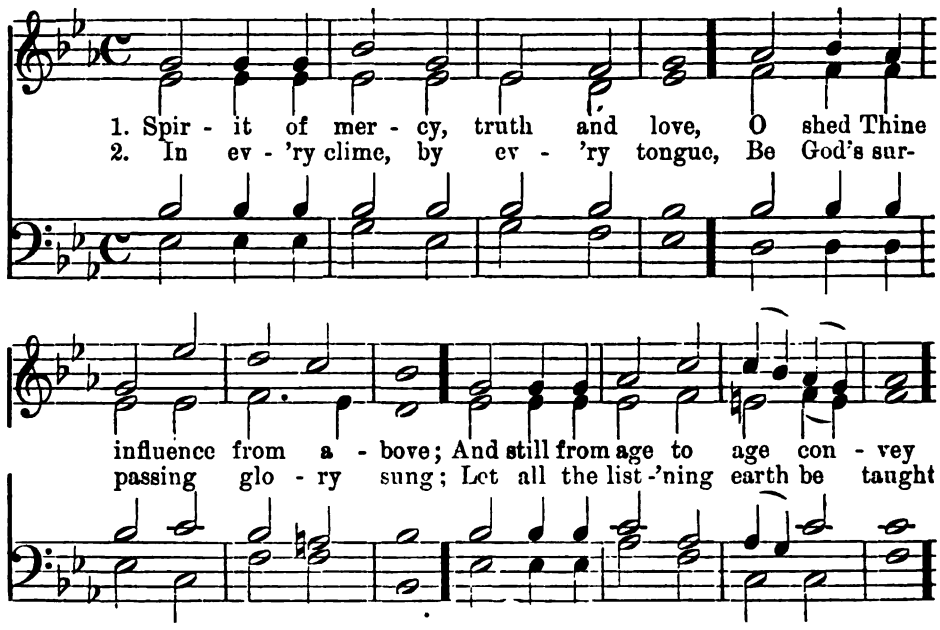


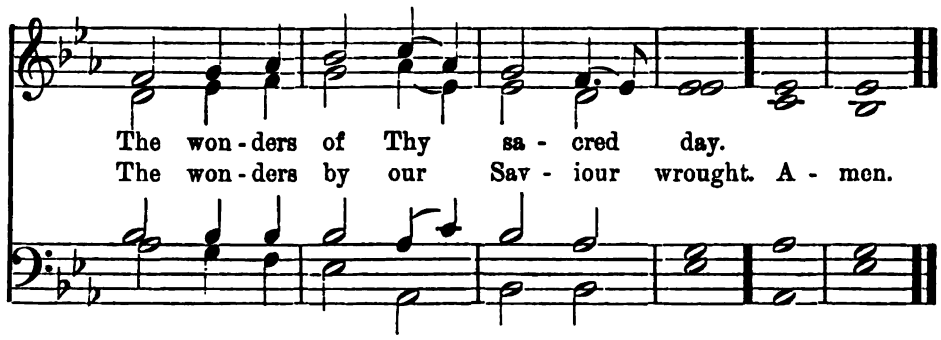
NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD. P. M.



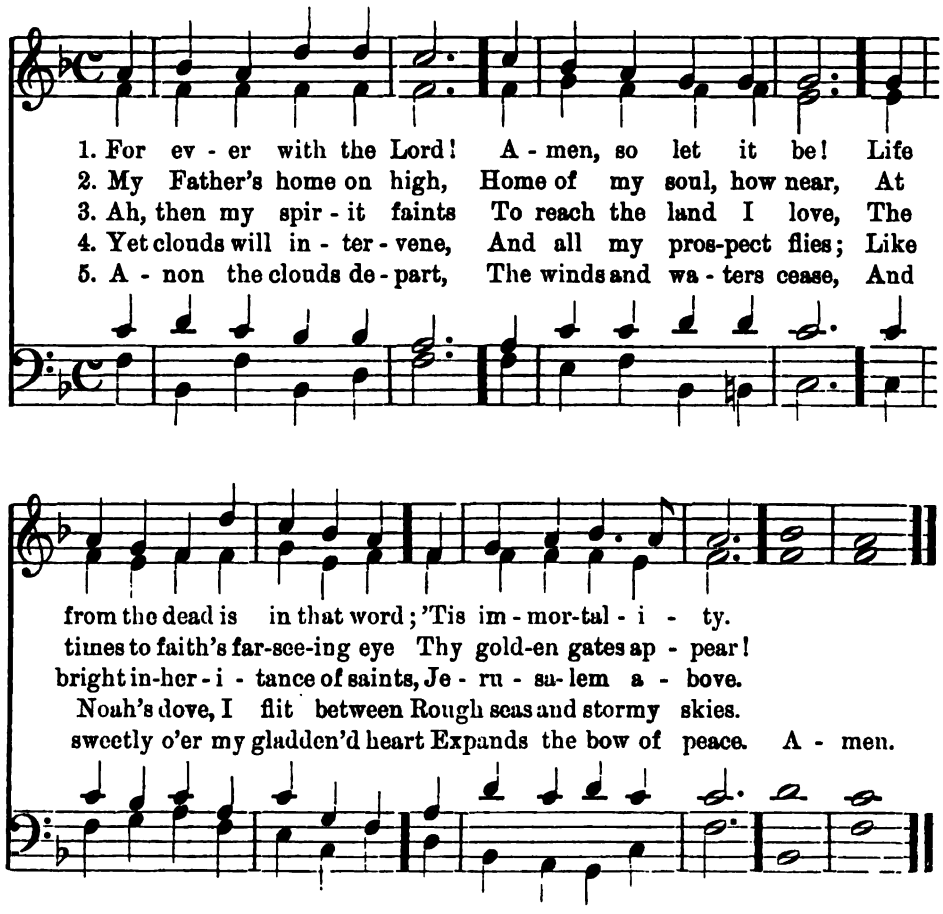


SPIRIT OF MERCY, TRUTH, AND LOVE. L. M.

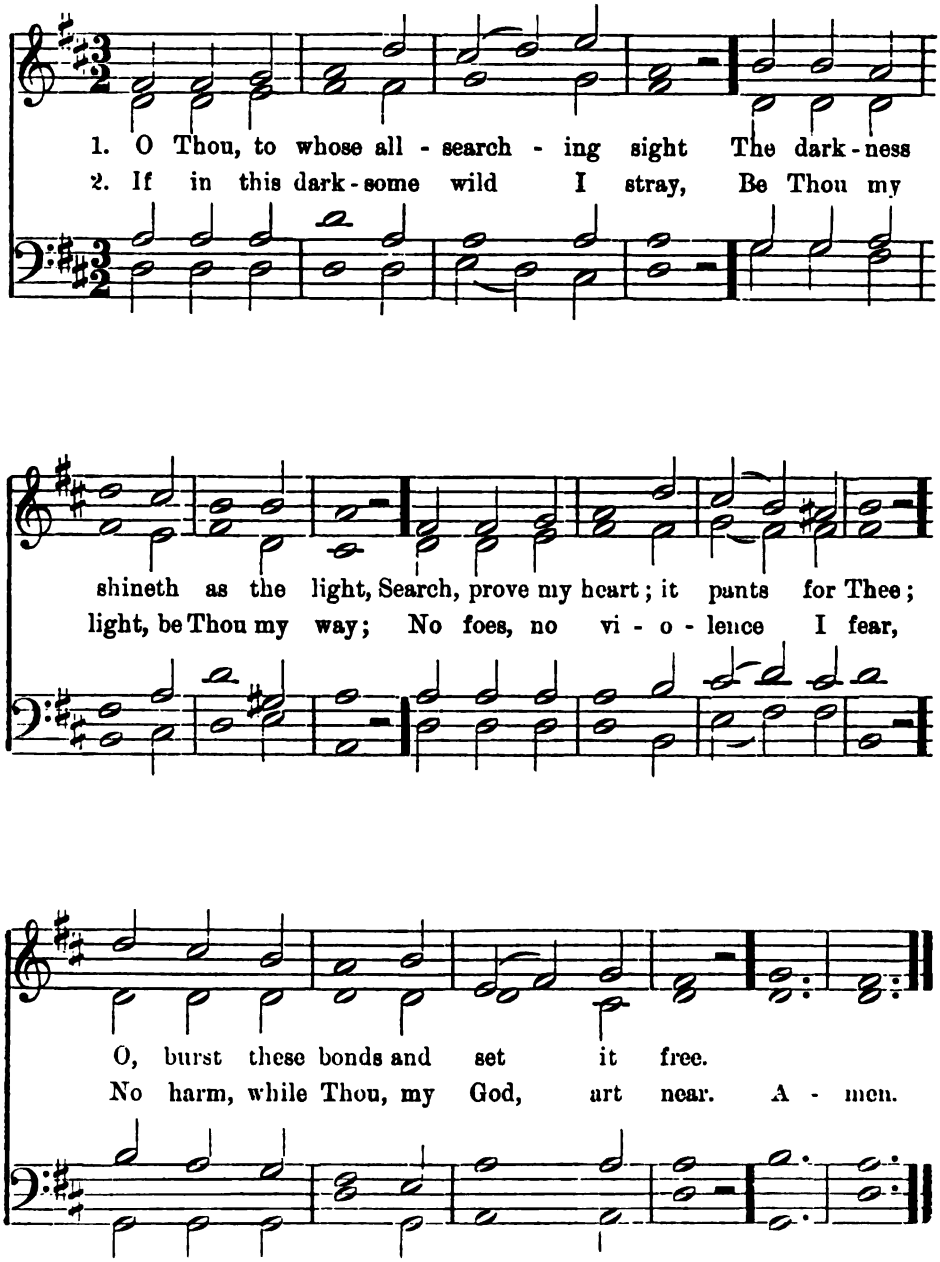




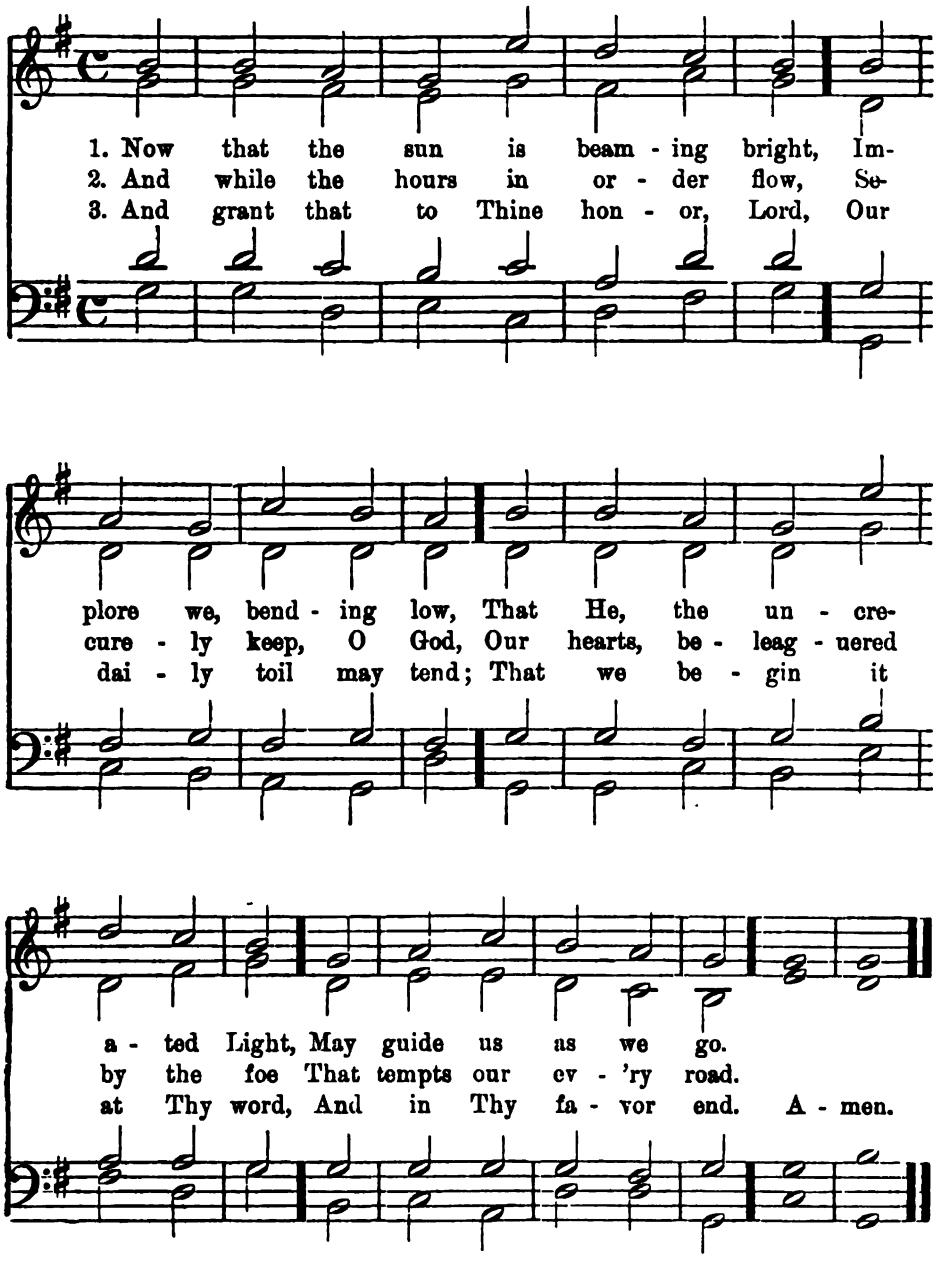
FOR EVER WITH THE LORD. S. M.



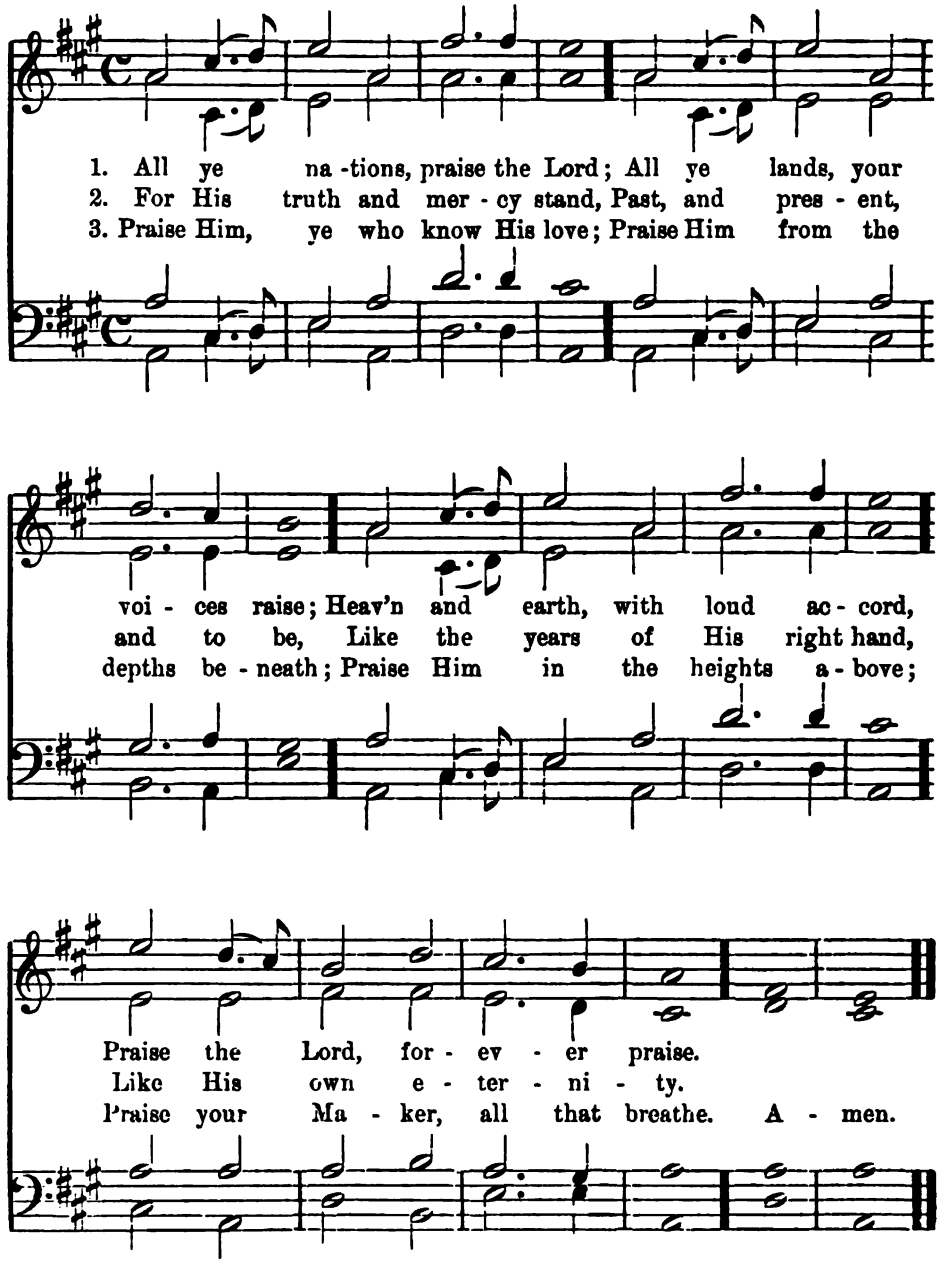
O THOU, TO WHOSE ALL-SEARCHING SIGHT. L. M.



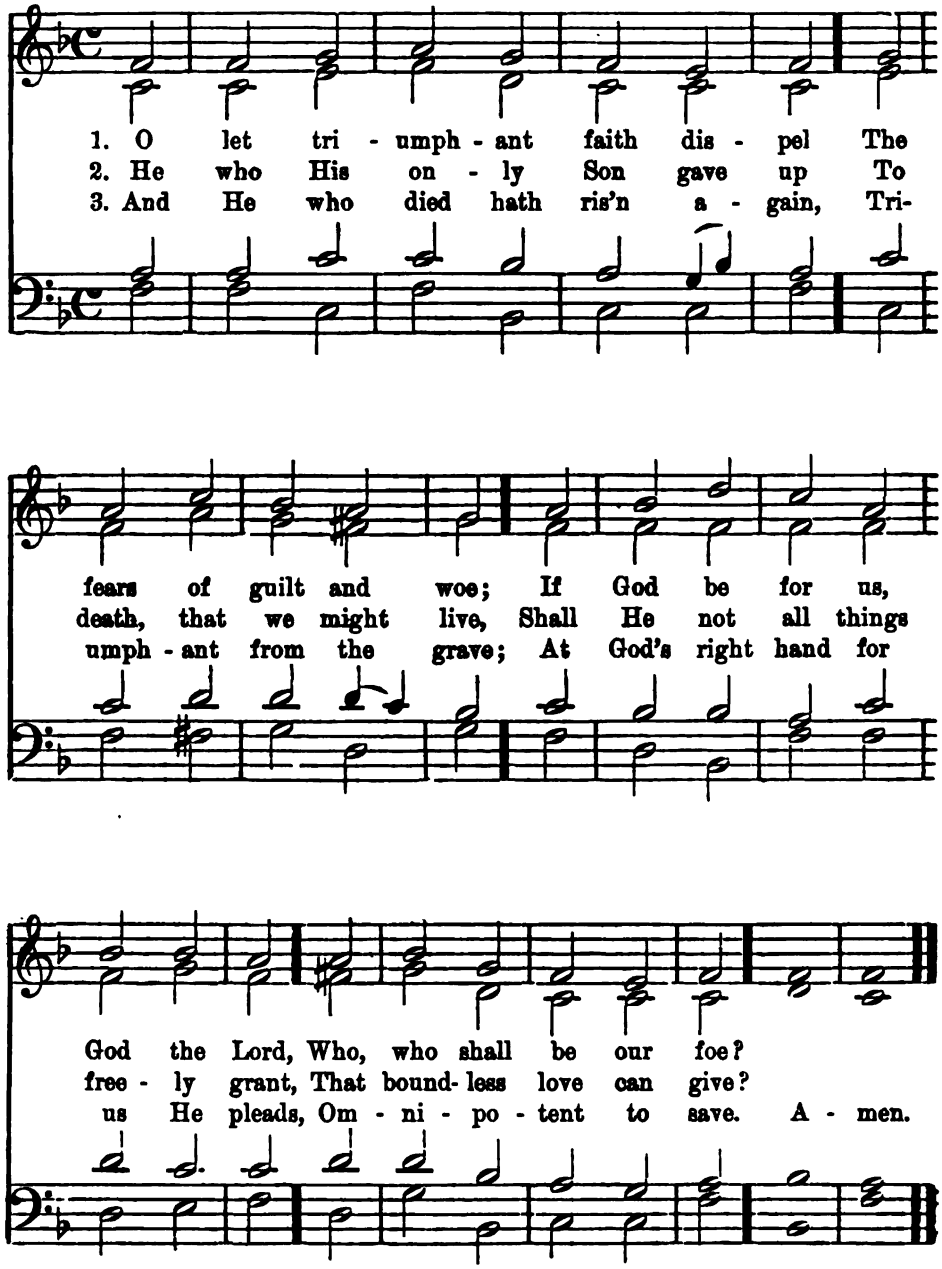
MORNING HYMN. C. M.



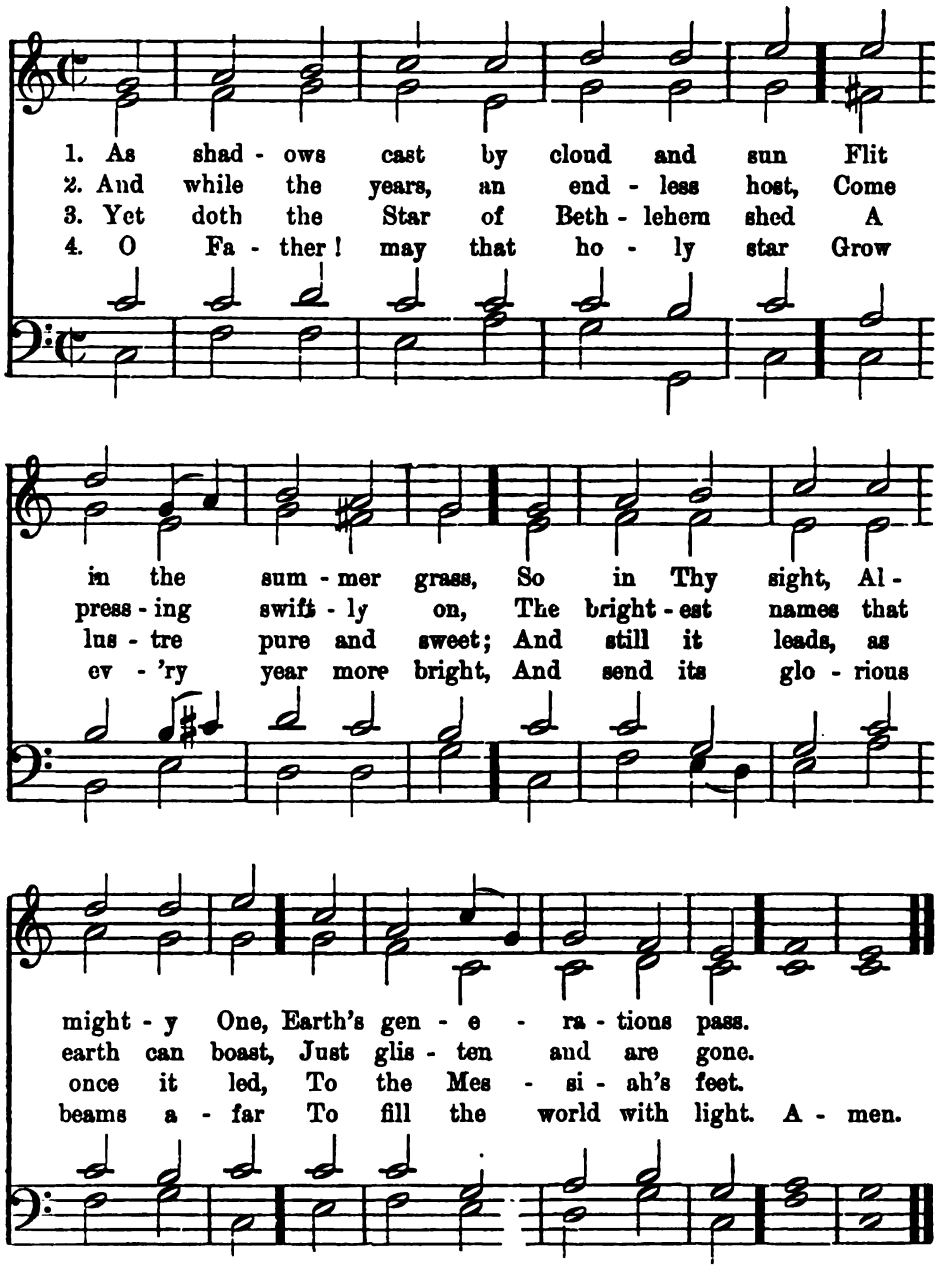
ALL YE NATIONS, PRAISE THE LORD. 7s.



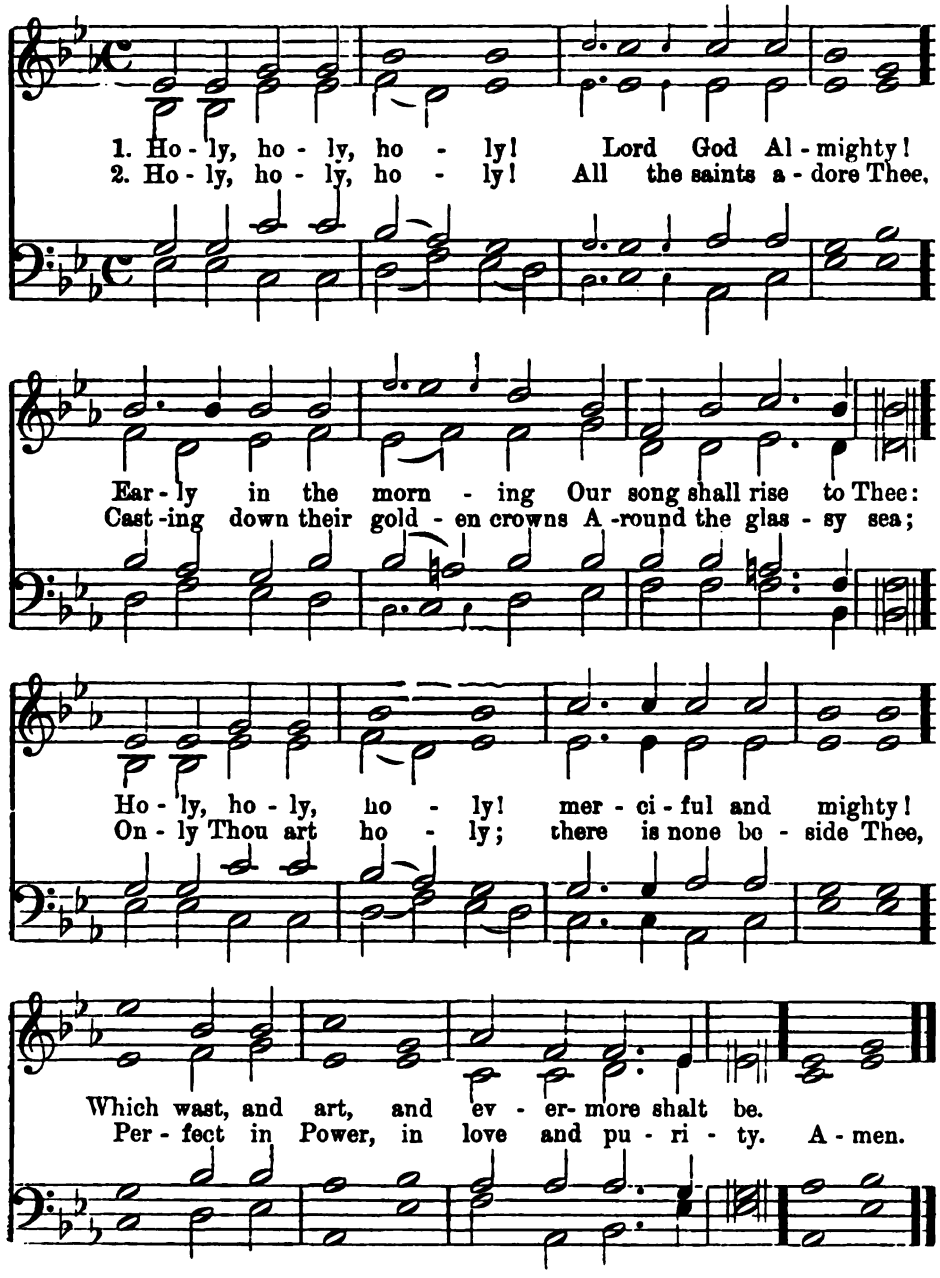
O LET TRIUMPHANT FAITH DISPEL. C. M.



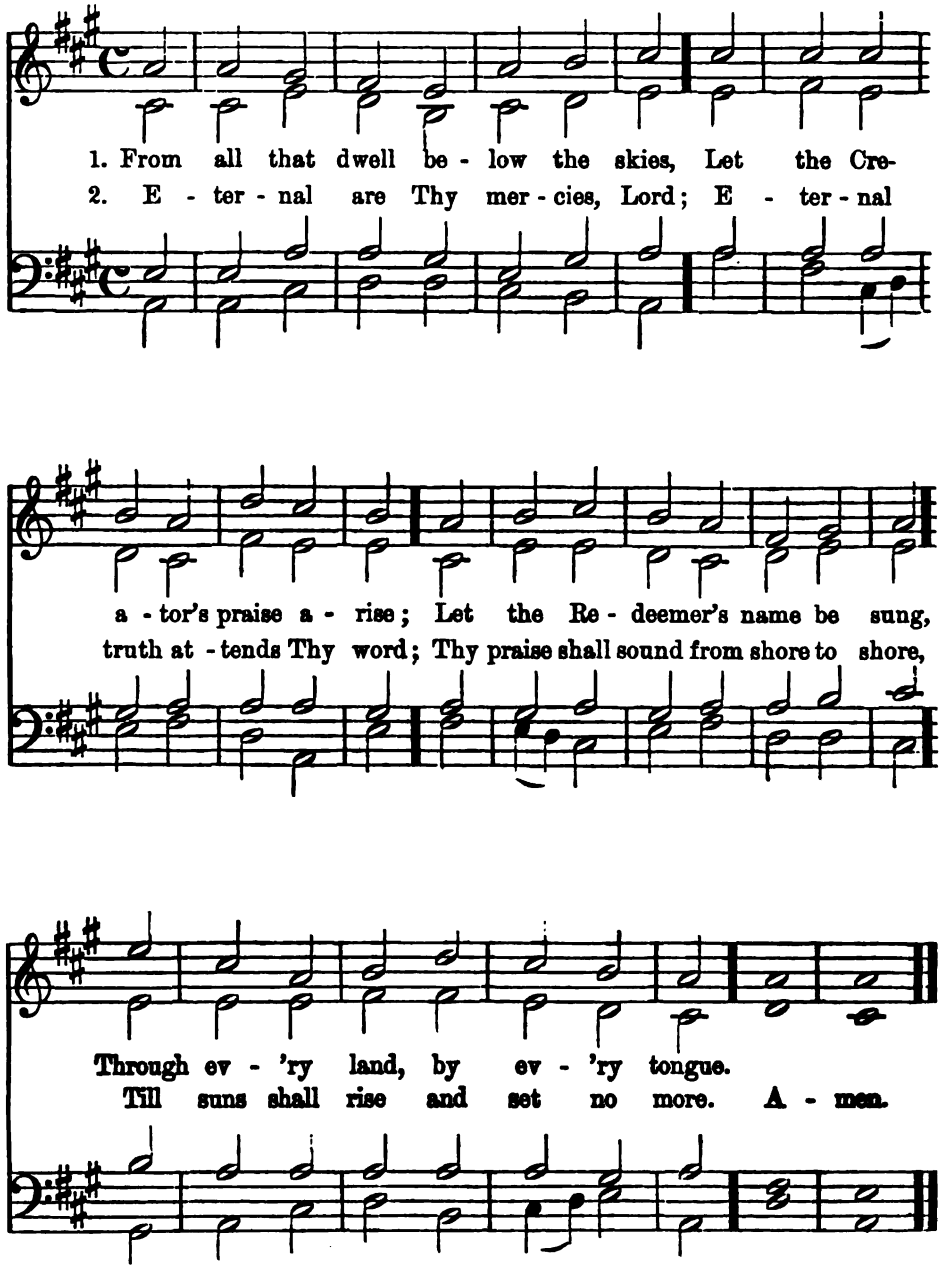
AS SHADOWS CAST. C. M.



HOLY, HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY! P. M.



FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES. L. M.



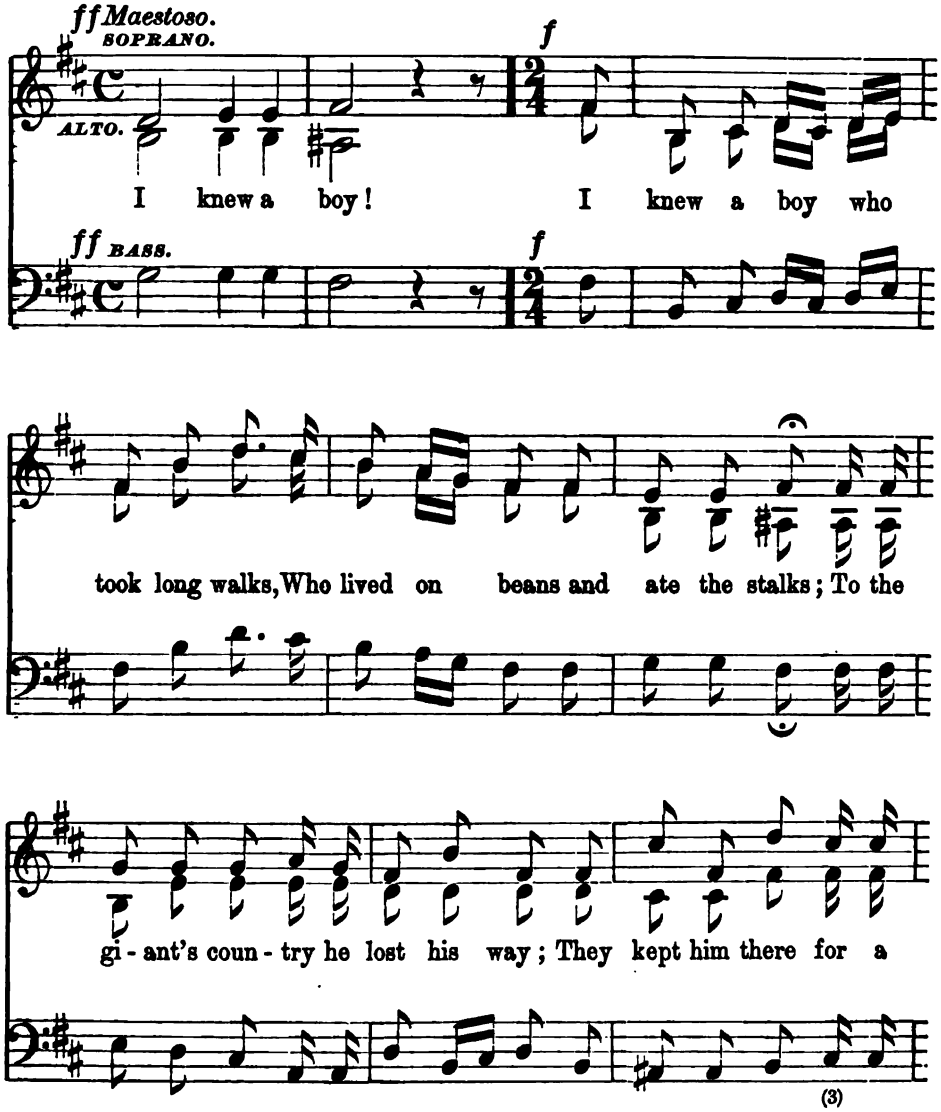
SUPPLEMENTARY MUSIC

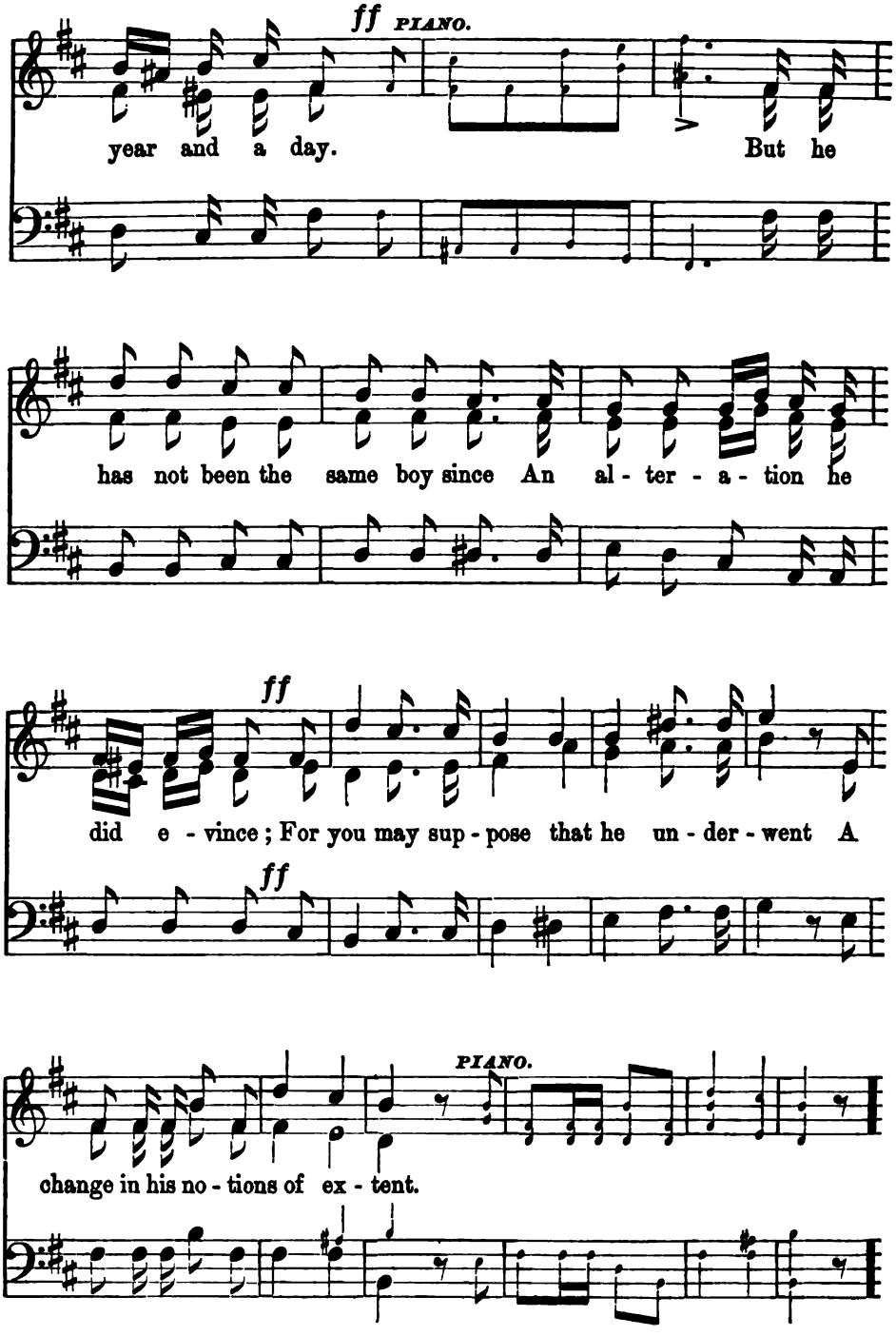
TO THE

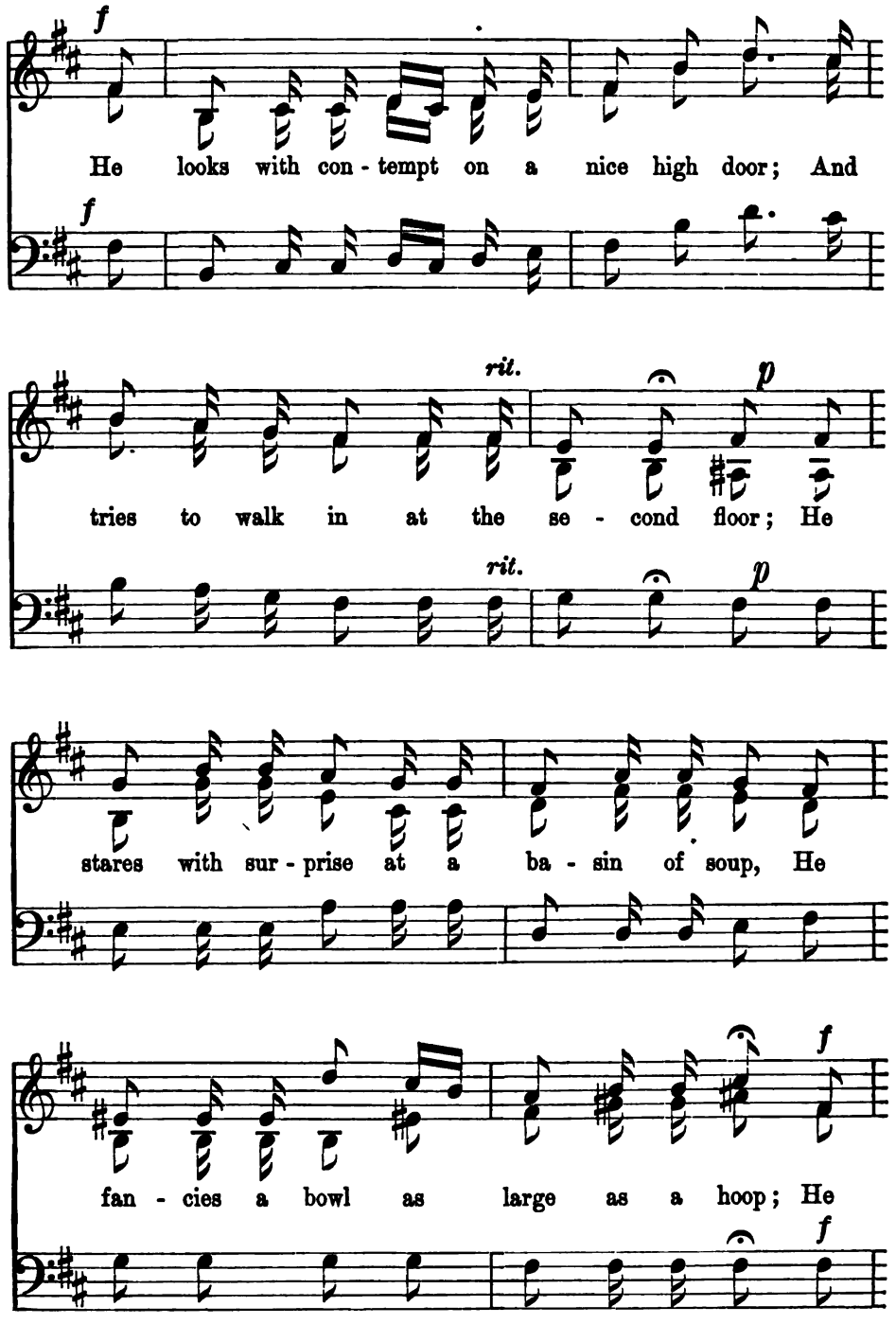
HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC READER.

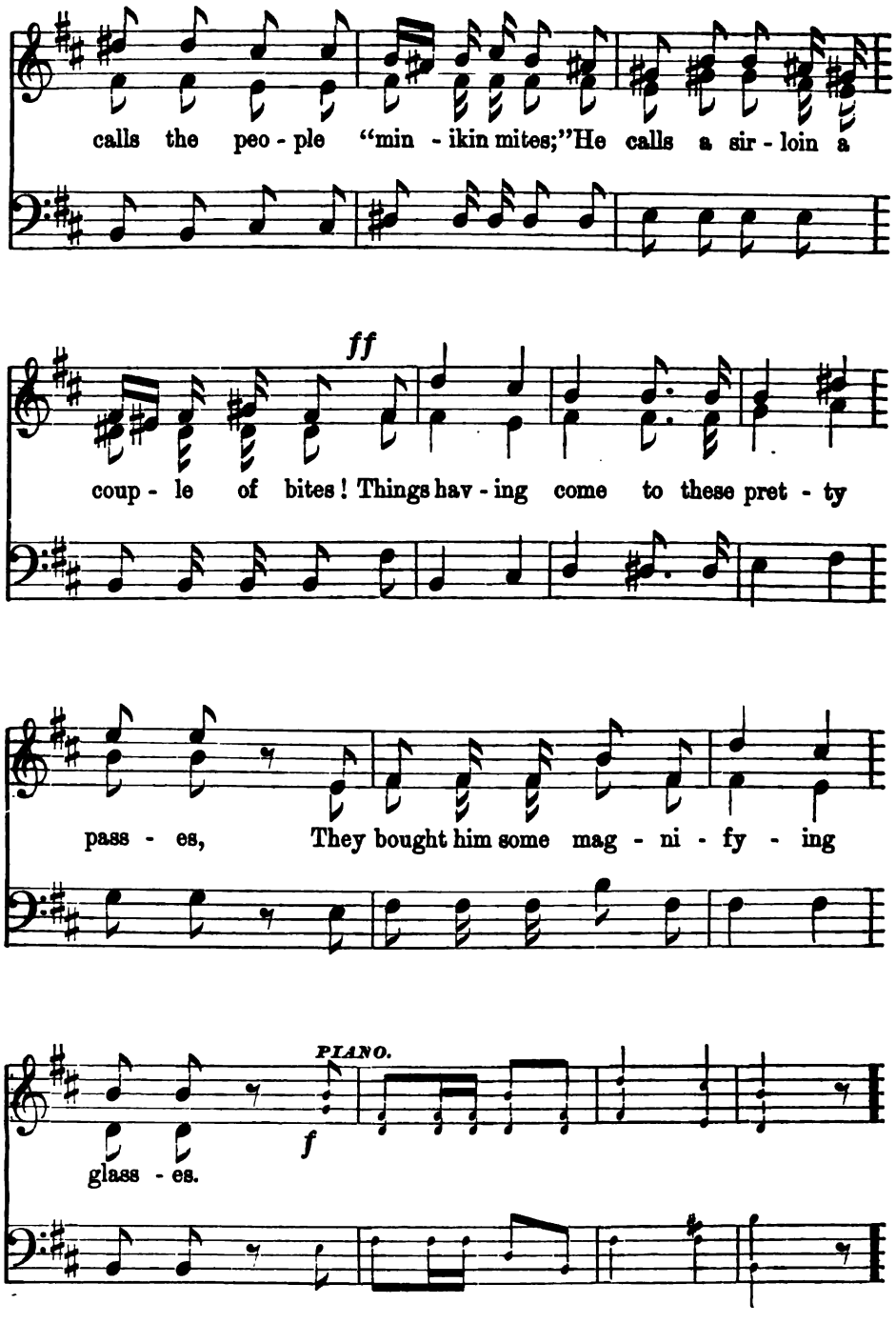
I KNEW A BOY.

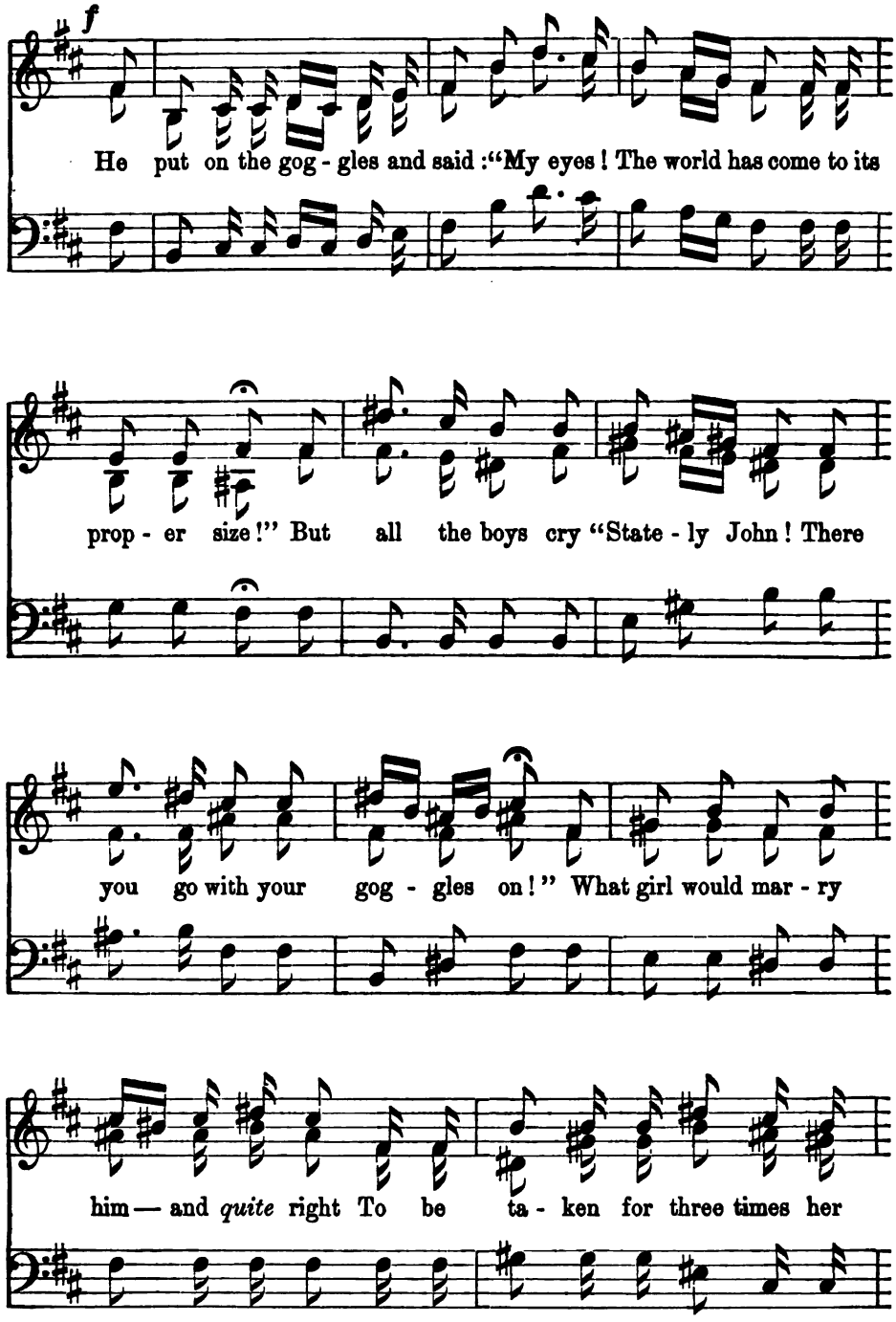
Words from "LILLIPUT LEVEE." Music by J. EICHBERG.

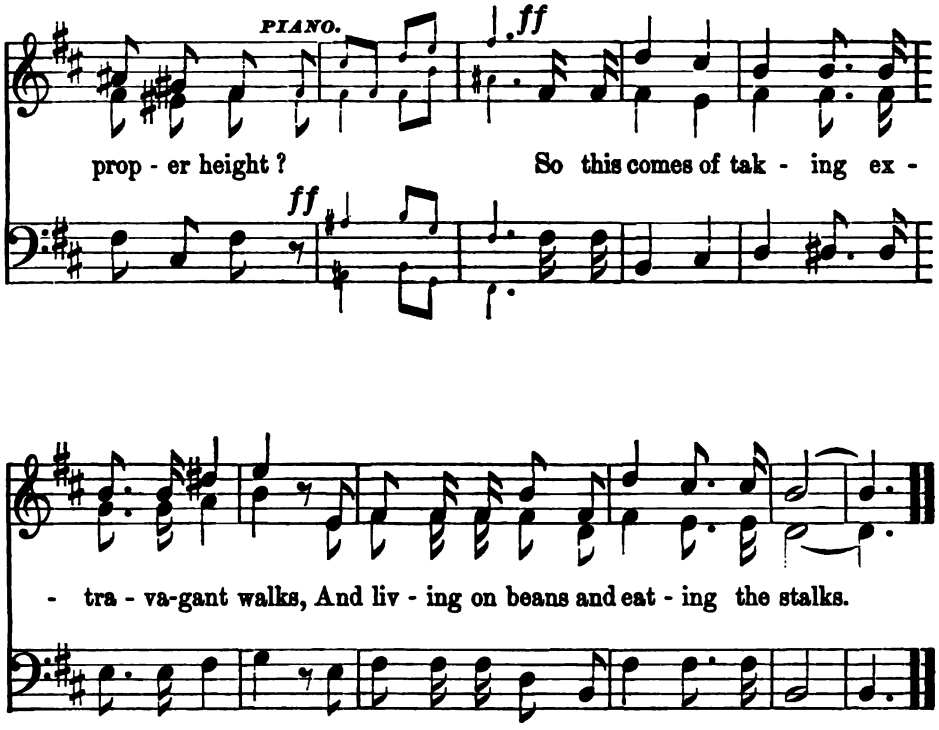



ff PIANO.
year and a day. But he
has not been the same boy since An al - ter - a - tion he
ff
did e - vince; For you may sup - pose that he un - der - went A
ff
PIANO.
change in his no - tions of ex - tent.


f
He looks with con - tempt on a nice high door; And
f
rit.
p
tries to walk in at the se - cond floor; He
rit.
p
stares with sur - prise at a ba - sin of soup, He
f
fan - cies a bowl as large as a hoop; He
f

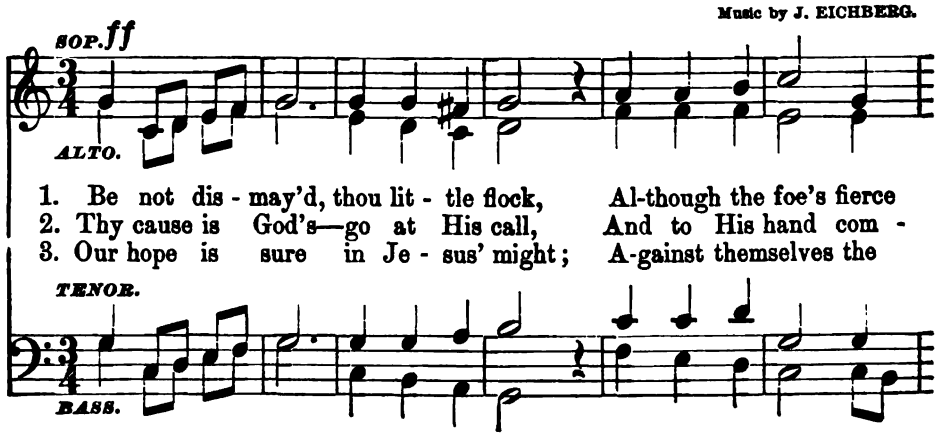

calls the peo - ple "min - ikin mites;" He calls a sir - loin a
ff
coup - le of bites! Things hav - ing come to these pret - ty
pass - es, They bought him some mag - ni - fy - ing
PIANO.
f
glass - es.

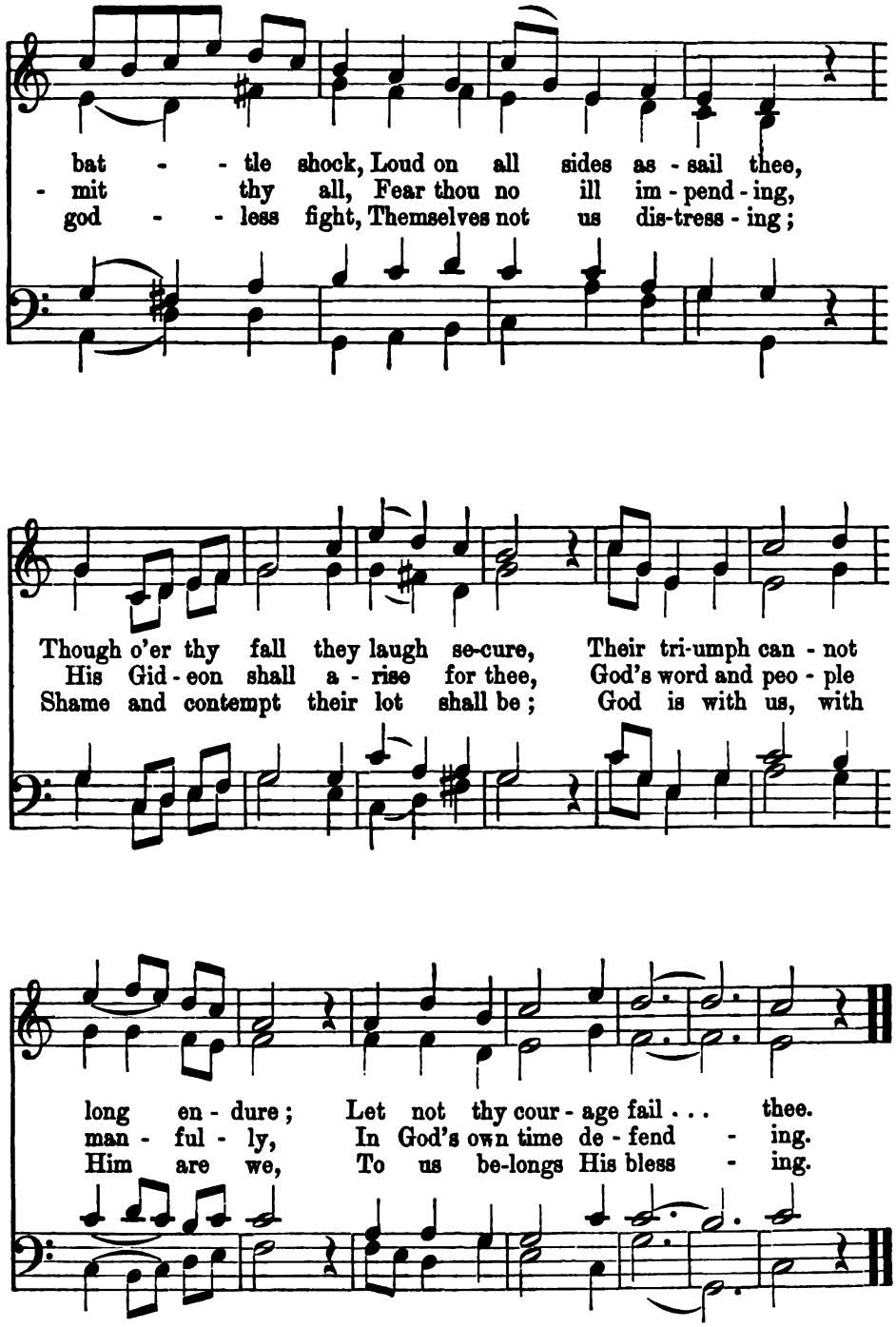

f
He put on the gog - gles and said :"My eyes ! The world has come to its
prop - er size !" But all the boys cry "State - ly John ! There
you go with your gog - gles on !" What girl would mar - ry
him — and *quite* right To be ta - ken for three times her



BATTLE SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

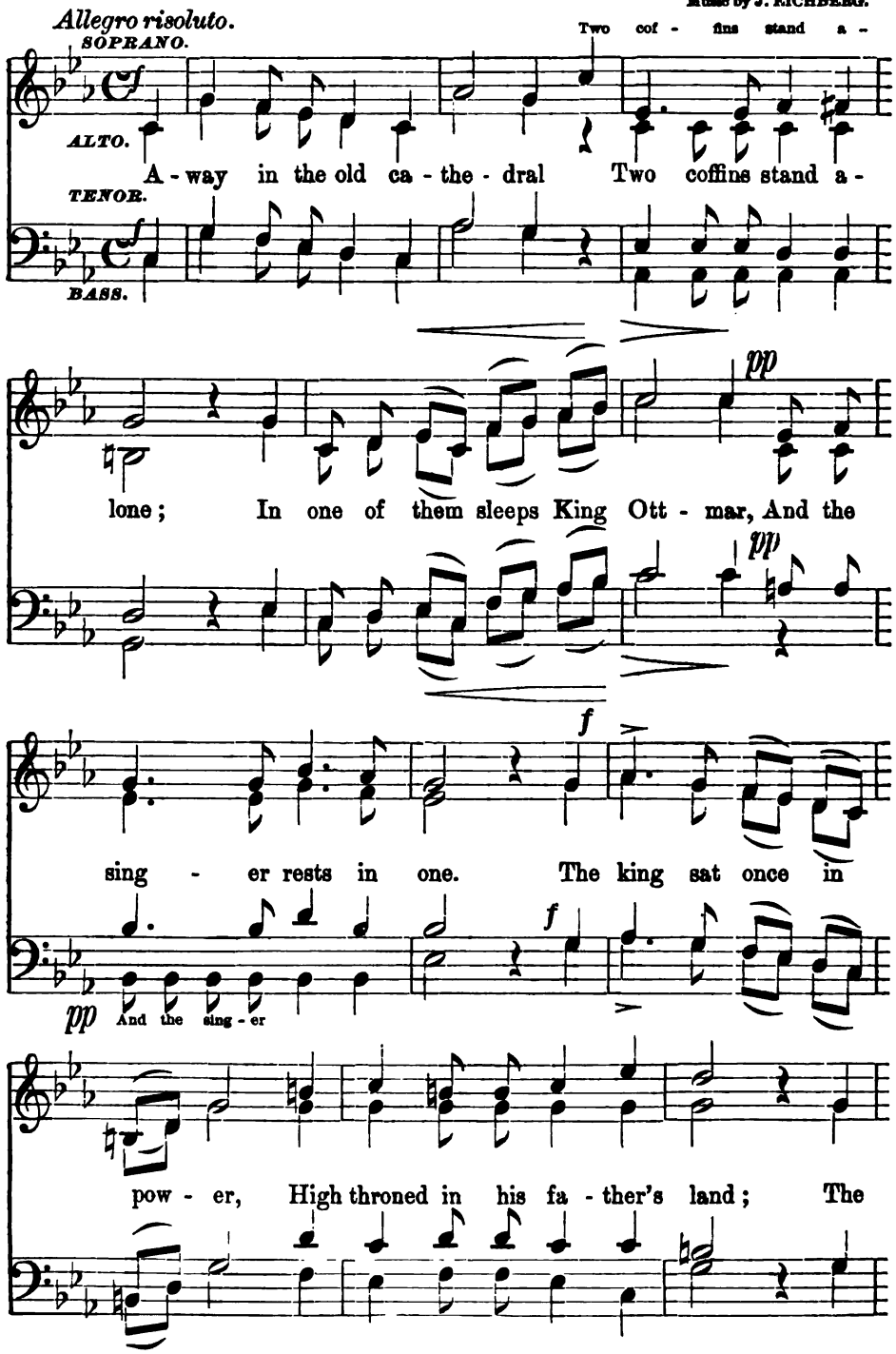
From the Swedish.
Music by J. EICHBERG.

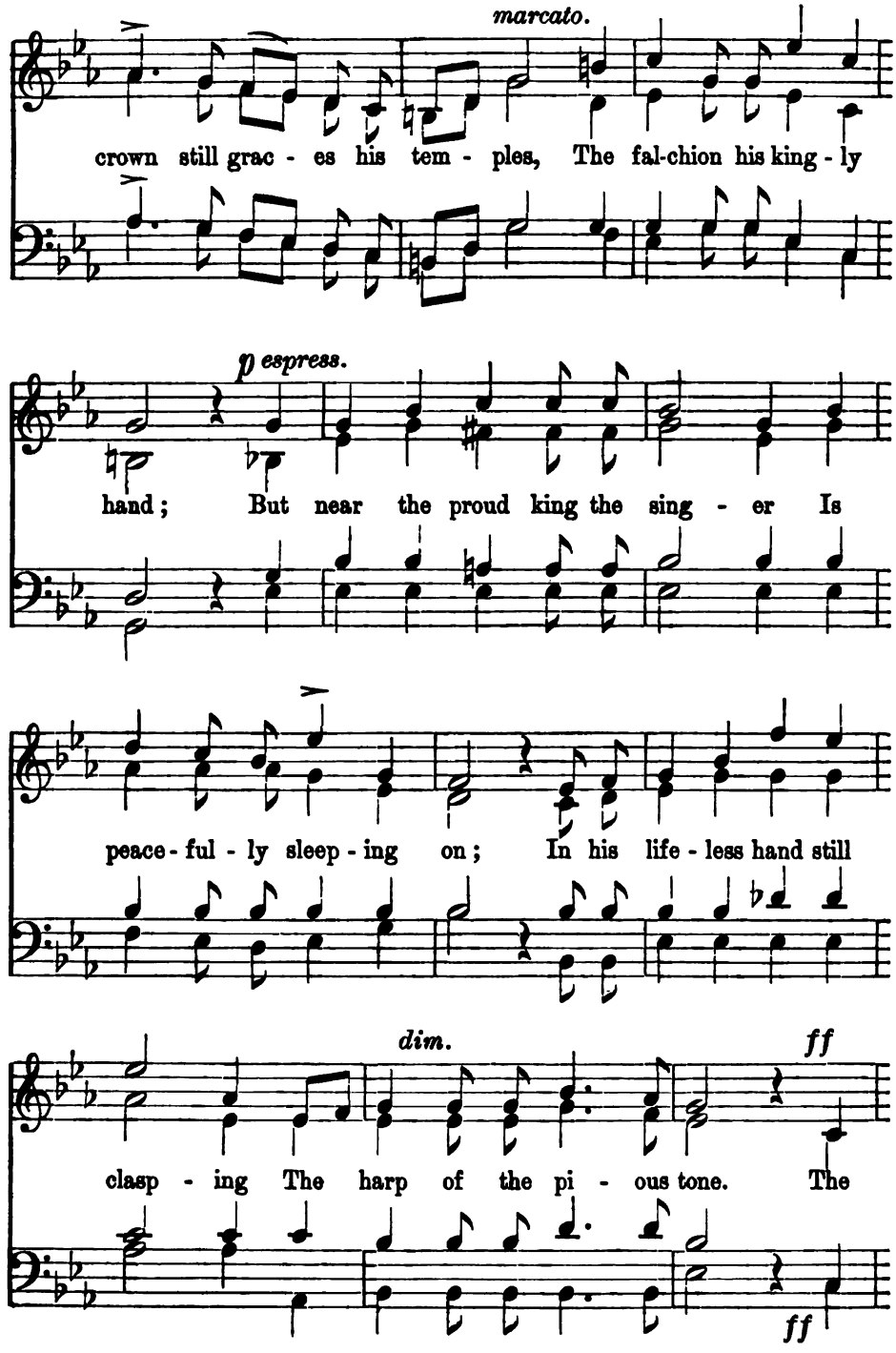


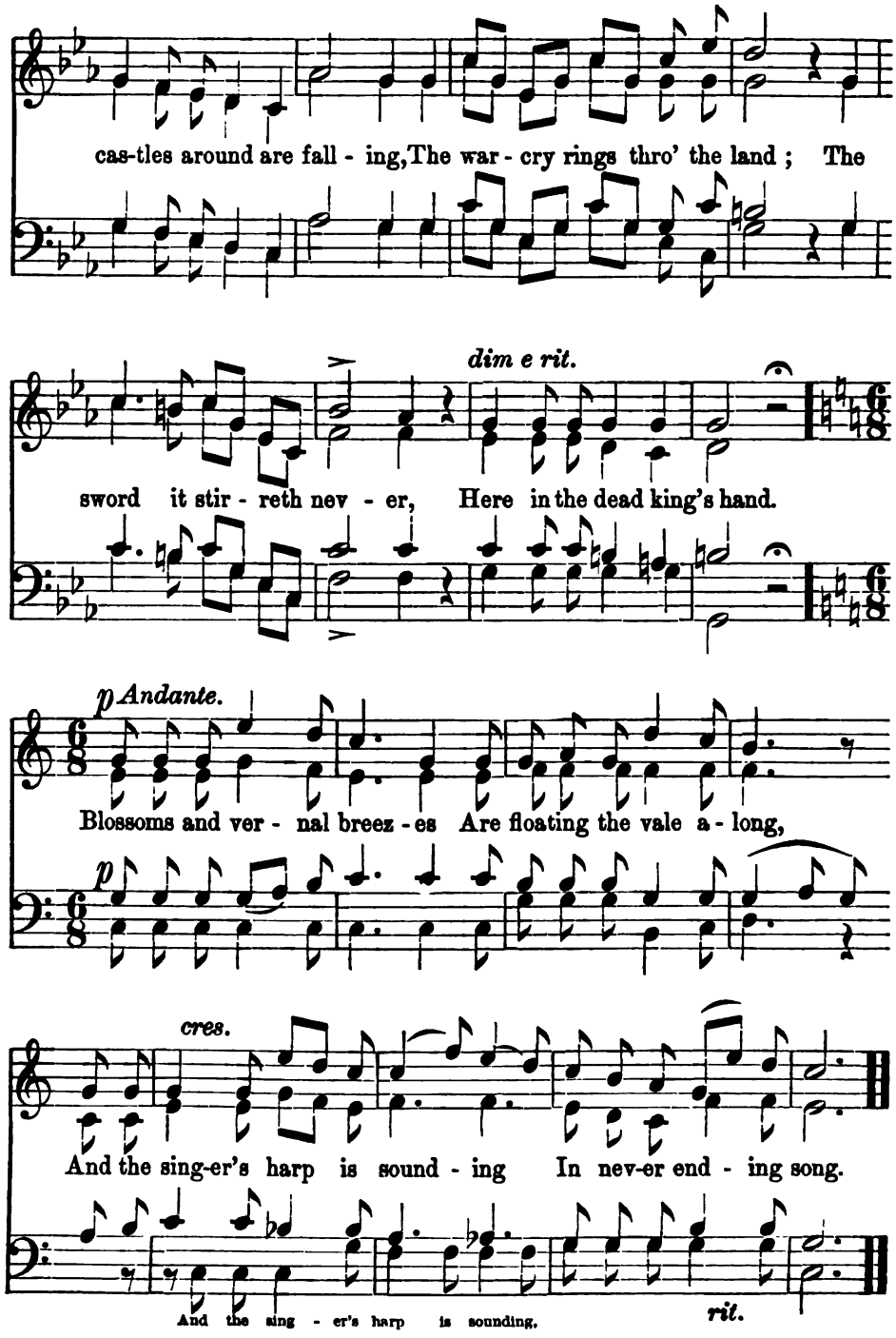

bat - - tle shock, Loud on all sides as - sail thee,
- mit thy all, Fear thou no ill im - pend - ing,
god - - less fight, Themselves not us dis-tress - ing;
Though o'er thy fall they laugh se-cure, Their tri-umph can - not
His Gid - eon shall a - rise for thee, God's word and peo - ple
Shame and contempt their lot shall be; God is with us, with
long en - dure; Let not thy cour - age fail . . . thee.
man - ful - ly, In God's own time de - fend - ing.
Him are we, To us be-longs His bless - ing.

AWAY IN THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

Music by J. KICHBERG.

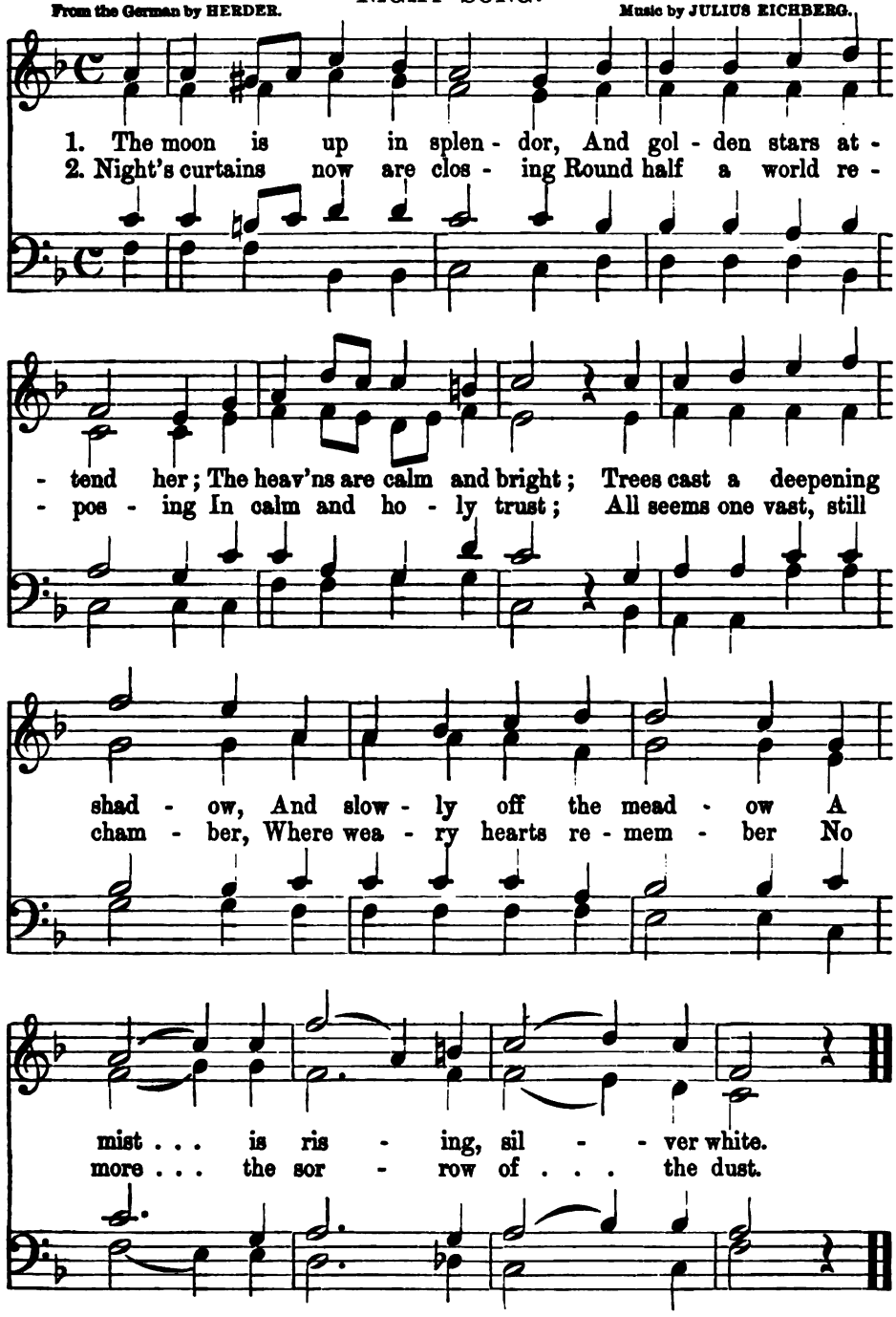



marcato.
crown still grac - es his tem - ples, The fal-chion his king - ly
p espress.
hand; But near the proud king the sing - er Is
peace - ful - ly sleep - ing on; In his life - less hand still
dim.
ff
clasp - ing The harp of the pi - ous tone. The
ff


cas-tles around are fall - ing, The war - cry rings thro' the land ; The
dim e rit.
sword it stir - reth nev - er, Here in the dead king's hand.
p Andante.
Blossoms and ver - nal breez - es Are floating the vale a - long,
p
cres.
And the sing-er's harp is sound - ing In nev-er end - ing song.
And the sing - er's harp is sounding.
rit.

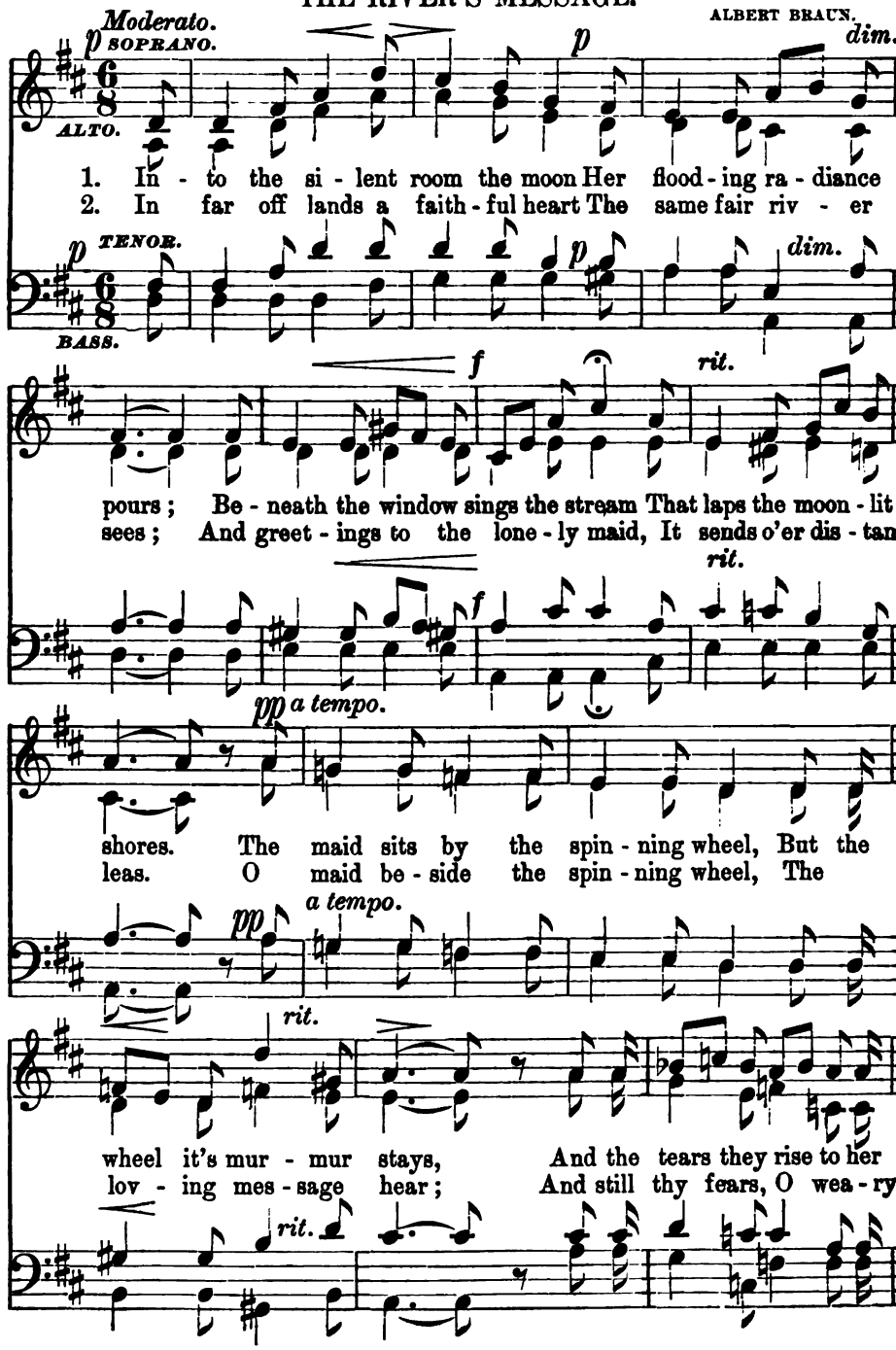
NIGHT-SONG.

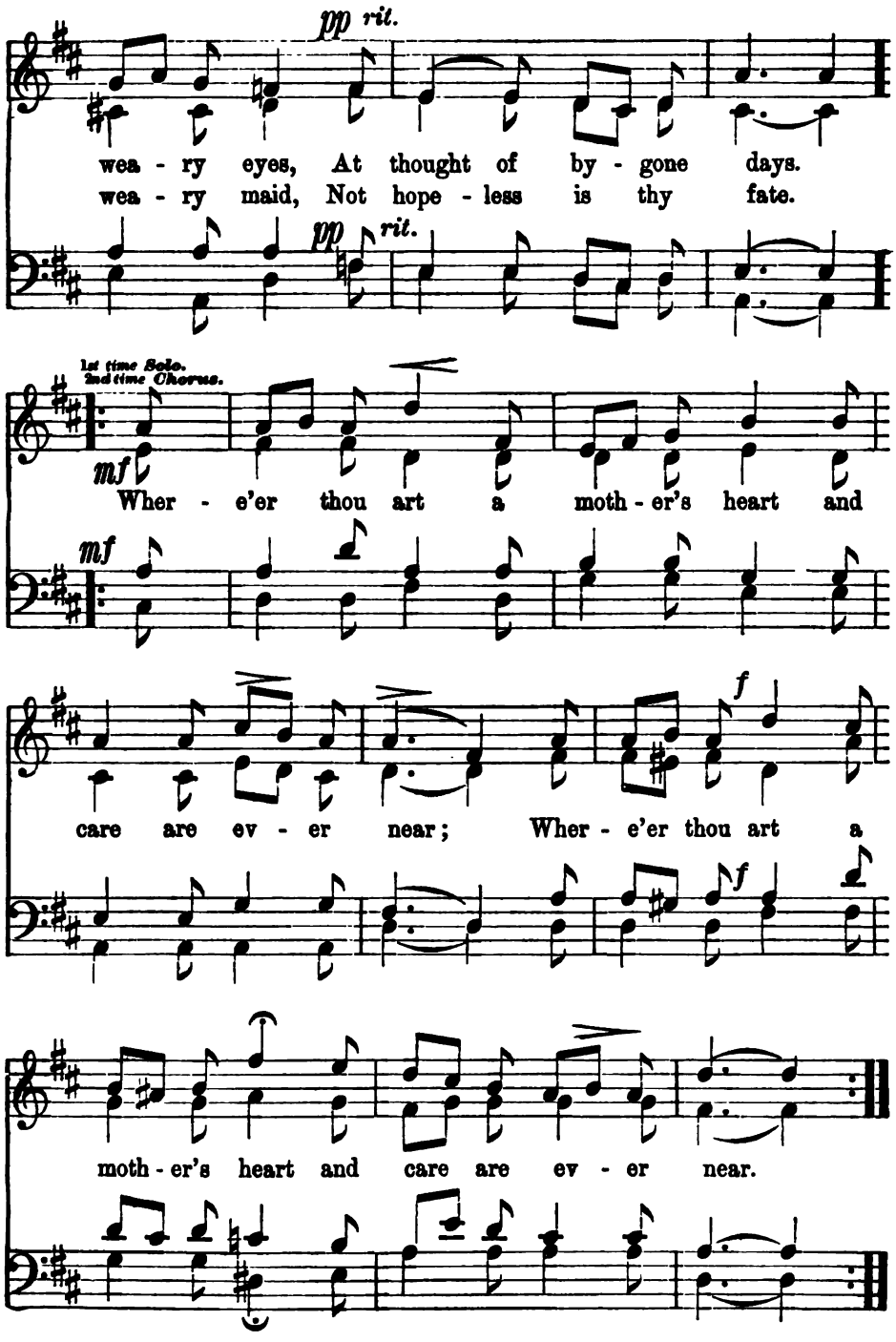
From the German by HERDER. Music by JULIUS EICHBERG.



THE RIVER'S MESSAGE.

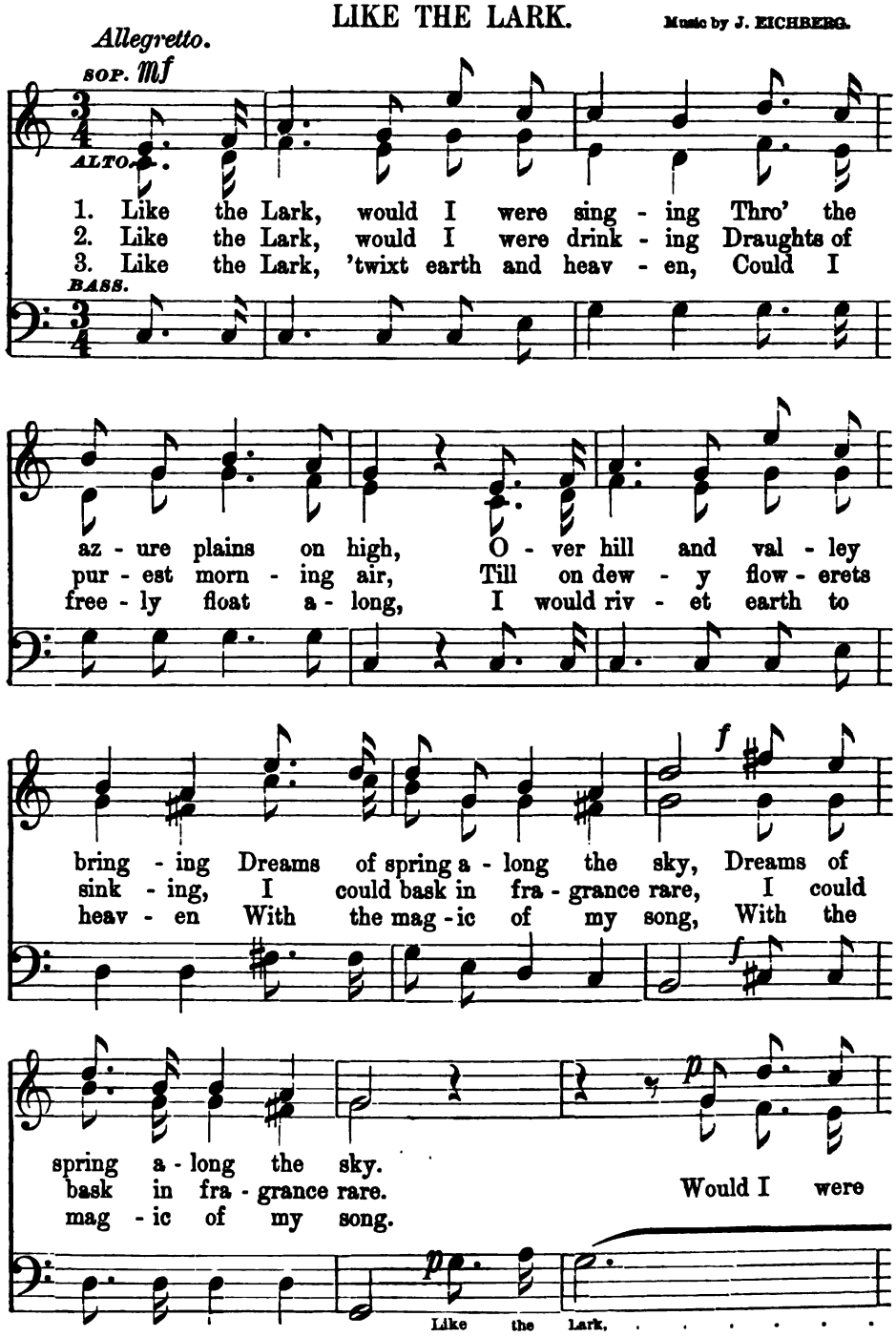
ALBERT BRAUN.

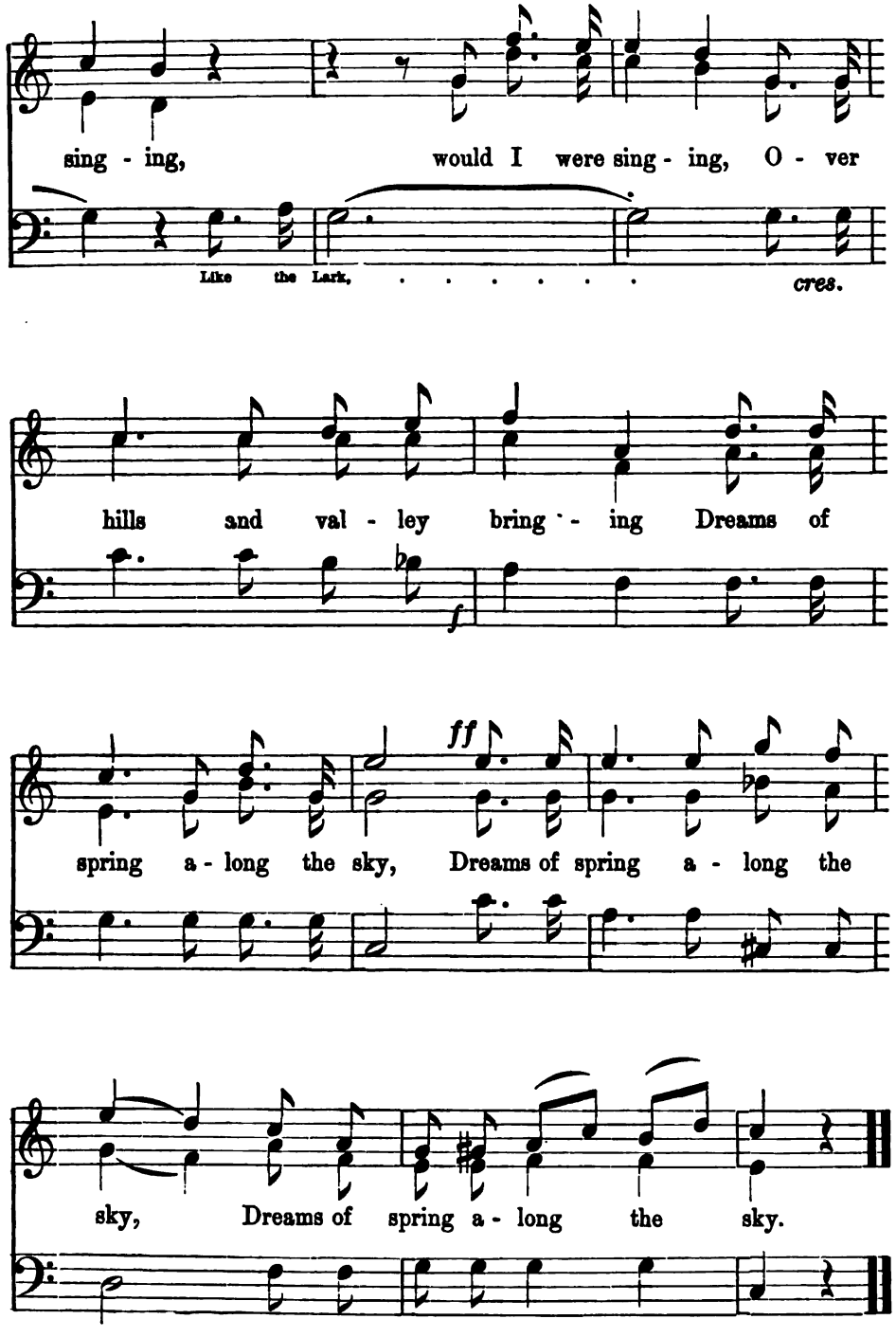



pp rit.
wea - ry eyes, At thought of by - gone days.
wea - ry maid, Not hope - less is thy fate.
pp rit.
1st time Solo.
2nd time Chorus.
mf
Wher - e'er thou art a moth - er's heart and
mf
care are ev - er near; Wher - e'er thou art a
f
f
moth - er's heart and care are ev - er near.

LIKE THE LARK.

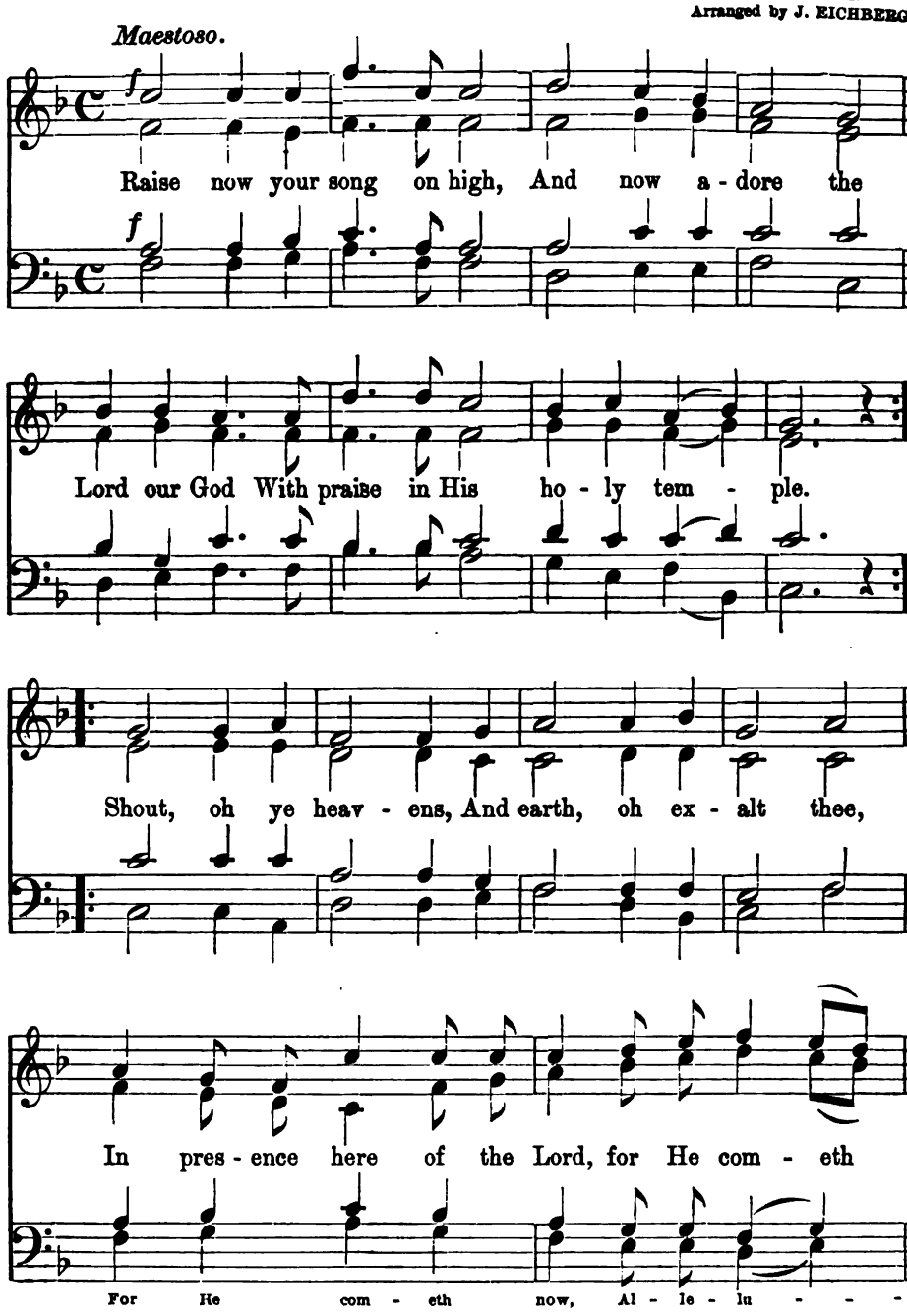
Music by J. EICHBERG.

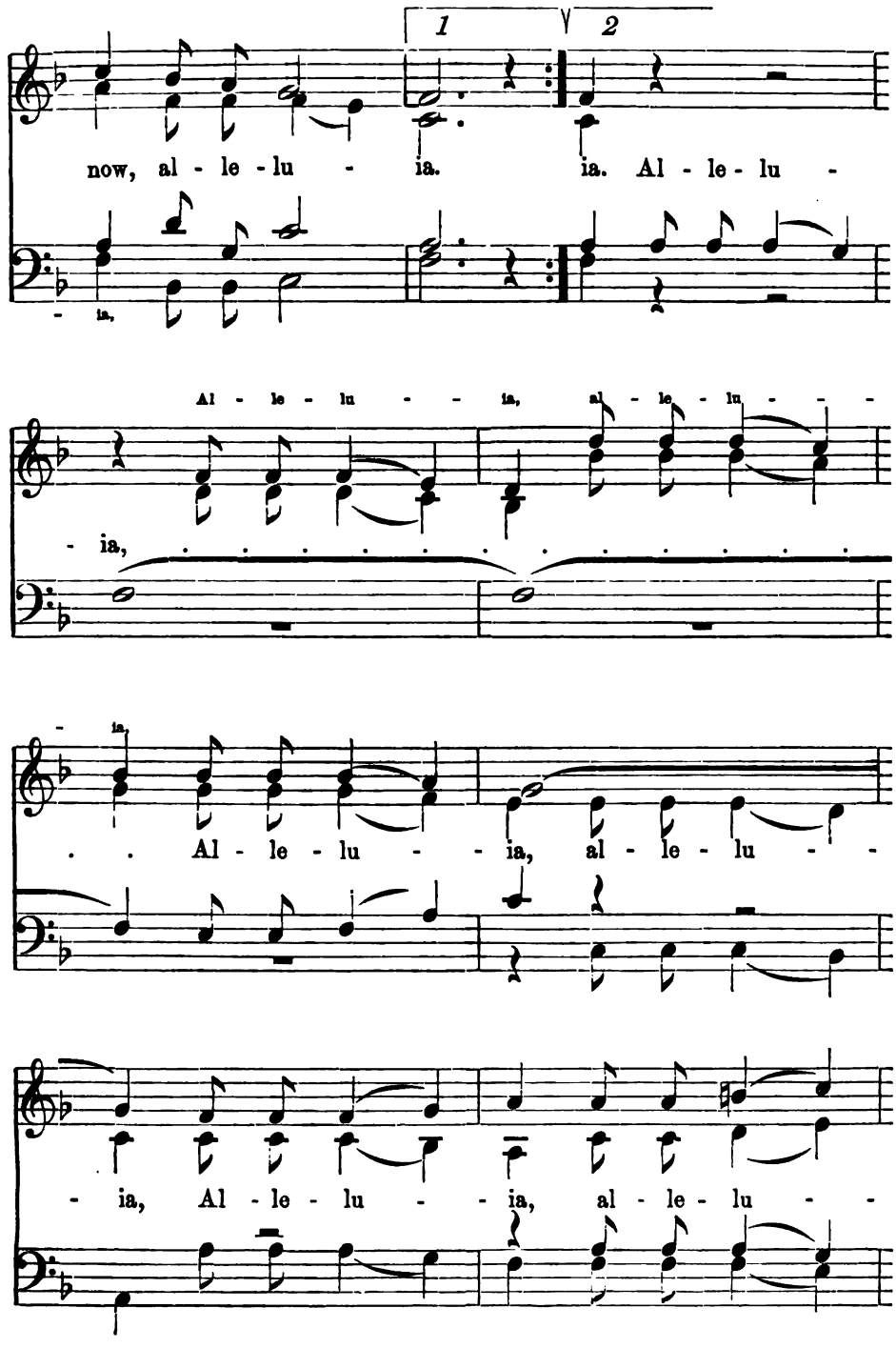


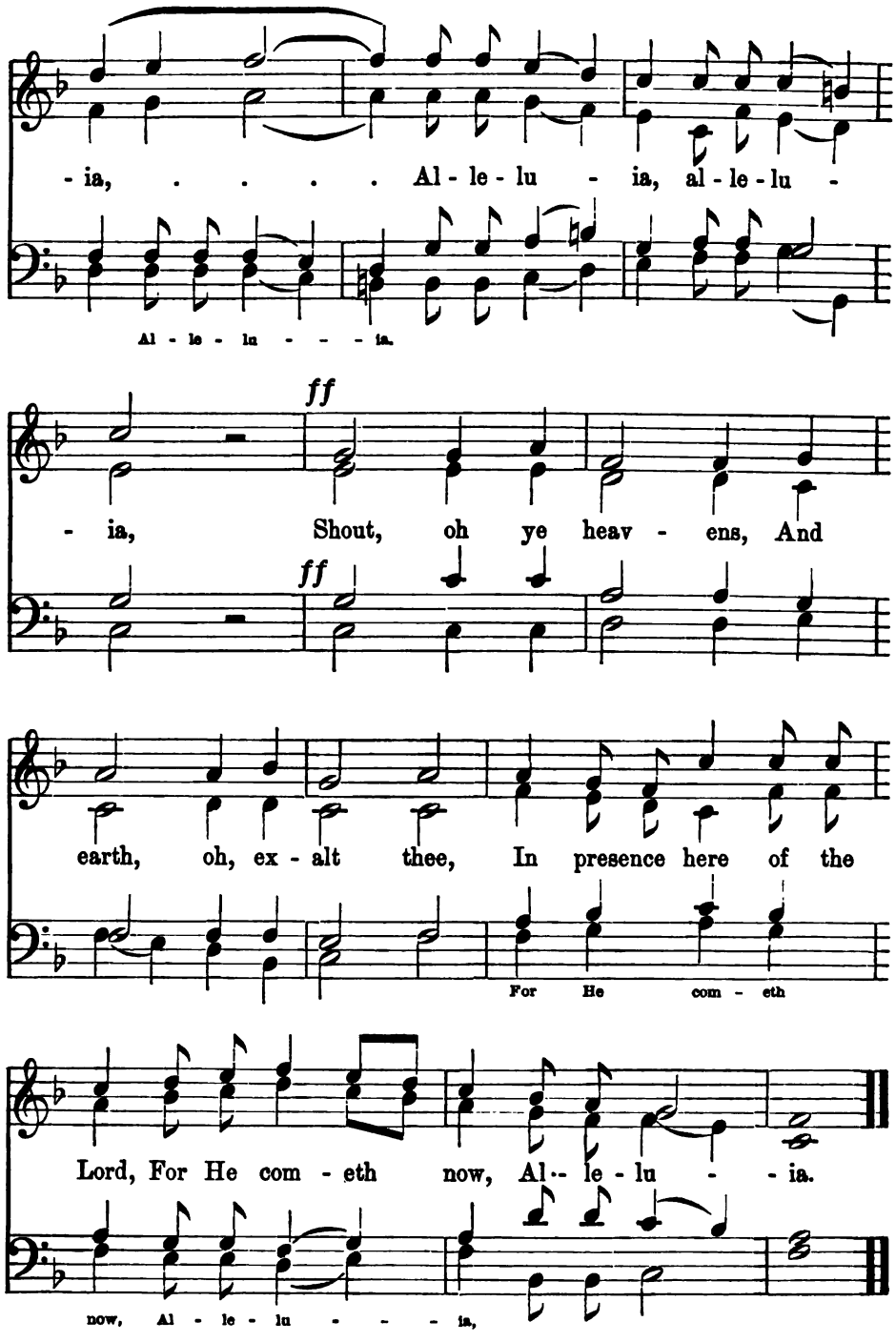

sing - ing, would I were sing - ing, O - ver
Like the Lark, ... cres.
hills and val - ley bring - ing Dreams of
f
spring a - long the sky, Dreams of spring a - long the
ff
sky, Dreams of spring a - long the sky.

FINALE FROM CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

C. SAINT-SAEN
Arranged by J. EICHBERG.

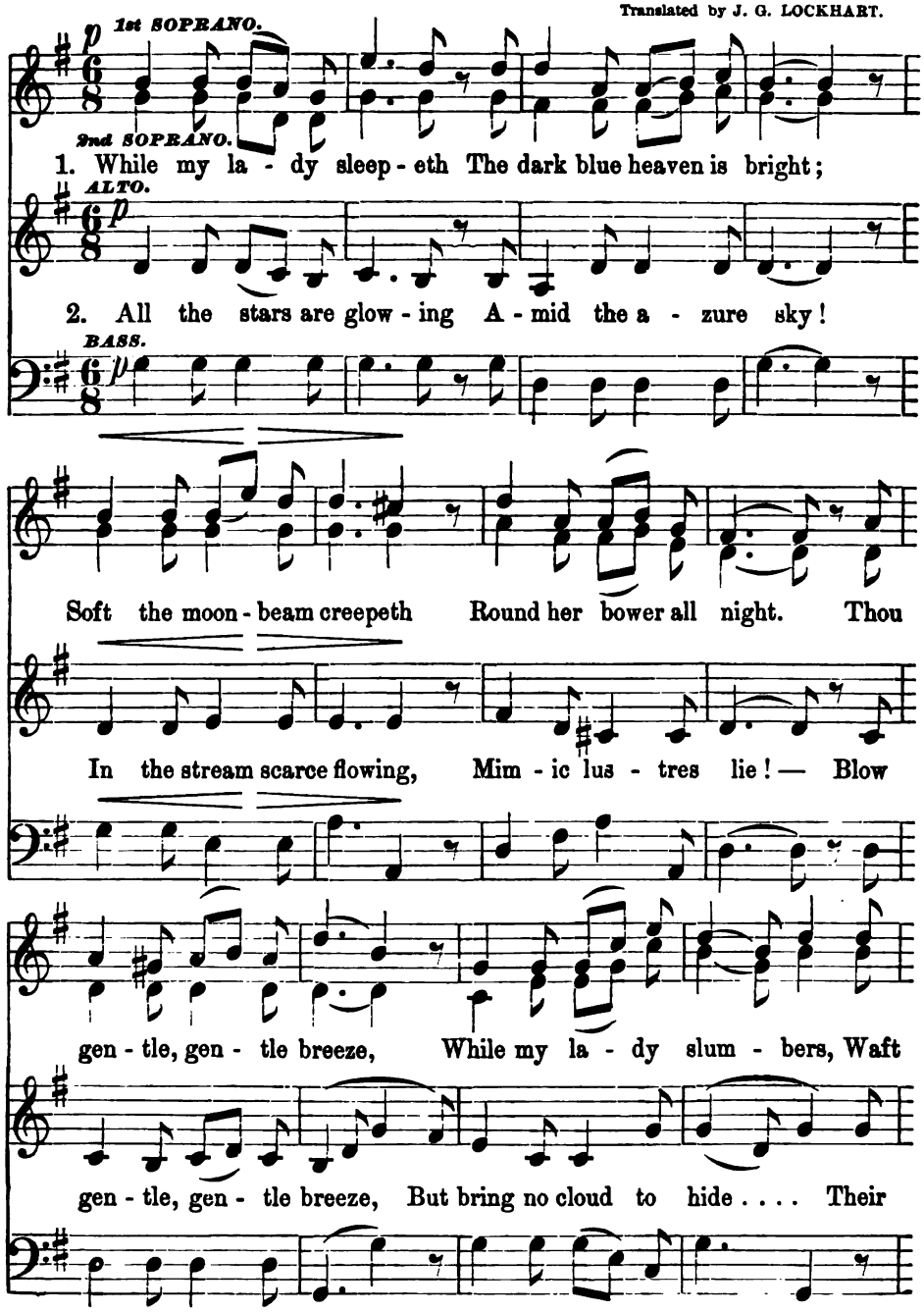


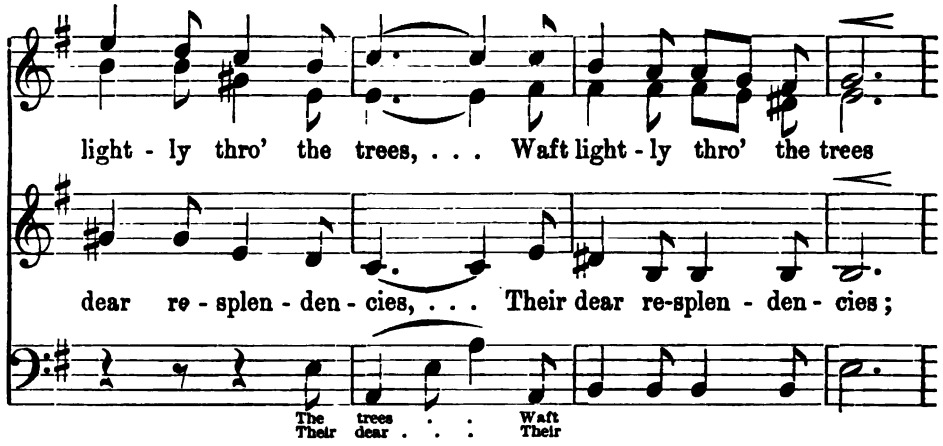

1
2
now, al - le - lu - ia. ia. Al - le - lu -
- ia,
Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - - -
- ia,
- ia,
. . Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - -
- ia, Al - le - lu - - ia, al - le - lu - -

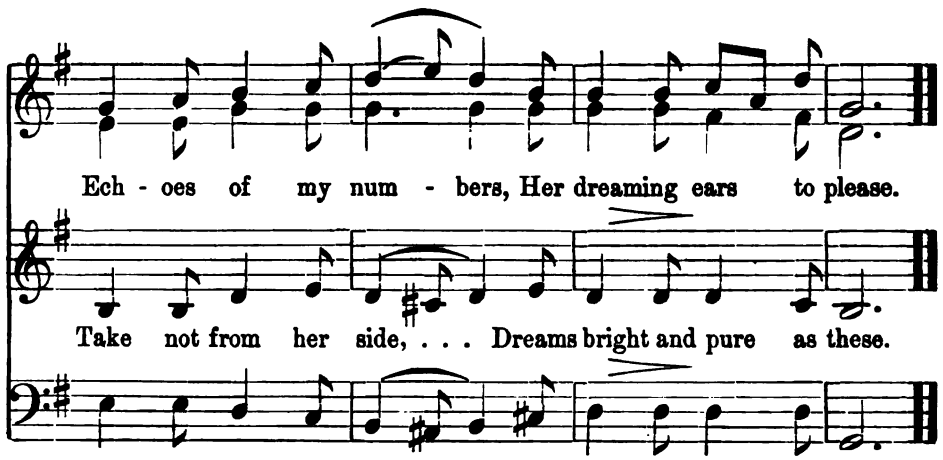

- ia, ... Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu -
Al - le - lu - - - - ia.
ff
- ia, Shout, oh ye heav - ens, And
ff
earth, oh, ex - alt thee, In presence here of the
For He com - eth
Lord, For He com - eth now, Al-- le - lu - - ia.
now, Al - le - lu - - - - ia,

MOORISH SERENADE.

From "Spanish Ballads."
Translated by J. G. LOCKHART.

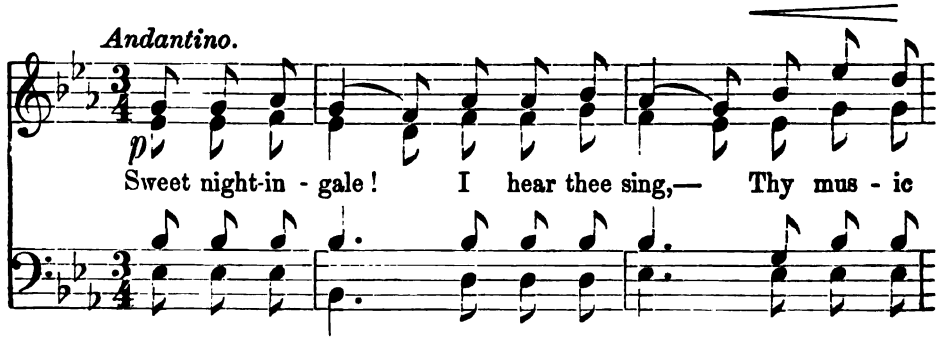


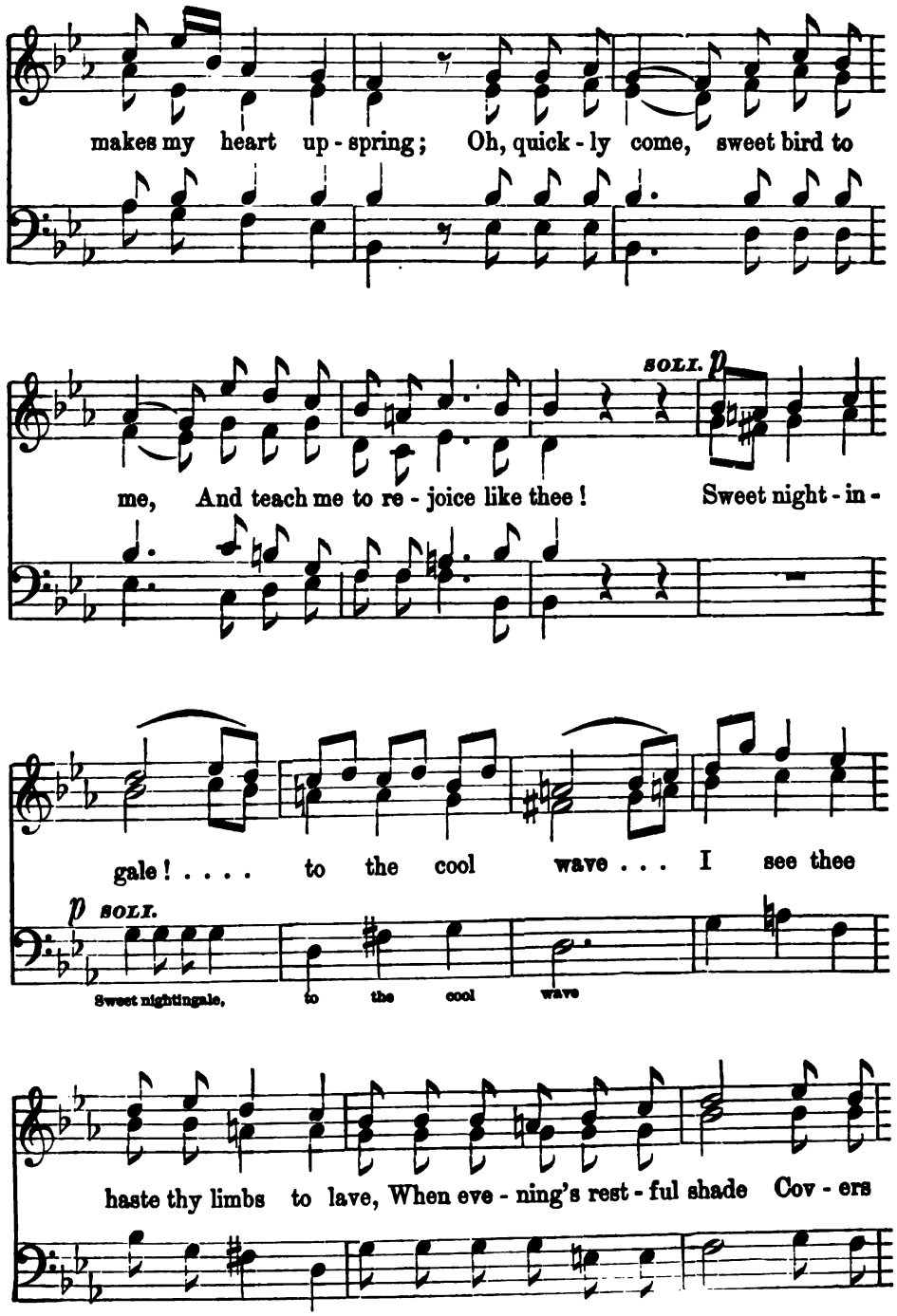


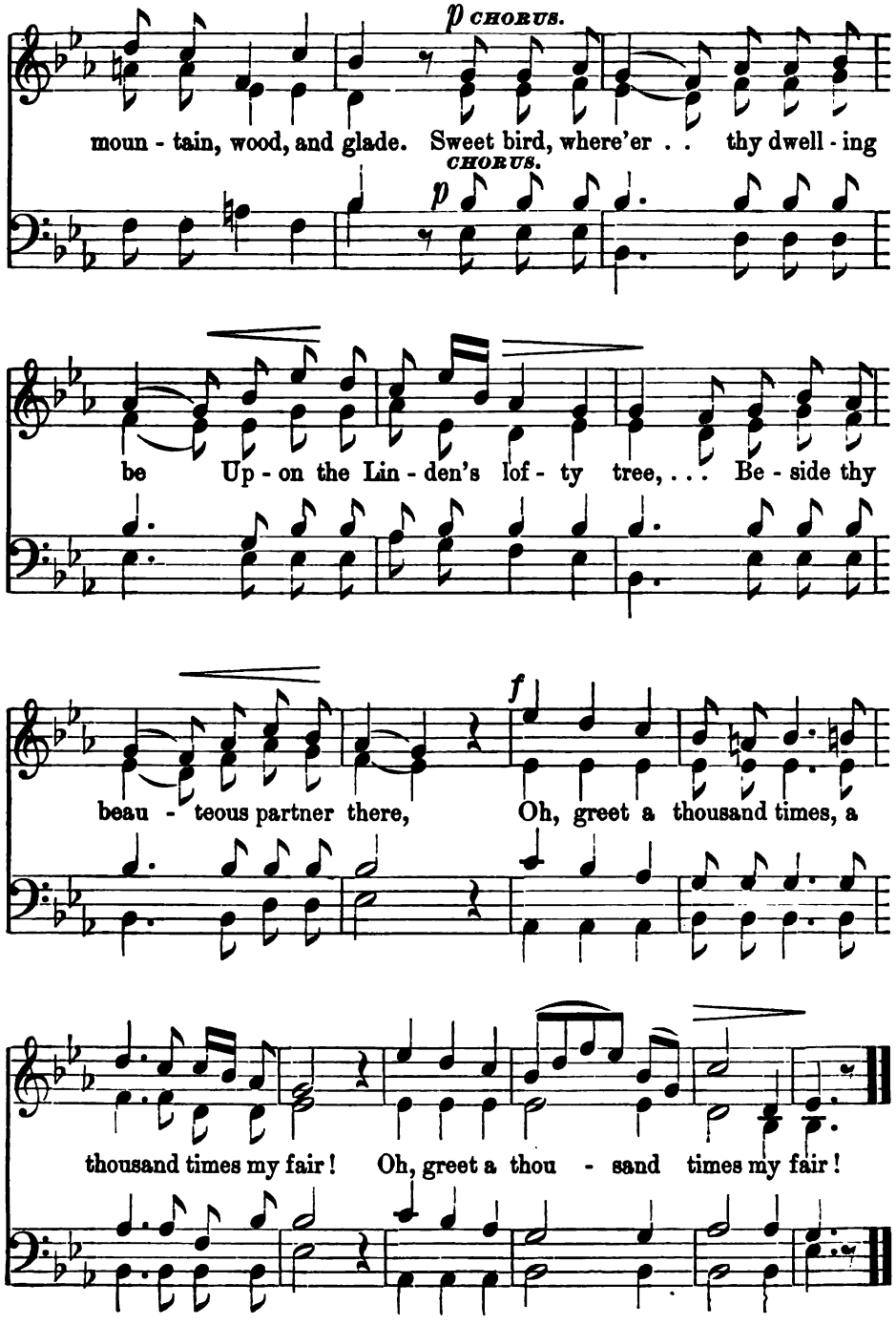


THE NIGHTINGALE.

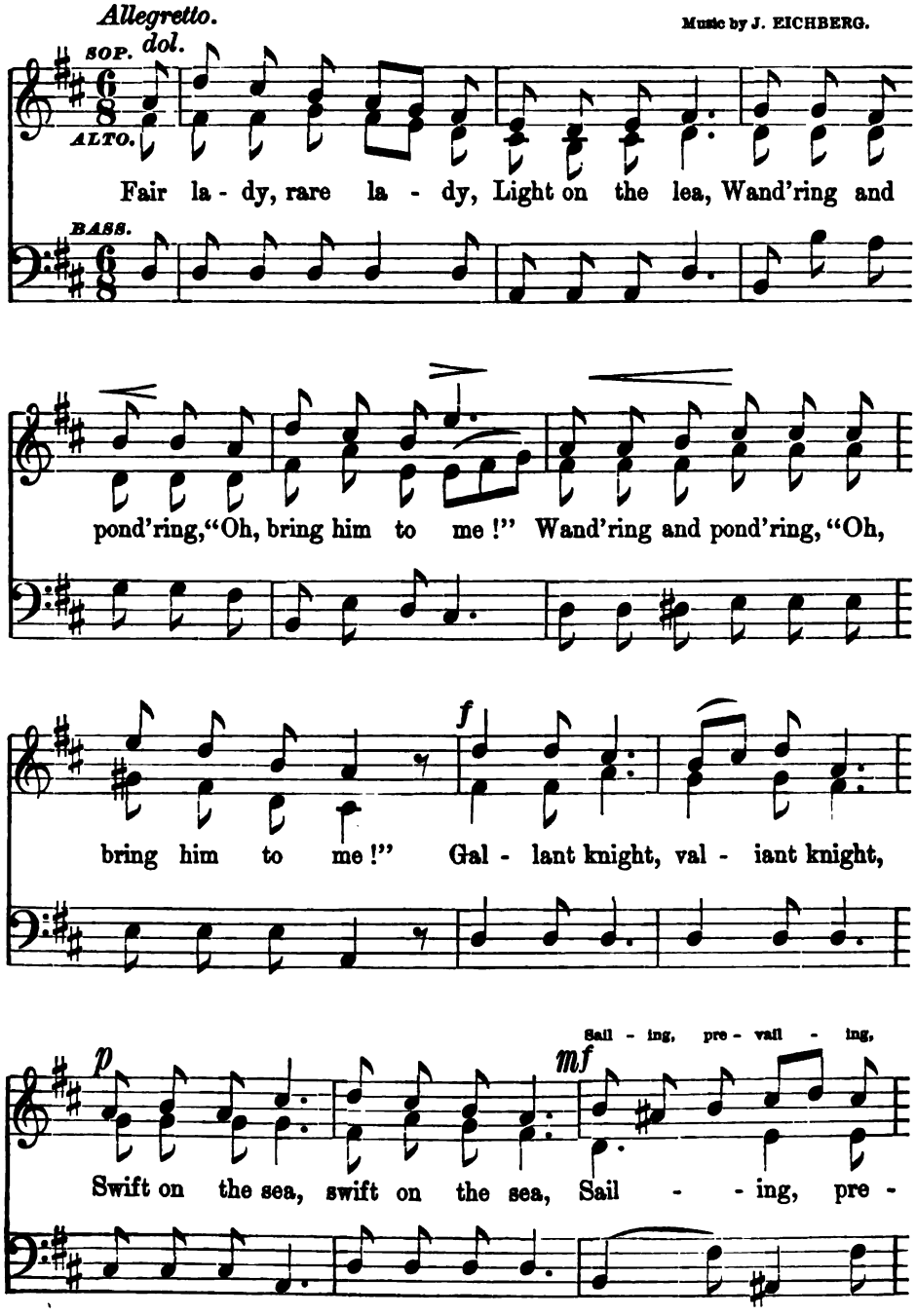
Music by J. EICHBERG.

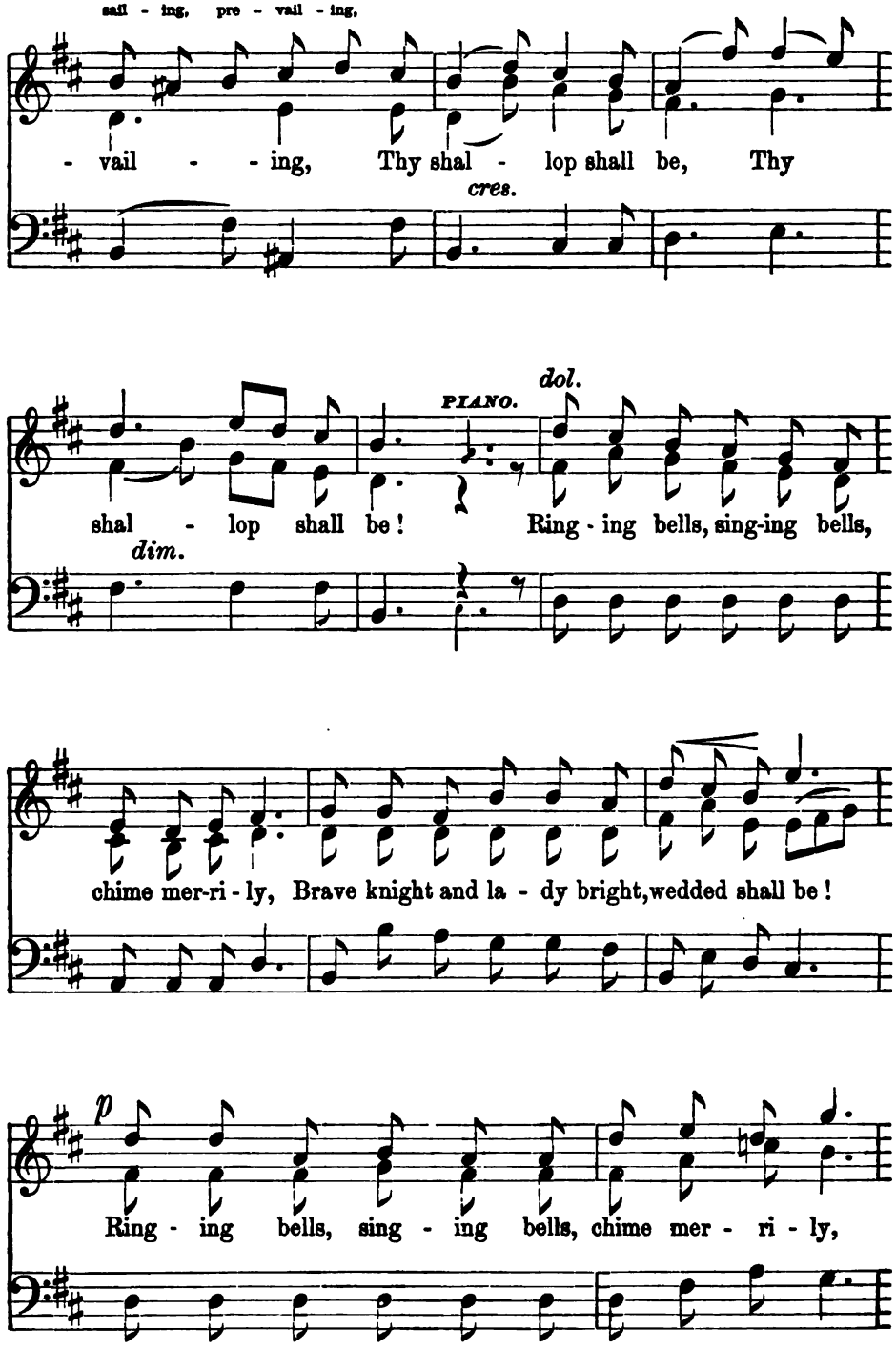


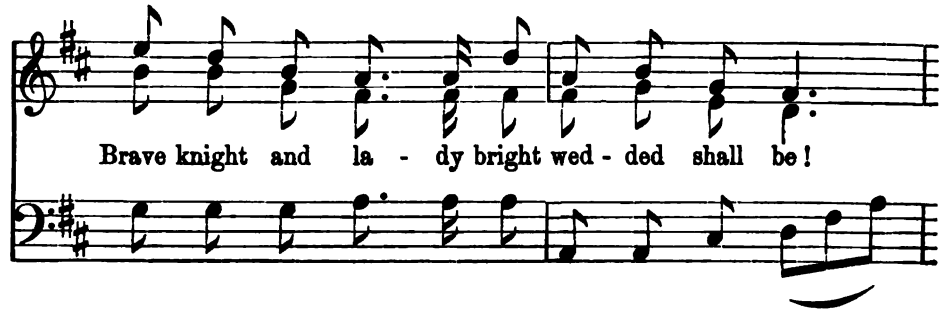

makes my heart up - spring; Oh, quick - ly come, sweet bird to
SOLI. p
me, And teach me to re - joice like thee! Sweet night - in -
gale! . . . . to the cool wave . . . I see thee
p SOLI.
Sweet nightingale, to the cool wave
haste thy limbs to lave, When eve - ning's rest - ful shade Cov - ers

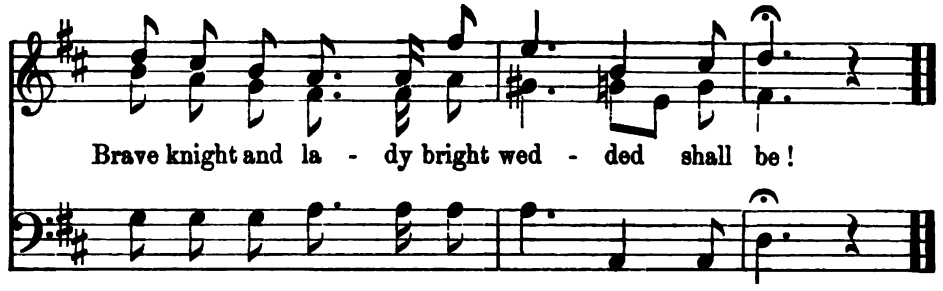

p CHORUS.
moun - tain, wood, and glade. Sweet bird, where'er . . thy dwell - ing
CHORUS.
p
be Up - on the Lin - den's lof - ty tree, . . . Be - side thy
f
beau - teous partner there, Oh, greet a thousand times, a
thousand times my fair! Oh, greet a thou - sand times my fair!

FAIR LADY, RARE LADY.

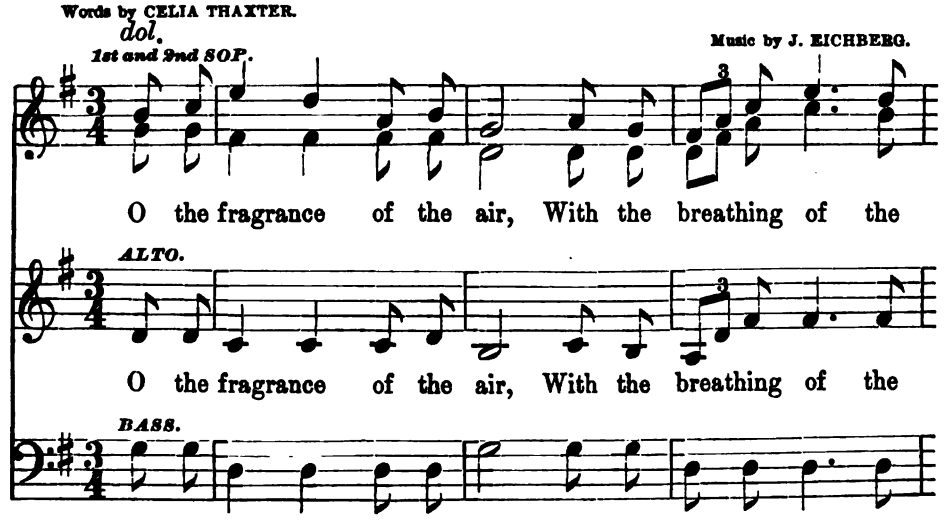


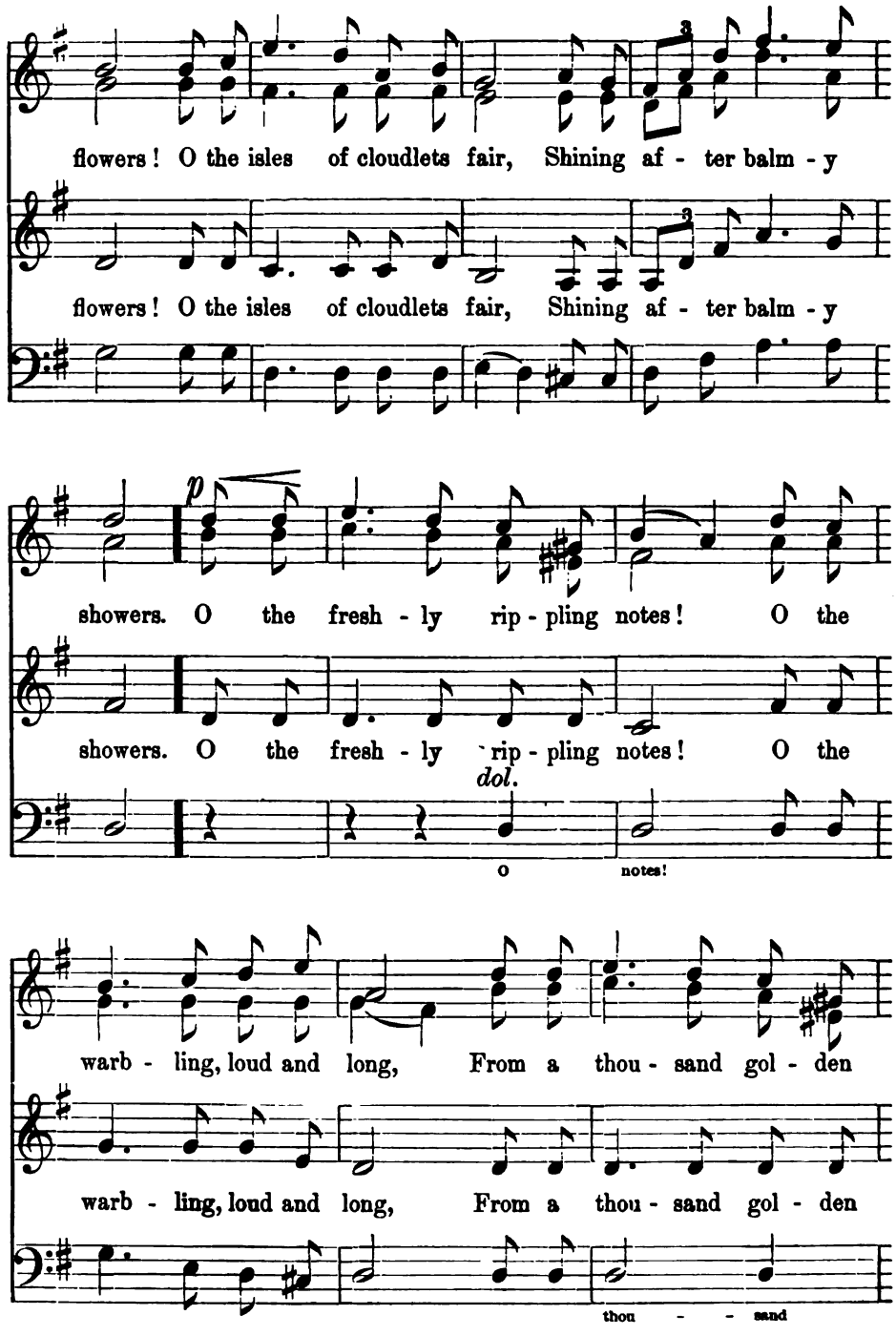

sail - ing, pre - vail - ing,
- vail - - ing, Thy shal - lop shall be, Thy
cres.
shal - lop shall be! Ring - ing bells, sing-ing bells,
dol.
PIANO.
dim.
chime mer-ri - ly, Brave knight and la - dy bright, wedded shall be!
p
Ring - ing bells, sing - ing bells, chime mer - ri - ly,

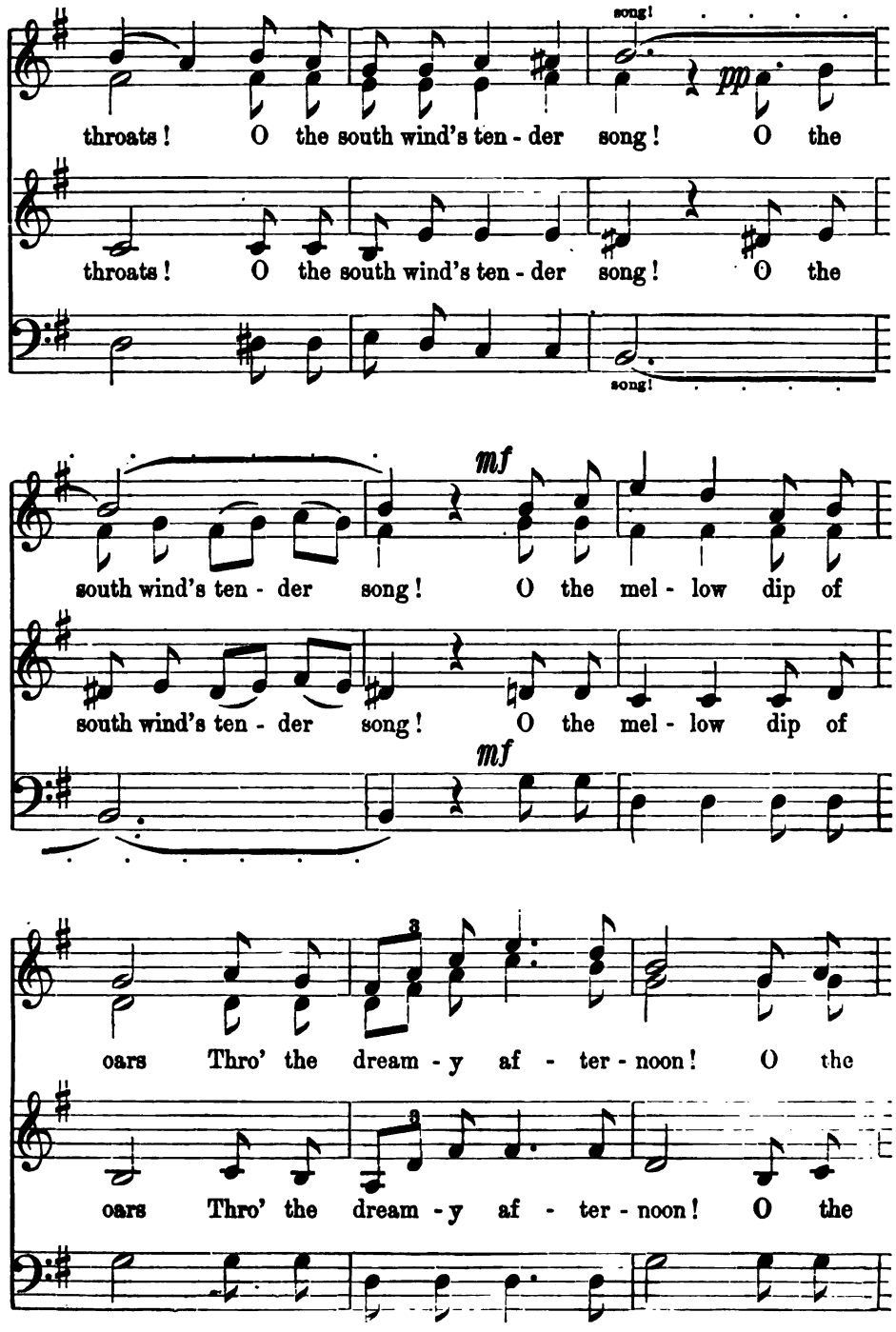


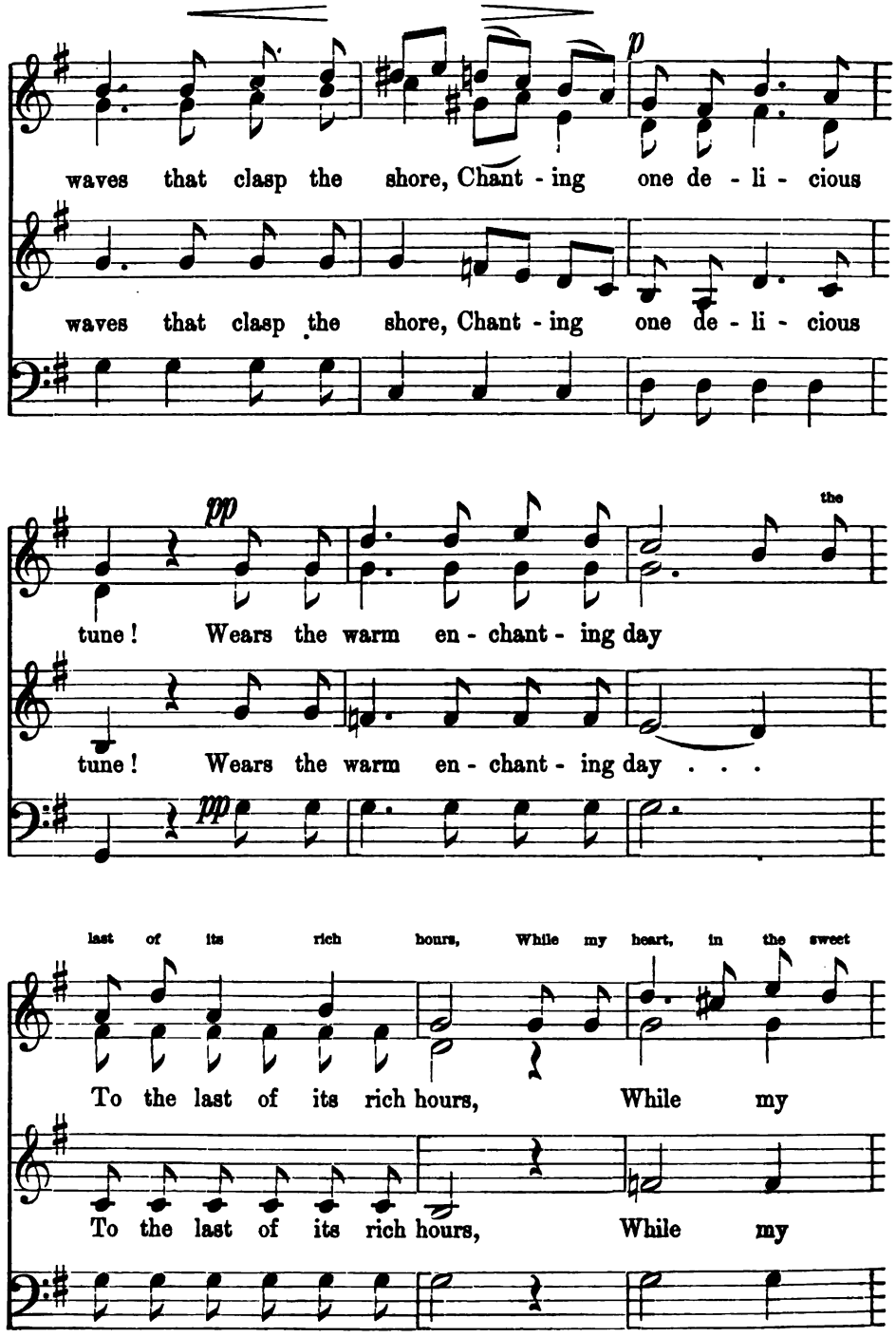


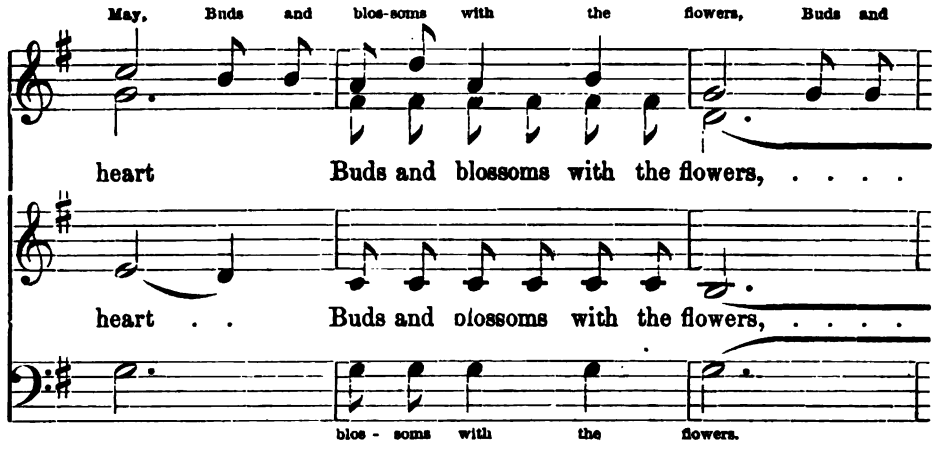
O THE FRAGRANCE OF THE AIR.

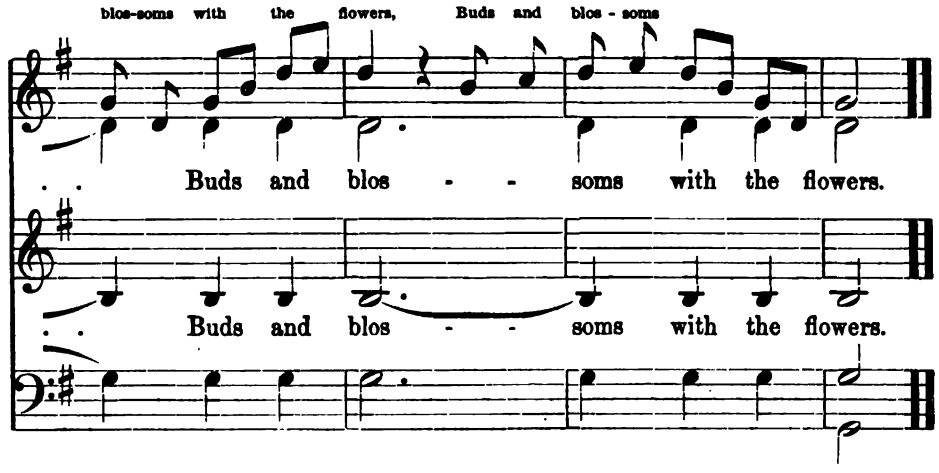



flowers! O the isles of cloudlets fair, Shining af - ter balm - y
flowers! O the isles of cloudlets fair, Shining af - ter balm - y
p
showers. O the fresh - ly rip - pling notes! O the
showers. O the fresh - ly rip - pling notes! O the
dol.
O notes!
warb - ling, loud and long, From a thou - sand gol - den
warb - ling, loud and long, From a thou - sand gol - den
thou - - sand


song!
throats! O the south wind's ten - der song! O the
pp
throats! O the south wind's ten - der song! O the
song!
mf
south wind's ten - der song! O the mel - low dip of
south wind's ten - der song! O the mel - low dip of
mf
3
oars Thro' the dream - y af - ter - noon! O the
3
oars Thro' the dream - y af - ter - noon! O the

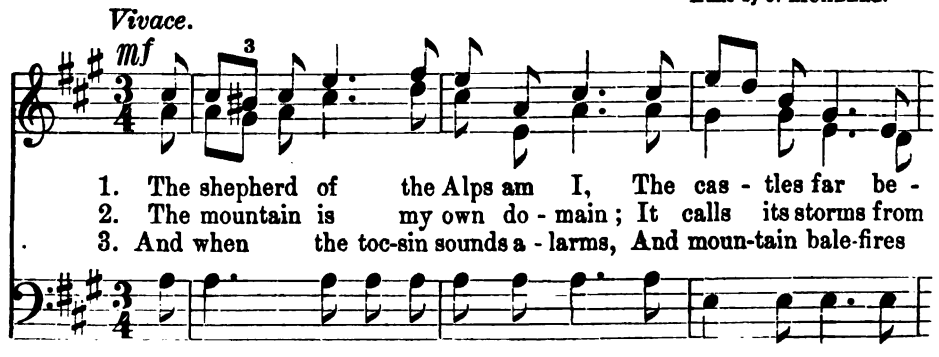

waves that clasp the shore, Chant - ing one de - li - cious
waves that clasp the shore, Chant - ing one de - li - cious
tune! Wears the warm en - chant - ing day
tune! Wears the warm en - chant - ing day . . .
To the last of its rich hours, While my
To the last of its rich hours, While my

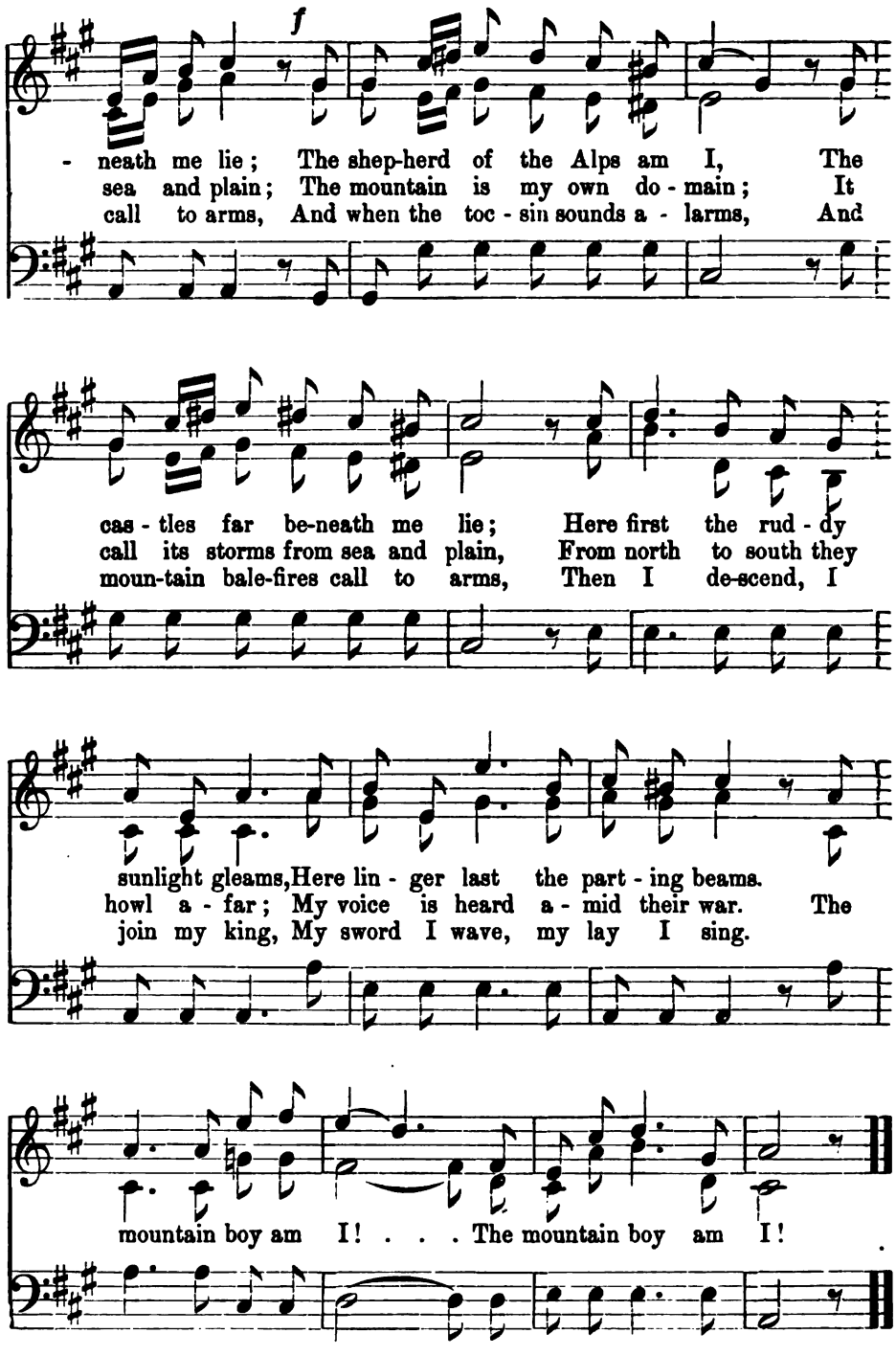
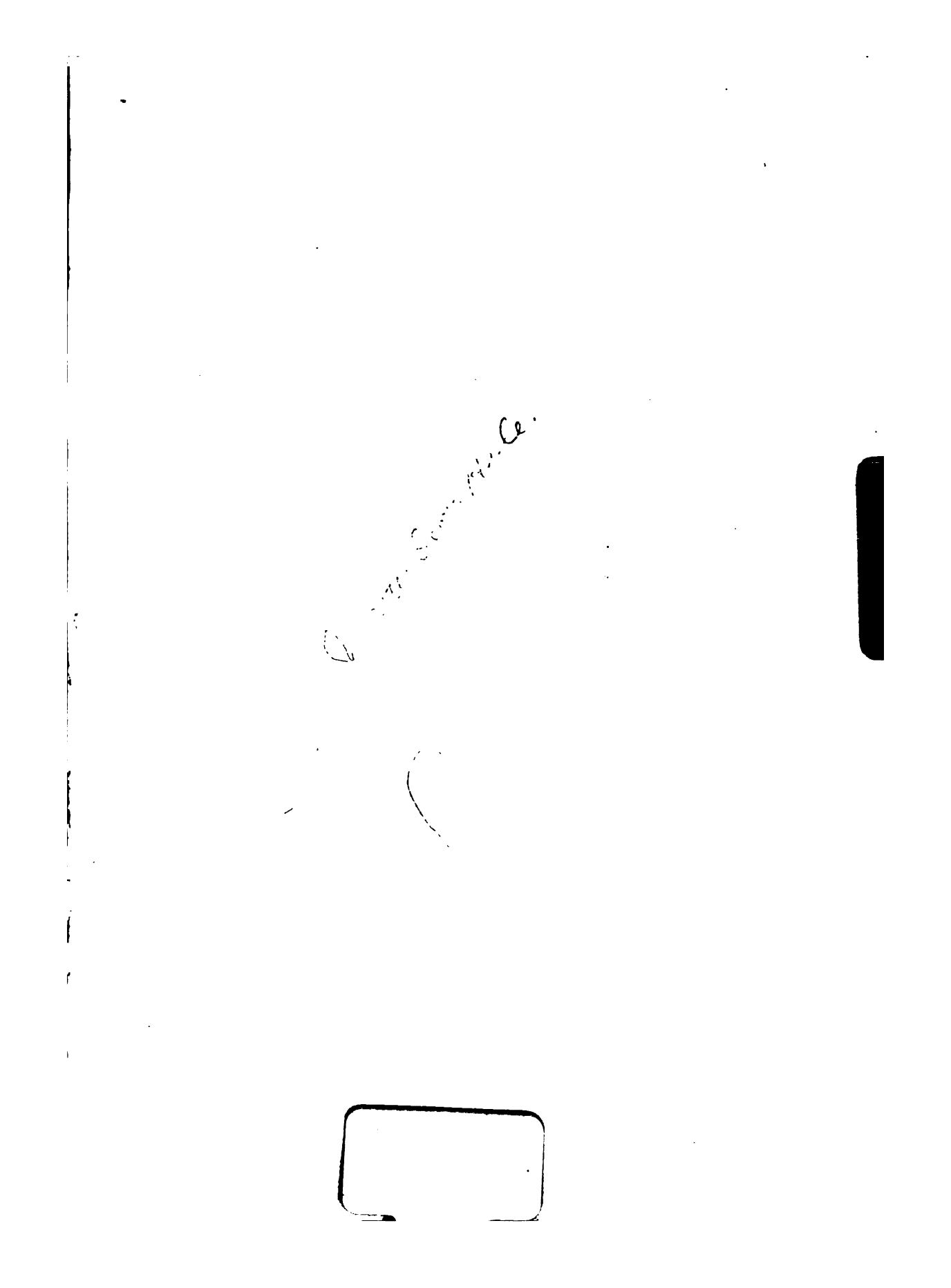




THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

Music by J. EICHBERG.




f
- neath me lie; The shep-herd of the Alps am I, The
sea and plain; The mountain is my own do - main; It
call to arms, And when the toc - sin sounds a - larms, And
cas - tles far be-neath me lie; Here first the rud - dy
call its storms from sea and plain, From north to south they
moun-tain bale-fires call to arms, Then I de-scend, I
sunlight gleams, Here lin - ger last the part - ing beams.
howl a - far; My voice is heard a - mid their war. The
join my king, My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
mountain boy am I! . . . The mountain boy am I!